

"GRAND AVENUE" (Four Miles Long) IN SAVERNAKE FOREST, MARLBOROUGH.

Young England at School.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

JUST prior to the advent of a College at Marlborough, the opening of the Great Western Railway Company's line had superseded the well-known coach route, which runs from London to Bath, through the small but unique town of Marlborough.

The Castle Inn, at Marlborough, had marked one of the chief stages on the coach road, and was considered one of the best inns in England.

So rapidly did the railway gain favour that the coaches were soon stopped, and the old inn, which depended solely on the custom of coach passengers, its occupation being gone, closed for ever as an inn on the 5th of January, 1843. The same building was opened on the 23rd of the following August as Marlborough School.

As an inn it certainly must have been a beautiful place, and a delightful halt in the old coaching days.

The place for a school was remarkably well chosen. The nature of the country round the school is of considerable importance. It is placed as remotely as possible from town life, in a healthy, varied, unenclosed and beautiful country.

In the midst of the Wiltshire downs, the country is eminently healthy. Seven miles of forest and the meadows of the valley of the Kennet make it varied and beautiful; and, historically its interest is as great, probably, as almost any other part of England.

The great stone circle at Avebury, the artificial hill at Silbury, the various



TOWN OF MARLBOROUGH.

"camps" on the downs, and innumerable other ancient monuments lend interest of this sort to the surrounding country.

Under such circumstances my readers will quite understand how elated both our artist and myself were, on reaching the gates of the

college, to find such a host of delightful subjects for our illustrations. Mr. Thomas soon made out his map, and I am sure Marlburians will say he has done them justice, indeed we found such a host of material that I find it impossible to conclude Marlborough in the space allotted to me in one number of *THE LUDGATE*.

Marlborough had just concluded its jubilee celebration when we visited it. I had intended to be amongst the gathering of Marlborough's sons, but our artist, who is always alive to the best time to obtain pictures to carry out the meaning of our title—*Young England at School*—immediately said we would find ourselves in the way, and quite unable to illustrate the school in the full sense of the words.

The whole school had, therefore, settled down from their festivities when we entered the gates, and all was calm and peaceful. The Head-master, the Rev. G. C. Bell, to whom I made reference in my article on "*Christ's Hospital*," is proud of his old school, *Christ's Hospital*, where he donned the stockings and rose to the position of Head-master; and he still takes the keenest interest in its welfare, and particularly at the present time

respecting the new scheme instituted at that school, and the anticipated removal of the old foundation to country quarters. It was easily seen that Mr. Bell was working in harmony with his numerous assistant masters and the five or six hundred boys at the college; and so it ought to be, for, possessed of a beautiful school and masters of the highest excellence, who take a pride in every boy's career at the school and the onward tread of the college to the highest rank in the

schools were not lacking in favour, inasmuch as Mr. Bell was anxious that we should not miss any points of interest.

Of course, the Old House was the first place we were to visit, and I was soon initiated into its history; for, together with the Druidical Mound in the "Wilderness," it has an ancient tale, which every Marlburian is pleased to relate to his friends or enquirers. This mound which stands amongst the school buildings, I was informed, was made in the

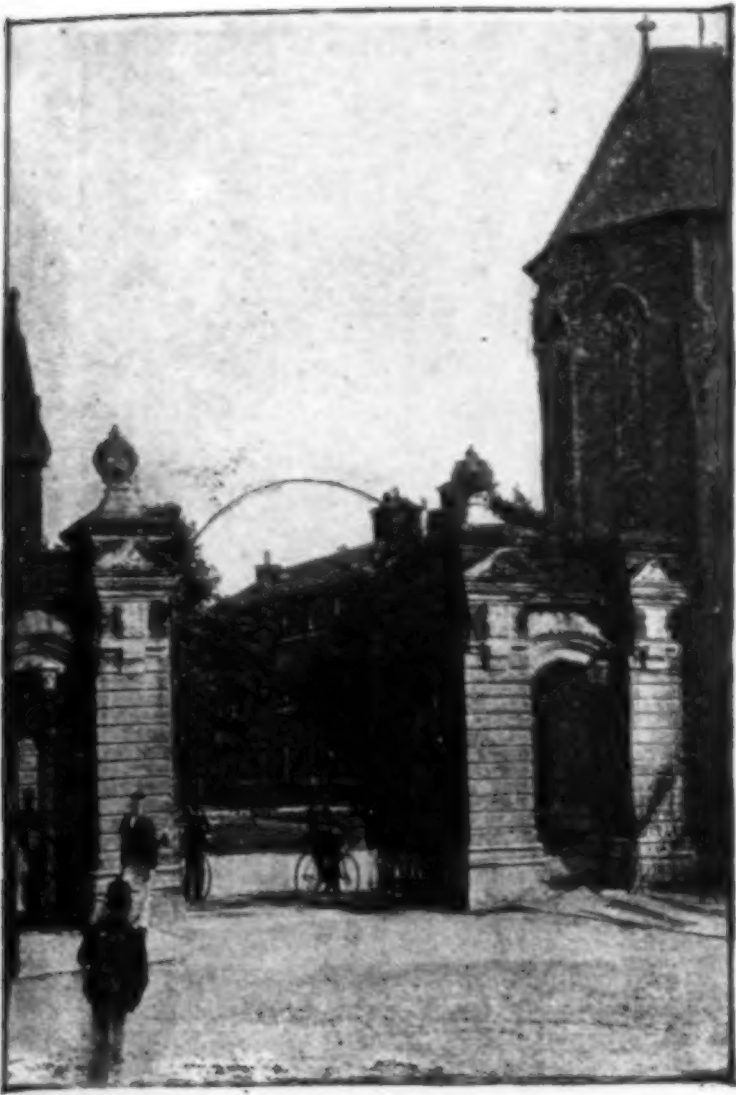


"OLD HOUSE," OR CASTLE INN, NOW "C HOUSE," OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, FROM THE GARDEN.

scholastic world, he should be happy, although, of course, there must necessarily be a great amount of anxiety where there is such a charge.

As I was ushered into Mr. Bell's handsome study, I could not help thinking to myself, that, to be Head-master of Marlborough was all that anyone could wish for in this world. What a delightful house, to be sure, is apportioned to him, while his grounds are simply a picture. I soon found our visit was welcomed by all at the college, and that our series of

so-called Druid times; and, with the stone-circles of Stonehenge and Avebury, and with Silbury Hill, formed part of a great system of such works; and how, in the eleventh century, this mound became the site of a royal Norman Castle; how Henry the Third held court in this castle; how, in the wars of Stephen, its inhabitants sided with the King; how Parliament met within its walls in 1267; how it was a royal possession till the time of Henry the Eighth, who devised it to Katherine Parr; how, on her marriage



ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE, FROM BATH ROAD.

after the king's death, with one of the Seymours, it passed to the latter family; how it was defended by Roundheads against Royalists and then by Royalists against Roundheads; how the original castle having disappeared, the Seymour to whom the place then belonged, built himself a great Elizabethan country house on the same site, getting the design from Inigo Jones; how it was surrounded by a quaint and famous Dutch garden; how Dr. Watts, celebrated for his hymns, was entertained in it; how its owner got tired of it, deserted it, let it as an inn, and finally sold it to one of the Ailesbury family; how, as I have already mentioned, it became the most famous and fashionable coaching inn on the Bath Road; and how the very same building became the key-stone, or central building, known as "C House" of Marlborough College.

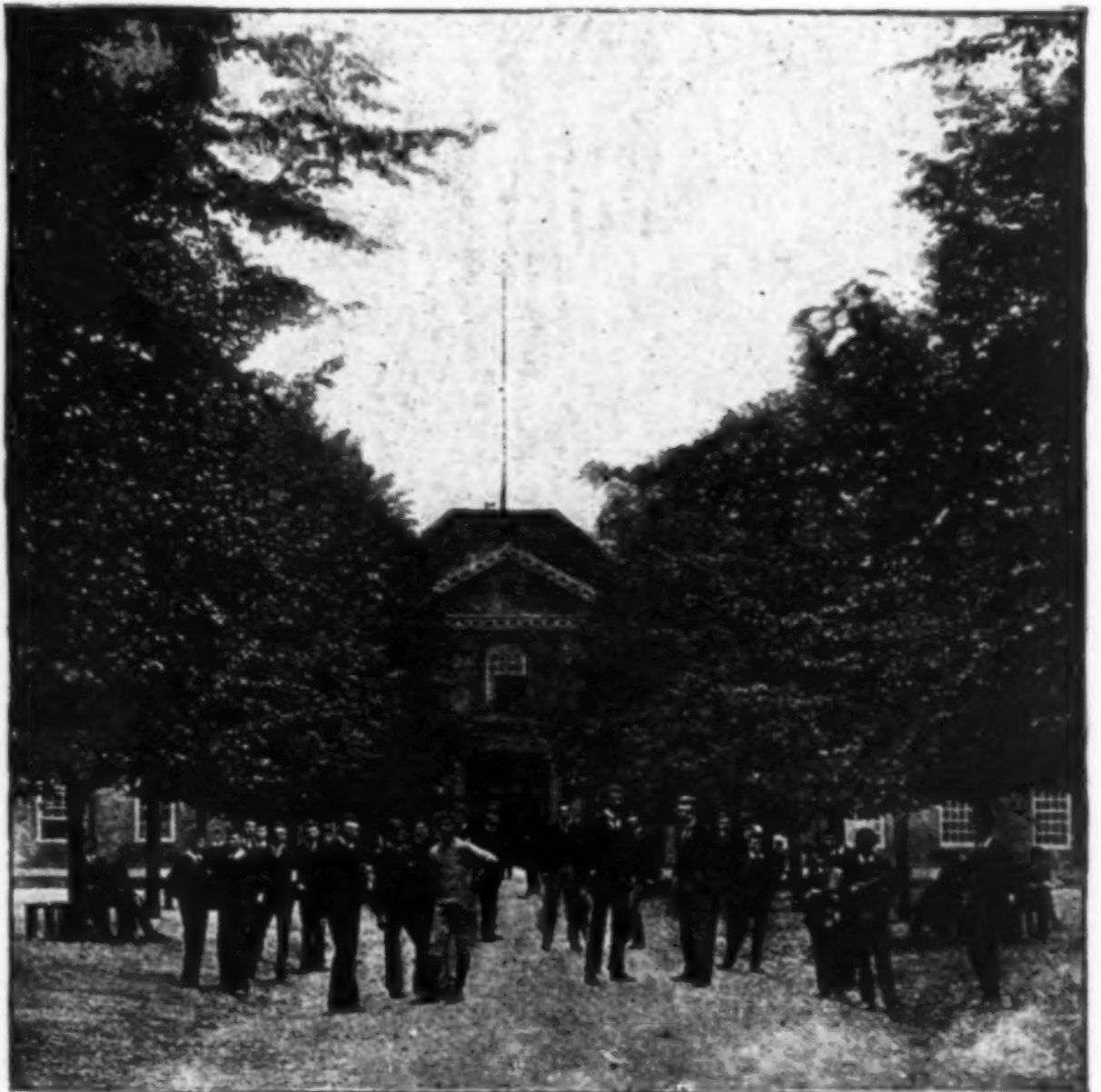
All this I listened to with the greatest possible

interest, and especially when I mounted to the summit of the artificial hill, where is now fixed a water-tank to supply the wants of the college, and gazed around at these famous scenes.

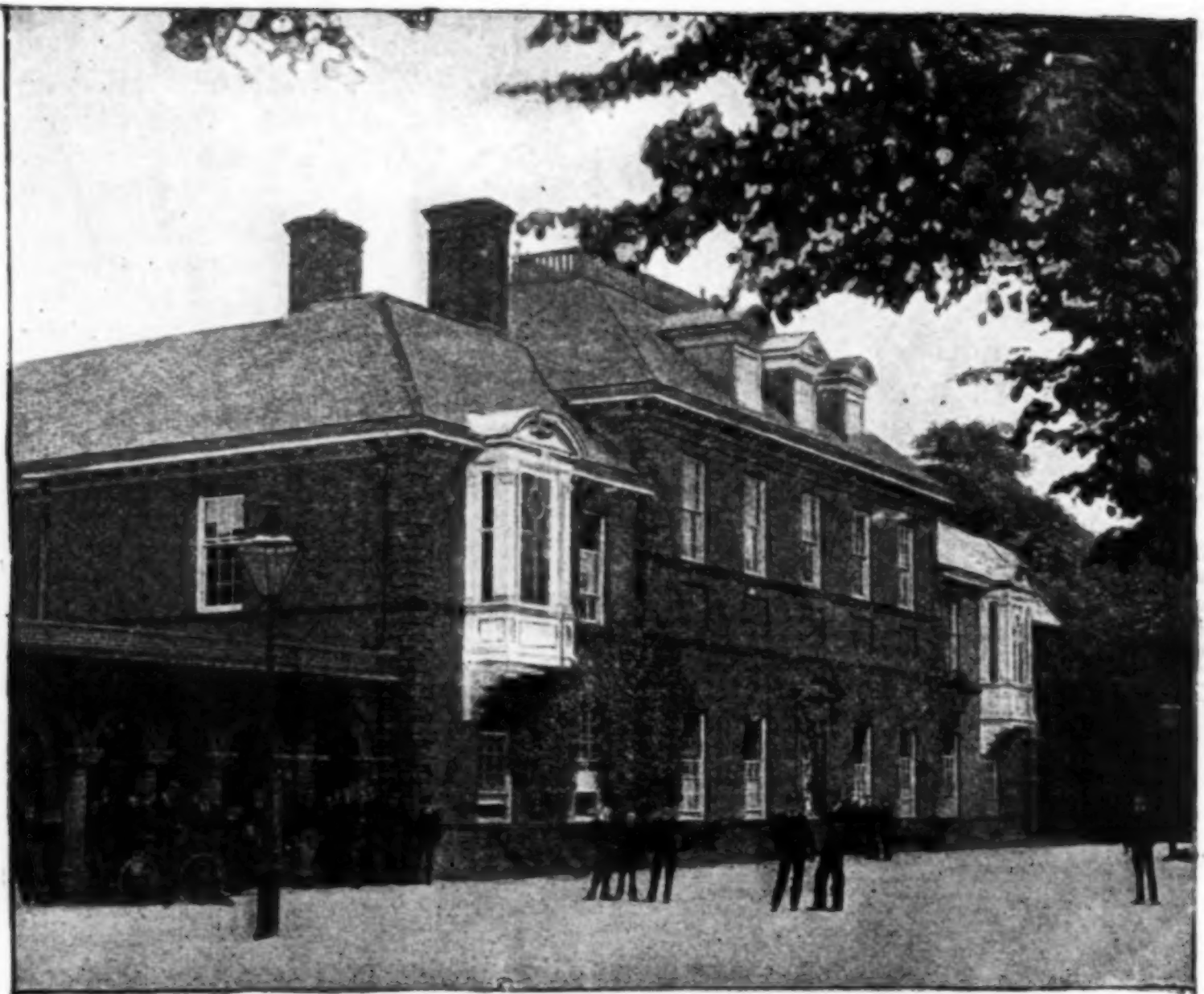
It so happened in 1843, when the Old Castle Inn stood like a white elephant on the hands of its owners, that certain people, having conceived the idea of founding a school in which the sons of clergymen should be educated in an inexpensive, practical and simple way, formed themselves into a council composed of ten clergymen and nine laymen. This council founded the new school and regulated it during the first two years of its existence.

The first charter, by which the title of Marlborough College was given to the school, was not granted till 1845, two years after it was opened. It virtually only confirmed the organisation of the school as arranged by the original founders. The government of the school was left in the hands of the council, consisting of twelve clergymen and thirteen laymen, which was elected by and from the number of life governors.

Donors of £100 to the school funds became life governors, with the right of always having one nominee in the school,



AVENUE LEADING TO "OLD HOUSE" FROM BATH ROAD ENTRANCE.



"BRADLEIAN CLOISTERS" AND FORM ROOMS.

but these were only admitted to the school on rotation; but the right to a single nomination might be obtained by anyone in return for a donation of £50.

Sons of laymen were admitted to the school, but the number of these was not to exceed one-third of that of the sons of clergymen. For the former, the yearly

charge for education was £52 10s.; for the latter, £31 10s.

Upon these lines Marlborough College was formed and worked, but not without its troubles, which other similar institutions have rarely escaped. The fees, owing to financial depression, were advanced to £70 and £52 10s., which enabled the governors to fight all difficulties and build round the Old Castle Inn; so that we now find it the centre of a beautiful College.



EXTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

The first Head-master appointed by the council was Dr. Wilkinson, who had before occupied a similar position at Kensington Grammar School, and the school first opened its doors in August, 1843, to more than two hundred Marlburians, including some few who had followed the new master.

Marlborough's first scholars were far from a promising set, and Dr. Wilkinson, who had not before experienced public school life, had all his work to do to mould the unpromising material into the required shape. He seems, however, to have adopted a very bad system, by taking entire control of the whole school, and only investing authority in the assistant masters during school hours and within their own forms.

Nowhere was the absence of public school feeling more apparent in young Marlborough than in the boys' games. There was no organised system and no one to organise one. The boys could not do it, for the older among them, who would, under ordinary circumstances, have been the leaders in such games, had never learned by being themselves under similar leadership. The masters could not do it; for at no school was it then customary for masters to have social intercourse with the boys, or to join in their games, which now makes the life of a boy at school one of harmony between his tutors and fellow scholars.

Thus it happened that the boys amused

themselves individually or in sets, each after their own fashion, and without reference to others; and amusement too frequently took the form of wandering about the country, doing as much mischief as possible. Dr. Wilkinson exercised his authority in a manner which irritated the ringleaders. Afraid to trust the boys beyond his own reach, he not only fixed numberless and irksome bounds beyond which they might not wander, but he also instituted a roll-call, which took place, not, as might naturally be supposed, at fixed hours, but at any time at which he chose to send orders that the school-bell should be rung. From the number of scholars by this time in the school, one can imagine it was quite impossible to keep any order, and the fame of the school in the outside world became so bad that parents, naturally refusing to send their sons, the number soon began to decline. One well-known writer wrote of Marlborough, that it was a society of "poachers, poultry-stealers, and rat hunters," and it was

debated whether it would not be better that the school should cease to be. All this I had confirmed to me when I visited Marlborough; for, getting into conversation with some of the old townsfolk, they depicted the picture of old Marlborough College as against the noble one the school presents this year of its jubilee.

"Yes; we see several of the old boys rallying round the old spot, who are well known to us, even now, as having been



CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHANCEL.

'Turks' when at school, and I can assure you," said one of my chatty friends, "there were several here amongst the old boys celebrating the recent festival, who recounted with pleasure their old school days and their old freaks."

What a difference in the school, when fortunate enough to obtain such a man as Dr. Cotton to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Wilkinson. In Dr. Cotton Marlborough possessed a master who could boast of a public school education, having been an old Westminster boy and an assistant master under the ever-famous Dr. Arnold, at Rugby. Things had not been over peaceful at Rugby during his time; but he had shown himself such a thorough disciplinarian that the greatest confidence was placed in him by the Council, who felt sure that Marlborough, under his care, would commence a new life. Being himself of a gentle, kind and sympathetic nature, he had been placed among a set of turbulent boys, who, entirely unused to, and averse from any intimate relations with their masters, at first despised him for his kindness and repelled his offered sympathy.

One of the chief steps taken by Dr. Cotton was to call meetings of the masters, at which he asked, and insisted upon receiving, the advice of each master on points concerning the general welfare of the school.

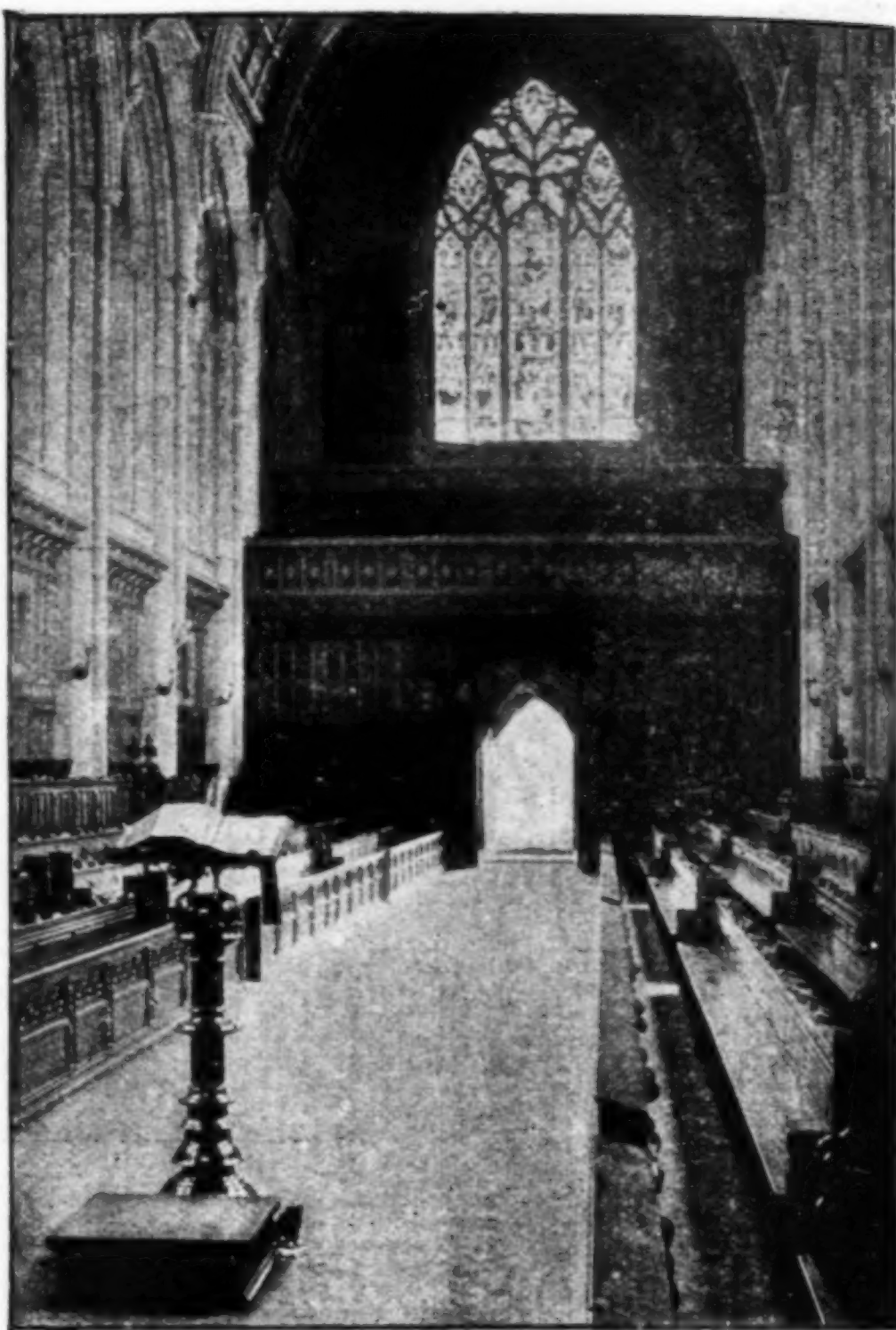
He distributed the boys into "houses," each of which he assigned to the care of

a separate house master, one of which, "Cotton House," now bears his name.

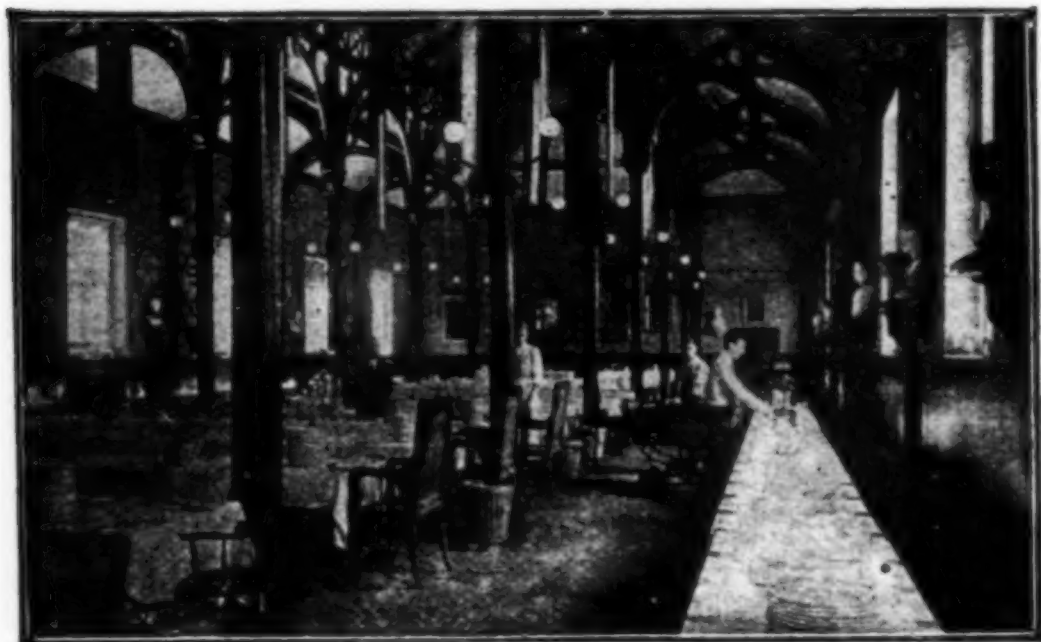
It was Dr. Cotton who induced the Council to appoint a bursar, resident at the school, to manage its financial affairs in co-operation with the master, which has proved of such benefit to the college. This post is now being held by Mr. Thomas, one of the most respected of present Marlburian officials.

In 1858 Dr. Cotton was appointed to the bishopric of Calcutta; and it was with great regret that Marlborough received his resignation, for without doubt he first made the now "great public school," and many who, as masters or boys, were there in October, 1866, will remember the sorrow with which the school heard of the death by drowning of their late Head-master.

Dr. Cotton was succeeded by Mr. Bradley, the present Dean of



CHAPEL FROM THE ORGAN.



GREAT HALL.



ADDERLEY LIBRARY.

Westminster, and no greater good fortune ever befell Marlborough.

Educated as a boy and master under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, he had imbibed all the good without any of the sentimentalism of Arnoldism. How Bradley carried on and developed the financial and other reforms of his predecessors, stands uppermost in his career at Marlborough, and no more suitable recognition of his good work could have been made than the large hall called Bradleian, which was erected by subscription among his former pupils and other friends, in grateful memory of his good work at Marlborough.

Dr. Farrar, who had previously been an assistant master at Marlborough, which he changed for Harrow, was elected to succeed Mr. Bradley, who had resigned through ill-health, for a more suitable task of ruling an Oxford college.

The work which Dr. Farrar had done as an assistant master at Harrow was recognised as of the highest value, and he therefore took the reins of office at Marlborough with a very great reputation, which he maintained throughout his term of office, working very hard, with a strong affection for Marlborough and all attached to the school.

Dr. Farrar made a great improvement in the chapel, of which he was justly proud. He is now Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey, where he is much esteemed. He was succeeded by the present Head-master, the Rev. G. C. Bell, under

whose ruling Marlborough has flourished more and more.

The masters now are in sympathy with the boys; and, besides being interested in their educational welfare, they take part in their games, and that which is the interest of the boys is also of the greatest importance to the masters. As I write, I have just returned from the inter-school contest at Lord's,

Rugby v Marlborough, where we had the picture I have just referred to, fully manifested, and that ever-existing brotherhood, or freemasonry at our schools, more fully revealed.

Then again, the School professionals—men who one would imagine were hardened to the fortunes or misfortunes of cricket, such as Arthur Hide, of Sussex County, and Tom Emmett, of Yorkshire—may be seen in attendance with anxious



"BRADLEIAN" AND SIXTH FORM ROOM.

countenances; and the former, who had a few days previously sprained his leg, hobbled from Marlborough to Lord's on supports; for he told me if he had stayed away he would have suffered far greater agony than the pain he was then enduring.

It is such harmony and good fellowship between masters and scholars that make school life of the present age so full of happiness and contentment, and encourage the pupils to a diligent pursuit of their studies and to take an earnest interest in their work.

Gradually, as each requirement at Marlborough has been felt, so have additional buildings been erected, until we find the "Old House," now surrounded by a splendid pile of buildings, which are at the present time being greatly added to. In the old building known as "C House," is the Adderley library, originally presented by Mr. McGeachy, one of the founders of the school, and one of its greatest benefactors; it contains a splendid collection of literature, and is a favourite haunt of the fifth and sixth forms.

On the same floor is a fine old room, apportioned to the masters, called "Common Room," while on the first floor above is the very excellent dormitory of C House.

The "Bradleian" or "Bradley Hall," was opened in 1873; it is adorned with many excellent casts, so that it presents quite a museum of sculpture. It has not only supplied a pleasant refuge for small scholars and others, but was greatly needed for meetings of various kinds, for which there was before no room available without interfering with the general work of the school. Its existence directly led to the institution of "Penny Readings"—entertainments got up by the boys and con-

ducted by them. It is here where the debating society now hold their debates, which are now thrown open to the school and at times are attended in large numbers. By the Bradleian, in our illustration, will be seen a small cloister which connects the larger buildings containing the sixth form room and other classrooms.

Passing through the cloisters, you immediately enter what was in the old days, the stables of the Castle Inn, which have been apportioned to the Cadet Corps' armoury, gymnasium, etc., and the upper floor has been divided into studies for the fifth and sixth form boys at the in-college houses. The school presents quite a pretty appearance from the Bath Road: the "school" entrance is here, as will be seen from the illustration, with the unique porter's lodge on the one side of the gates and the handsome chapel rising on the other; while between these, is a splendid avenue of trees, leading to the main entrance of the "Old House;" around each of these trees seats

are arranged, where groups of studious pupils are always to be found preparing their work, while others are piloting their way round the school court, and in and out of the avenue, on their iron horse, a privilege, it will be noticed, allowed at Marlborough, but forbidden at some of the other schools.

On the opposite side of the court to the Bradleian, or on your right as you enter, is the chapel; then one pauses at the somewhat peculiar steps which lead to the wilderness, the Druidical mound, the bathing place and the laundry. The remainder of this side is almost wholly taken up by the great hall, under which are numerous class-rooms, together with marvelously large kitchens,



REV. G. C. BELL, M.A., HEAD-MASTER.

etc., which provide dinner for the whole school and other meals for those living in the three in-college houses.

All these I shall refer to in the next number, as I have already exhausted my space-allowance in this. One thing I feel I must mention, that is particularly interesting as regards our group of masters, for it contains two men whose names will be deeply engraved in the history of Marlborough: Mr. Pollock, who, next term succeeds to the high appointment of Head-master of Wellington, and Mr. Bull, who, I believe, is about to retire, after many years of hard labour at the College, and claims to be one of the oldest of her masters.

As regards Mr. Pollock, I consider I only

reiterate the sentiments of all Marlburians when I express my own wish that his reign at Wellington will be surrounded with that pleasure that has characterised his assistant mastership at Marlborough; and as regards Mr. Bull, he has earned the esteem of not only the whole of past and present Marlburians, together with masters, but all the townspeople regard him as a great favourite; and it is, therefore, to be hoped, after his years of work, he will be spared to enjoy the rest he so richly deserves.

Before I left I had to go through Saver-nake Forest and the Grand Avenue, which forms our frontispiece, and which is one of the favourite scenes of Marlborough.

As will be seen from the illustration it

GROUP OF MASTERS.

1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12



13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

1. J. A. Lloyd.
2. Rev. J. P. Cummins, M.A.
3. J. M. Lupton, B.A.
4. W. H. Madden, M.A.
5. J. Leaf.
6. — Wood.
7. H. Savery, B.A.

8. Rev. B. Pollock, M.A.
9. A. S. Eve, M.A.
10. E. Meyrick, B.A.
11. J. F. L. Hardy, M.A.
12. C. E. B. Hewitt, M.A.
13. W. S. Bambridge, Mus. B.
14. G. Sharp, M.A.

15. H. Leaf, M.A.
16. F. E. Thompson, M.A.
17. Rev. G. C. Bell, M.A.
(Head-master).
18. C. M. Bull, M.A.
19. Rev. W. H. Chappel, M.A.
20. M. H. Gould, M.A.

21. R. Alford, M.A.
22. Rev. A. J. Galpin, M.A.
23. Rev. J. S. Thomas, M.A.
(Bursar).
24. Rev. C. E. Thorpe, M.A.
25. H. D. Drury, M.A.
26. F. H. Hewitt, M.A.

is very fine, but the description I must leave for my next month's paper, and must, therefore, adjourn my remarks, by simply adding that anyone wishing a pleasant holiday should, before going abroad, patronise the Great Western Railway, and pay a visit to Marlborough and its beautiful surrounding country, and they will find the scenery and places

of interest sufficient to please even the most fastidious.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from Photographs taken specially for the LUDGATE MONTHLY by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 41, Cheapside, London, from whom Photographic Prints of the Originals can be obtained.

(To be continued.)



The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MONTHLY:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON AND MERCHANT TAYLORS', and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London.

COLLEGE CHAT.

It has been suggested that a page or so of THE LUDGATE, devoted to the doings and current topics of our Public Schools would form a popular addition to our Illustrated School Article each month. Space, therefore, will be set apart at the end of the School of the month for this object, and we invite those interested to forward contributions, which should be as condensed as possible.—(ED)

WINNERS OF "THE LUDGATE" CRICKET PRIZES FOR JUNE, 1893.



H. C. PRETTY (Epsom).
2nd Prize.



C. E. M. WILSON (Uppingham).
1st Prize.



R. O'H. LIVESAY (Wellington).
3rd Prize.

HARROW.—Probably few are aware that the late Mr. Henry Broadwood, who died on 8th July last, in his 83rd year, was an Old Harrovian. He joined his father's pianoforte business after leaving Cambridge, and it was mainly through his ability that the firm became one of the most famous pianoforte manufacturers in the world. He was also a most enthusiastic sportsman and spent much of his leisure with his gun and fishing-rod. Through the kindness of H.R.H. the Duchess of York, the school has been granted an extra week's holiday this vacation. H.R.H. wrote herself, asking for the extra week to be allowed in commemoration of her wedding.

With the holidays now commenced, there is little to chronicle in the school cricket world, but as a suggestion, would it be an impossibility to arrange next season the old time match *v.* Winchester?

RUGBY.—The match of the season, so far as Rugby is concerned, viz., Rugby *v.* Marlborough, was played at Lord's Cricket Ground on the 3rd and 4th of August, and concluded in a very even draw. The following scores will best show the varying fortunes of the game. Marlborough won the toss, and batting first, compiled 165. We replied by totalling the good score of 228, leaving our opponents 63 to the bad on the first innings. Marlborough, however, played up in grand style, and thanks chiefly to Mortimer Graham and Ainsworth, we did not dispose of them until they had knocked up 308. With 246 runs to get to

win, we could only expect to make a draw, and as before stated, this was the final result. Scores:—

MARLBOROUGH.

W. Mortimer, c Lee b Dowson	38	c Allen, b Christopherson	98
J. Graham, c Gowers, b Rhoades	20	c Lee, b Rhoades	63
G. W. B. Ainsworth, c Marshall, b Rhoades	7	b Rhoades	55
N. F. Druce (Capt.), c Dowson, b Rhoades	53	st Allen, b Christopherson	13
J. Milnes, b Gowers	20	b Christopherson	10
F. O. Houseman, b Rhoades	6	b Christopherson	4
G. H. Beloe, b Rhoades	0	b Rhoades	5
H. G. Moir, st Allen, b Christopherson	9	b Marshall	19
A. F. Mullins, c Slater, b Christopherson	4	b Sample	30
G. W. Johnson, not out	0	not out	1
E. H. B. Skimming, b Rhoades	0	c Marshall, b Sample	8
B 4, 1 b 4	8	B 6, 1 b 2	3
Total	165	Total	308

RUGBY.

A. O. Dowson, c Beloe, b Graham	39	b Beloe	7
A. E. Slater, 1 b w, b Beloe	32	b Skimming	8
J. F. Rhoades, b Skimming	10	run out	0
R. W. Nicholls, c Druce, b Skimming	6	c Druce, b Mullins	63
J. F. Marshall (Capt.), b Druce	32	c Ainsworth, b Mullins	45
D. Christopherson, b Beloe	4	b Skimming	7
W. H. Eckersley, b Mortimer	22	not out	28
P. Lee, c Johnson, b Mortimer	20		
T. N. Sample, b Beloe	20		
W. F. Gowers, b Mullins	7		
W. L. Allen, not out	4		
B 30, 1 b 2	32	B 6, 1 b 1	7
Total	228	Total	165

POWLING.

MARLBOROUGH—First Innings.

	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Gowers.....	13	6	25	1	Christopherson	18	9	30	2
Sample	24	4	41	0	Dowson	9	3	16	1
Rhoades	20.1	6	37	6	Marshall	2	0	4	0

Second Innings.

Rhoades	30	10	84	3	Dowson	14	5	25	0
Christopherson	24	4	61	4	Marshall	7	1	25	1
Sample	19	5	23	2	Nicholls	4	1	15	0
Gowers.....	17	3	49	0	Eckersley	2	0	17	0

RUGBY—First Innings.

Beloe	29.2	12	53	3	Graham	17	9	25	1
Skimming ...	25	10	45	2	Mortimer... ..	7	2	16	2
Mullins.....	15	5	36	1	Druce	6	1	20	1

Second Innings.

Beloe.....	27	13	39	1	Mullins.....	18	6	44	2
Skimming ...	20	9	43	2	Druce	3	1	7	0
Graham	6	3	16	0	Mortimer....	2	0	9	0

Umpires—W. Price and W. Hearn.

WINCHESTER.—The celebration of Winchester's quingentenary, of which a condensed programme was given in these notes last month, has come and gone, and is now a dream of the past. The old town was filled to overflowing, and everyone was congratulating his neighbour on the unqualified success of the celebration. As such copious reports have already appeared in the daily press, it seems quite unnecessary to give detailed particulars of the various events now.

Among the many distinguished visitors, was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who made one more of his very happy speeches, and a though the rain did not quite keep off on the match day, the weather might have been worse. Mrs. Fearon's Garden Party was brilliantly attended, and Domum Ball successfully concluded a really notable day.

MARLBOROUGH.—Quietness now reigns after the excitement of last month's celebration of our fiftieth birthday. We were all pleased to see the representative of THE LUDGATE arrive at last to embody our alma mater amongst the series of public schools now being illustrated in that most enterprising and delightful of magazines, "Better late than never," as the old saw has it, was our

mental remark, as we watched their clever artist, Mr. Thomas, arranging his pictures, and we are now all looking forward to seeing ourselves as others see us.

Our cricket match v. Cheltenham has been fought and won by us. Our visitors won the toss, and batting first, started very unfortunately, their first two men going for a pair of spectacles. The next two, Champain and Manners, however, played up well, and put on 54 between them, but the remainder of the innings was simply a procession, the whole side being out for 77. On going to the wickets Marlborough scored 133 (Graham (37), Mortimer (30), Beloe (18), being top scores). At their second venture Cheltenham did better, compiling 131. Champain being top score again with 36, whilst Stanley (24) and Quinton (21), made useful stands. Wanting 76 to win, we secured the desired runs with the loss of 3 wickets.

SHREWSBURY.—Speech day passed off with unusual success, and before these brief notes are in type the School will have once more dispersed for the Summer Holidays. Our two great summer events, the Boat Race with Cheltenham, and the Cricket Match with Rossall, are things of the past. We won our race against Cheltenham easily, as indeed we ought, with our better facilities; but we cannot look back on our match with Rossall with unmixed satisfaction, for, although the match terminated in a draw, it was all in favour of our visitors, this result being greatly attributable to slack fielding on our part.

SURREY COUNTY SCHOOL.—Our speech and prize day took place on the 26th of July, and passed off as successfully as the proverbial "marriage bell"—Lord Ashcombe presenting the prizes. At the luncheon, at which many distinguished visitors sat down, the Head-master, after duly proposing the usual loyal toasts, made an impressive speech, and later on the health of the Head-master and his Assistant Masters was drunk with a three times three.

CRICKET PRIZES.

The Proprietors of THE LUDGATE will present a Leather Cricket Bag, a Bat, a Pair of Pads, and a Pair of Batting Gloves, all of best quality, and manufactured by F. H. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate Street, London, for the Three Highest Individual Batting Scores made each month of the present season in matches played between any of the recognised Public Schools.

Applications are invited by post-card, giving the following details—NAME AND ADDRESS OF BATSMAN; NAME OF SCHOOL; NUMBER OF RUNS MADE; NAME OF OPPOSING SCHOOL; WHERE PLAYED AND DATE OF MATCH.

The post-cards must be received on or before the 5th of month following that in which the match was played, and should be addressed "CRICKET," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Entries for August will close 5th September.

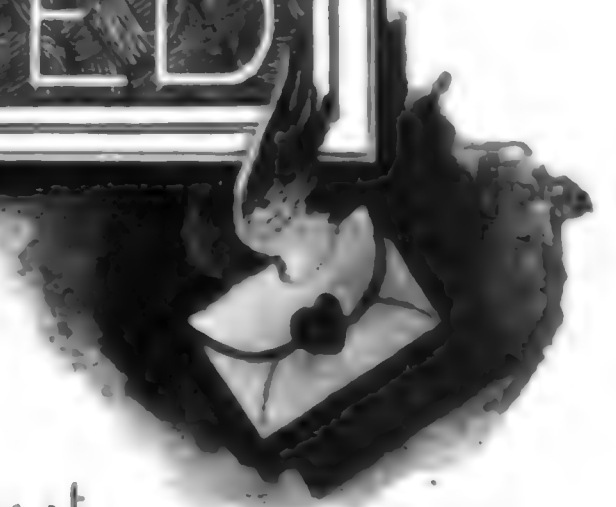
THE THREE WINNERS FOR JULY.

1. E. GARNETT, Charterhouse, on July 14th and 15th, scored 90, not out, v. Wellington.
2. B. W. V. KING, Rossall, on July 12th and 13th, scored 88, v. Shrewsbury.
3. C. L. ALEXANDER, Shrewsbury, on July 12th and 13th, scored 77, v. Rossall.

The three Winners for June were announced last month, and we have much pleasure in giving their Portraits, which will be found heading this Chat.



PARTED



Hands
across the desert
distance

May not clasp with eager touch
'Gainst the bars of Fate's resistance
We may beat

our pinions much

Still.

like wild-dove homeward nesting
When the goblet sun is set

Love

to memory wings for resting

Don't

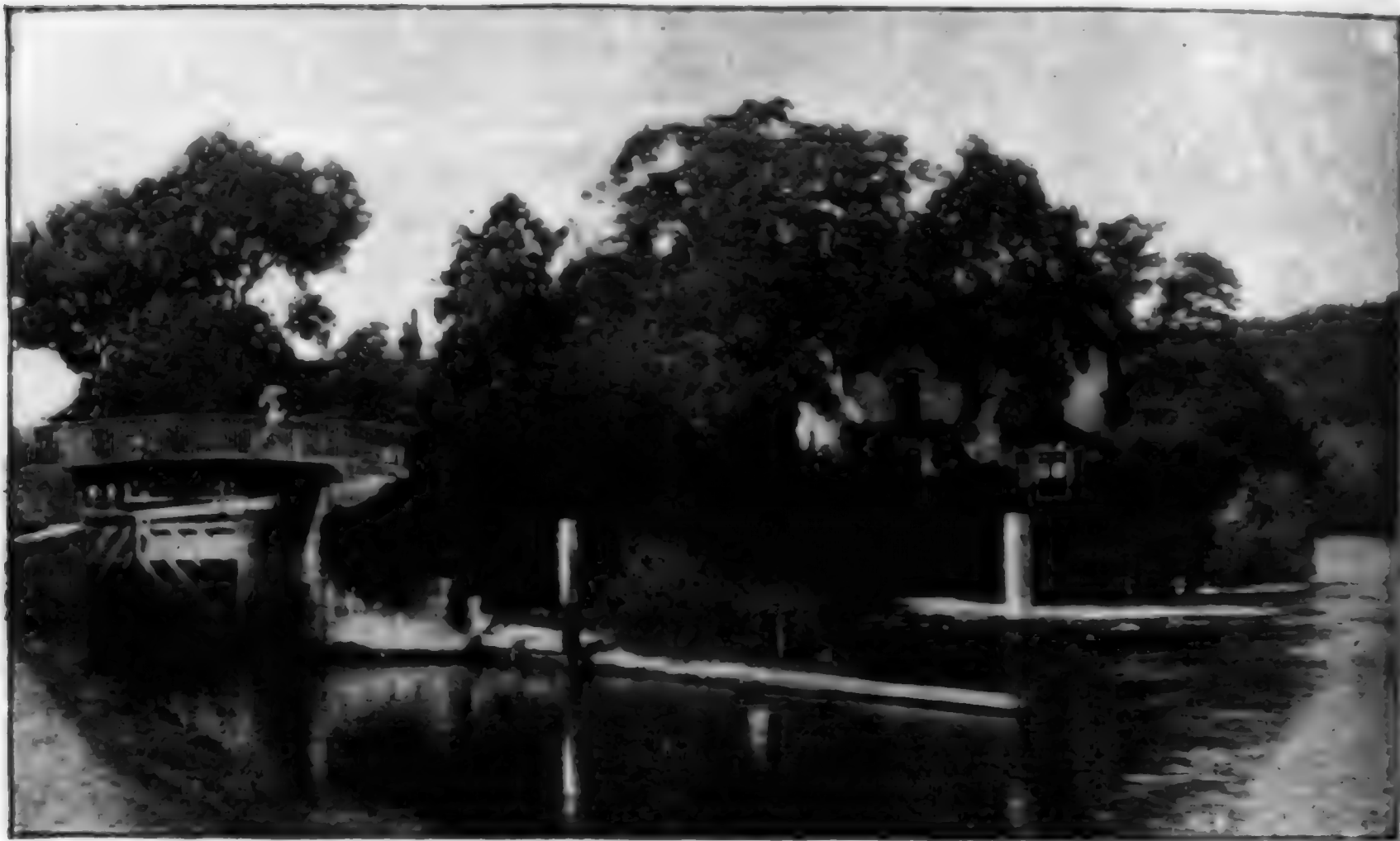
forget me

Don't forget.



The River Thames.

FROM OXFORD TO KINGSTON.



BOULTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD.

PART III.—MAIDENHEAD TO KINGSTON.

LEAVING Maidenhead on the fifth morning of our cruise, we pass under the fine bridge which here crosses the river, joining Taplow with Maidenhead, and then we obtain a full view of the magnificent bridge of the Great Western Railway, the spans of which are supposed to be the largest of their kind in this country. Below this bridge, on the Berks side, we may see The Fisheries, a most charming riverside residence, the grounds, sloping down to the water, being beautifully kept. A mile lower brings us to the little village of Bray, with its fine old church, the massive tower forming a noticeable landmark. One does not wonder that the "Vicar of Bray," famous of song, should have so determinedly insisted to here live and die, for the quiet beauties of the country round have an attraction all

their own. The George, prettily situated on the Berks bank, is a comfortable inn; and, if time permit, a visit should be made to the church, which dates from the thirteenth century, and contains many ancient brasses. Bray Lock (sixty-four miles from Oxford) is less than half-a-mile farther on, passing through which, we find the stream flowing strongly from the



MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.



THE FISHERIES, MAIDENHEAD.

weir, and are soon carried down to Monkey Island, which owes its curious name to a whim of its one time owner, the third Duke of Marlborough, who built a fishing-house on the island and had the ceiling of one of the rooms painted with pictures of monkeys — some



SURLY HALL HOTEL.

into an hotel, and is a favourite resort for boating parties and anglers: the fishing round the various adjacent islets being very good. Pulling leisurely along, we pass in succession on the Berks shore Down Place, Oakley Court, and The Fishery, the residence of Lady Florence Dixie. This stretch of the river is nearly straight and above the average width, but during the summer months reeds and aquatic plants flourish on each side of the stream, considerably curtailing the waterway. The river then takes a sharp bend to the left, with Surly Hall Hotel, picturesquely embowered in trees, lying back

on the Berks bank. This is one of the most charmingly placed inns on the Thames, and during the season is well patronised by rowing men; it is the rendezvous of the Eton boys in the yearly procession of boats, every 4th of June, when a champagne feed is a part of the programme. Al-

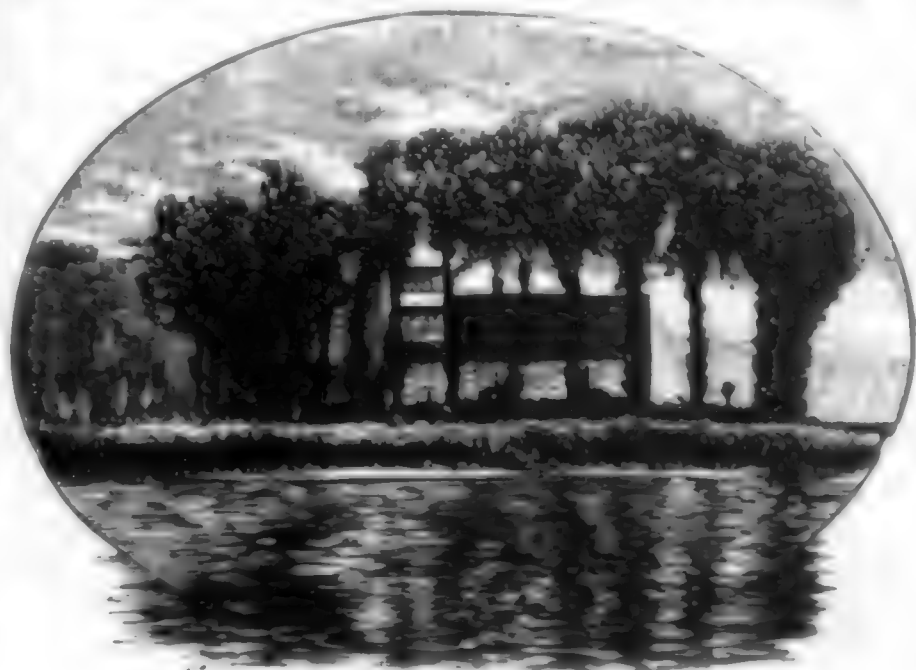
most opposite Surly Hall is Boveney Church, standing close to the river on the Bucks bank and curiously surrounded by a ring of tall elms; solitary it stands in its circle of foliage with no other edifice in its vicinity.

Boveney Lock (sixty-seven miles from Oxford) lies a few hundred yards farther



GEORGE INN, DRAY.

simulated as engaged in various handicrafts, while others are depicted as dancing and going through eccentric motions. The beauty of the colouring, however, is fast fading away, and in many places the plaster, through age, has had to be renewed. The lodge has long since been transformed



BOVENY CHURCH.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

on ; and from here we get our first view of Windsor Castle, which, for some distance, now forms the most prominent feature in the landscape ; the massive

advisable to enter into anything approaching a description of Windsor Castle in this article. Many of our readers have, no doubt, visited the noblest royal resi-

dence, perhaps, in the world ; permission to view the state apartments being obtainable any weekday during the absence of the Court. The view of the surrounding country from the Round Tower on a fine day affords in itself a magnificent panorama.



WINDSOR BRIDGE AND BRIDGE HOUSE HOTEL.

A fine iron bridge connects Windsor with Eton, world-famous for its stately college, the playing fields of which extend to the river's bank for some distance below the bridge, on the backwater of the weir.

battlements of the Castle, with the chapel of St. George, presenting themselves in many and various positions as we wind with the river towards the ancient town of Windsor. The river itself, hereabout, is not particularly interesting ; but as we pull slowly along, we recognise many well-known spots. First in order comes Athens, the time-honoured bathing-place of Etonians ; whilst a little lower, and beyond the railway bridge, are the meads known as the Brocas. From this spot we obtain the finest view of the Castle, its magnificent proportions contrasting forcibly with the various buildings of the town nestling around its base. It is unnecessary, or, at any rate, un-

Romney Lock (sixty-nine miles from Oxford) is approached on the Windsor side ; and if we mount the bank just before entering the lock, we get a lovely glimpse of the Eton College chapel across the backwater. Just below the lock we



ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

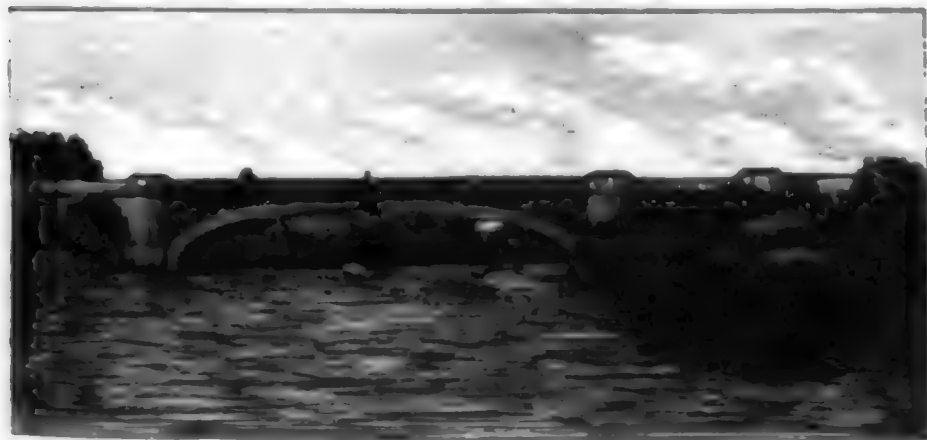


ROMNEY LOCK.

pass under the South Western Railway Bridge; both this line and the Great Western run to Windsor, and provide capital services of trains, thus rendering the town a favourite boating resort. Windsor Home Park follows the Berks bank for nearly a mile and a half, affording beautiful peeps of sylvan beauty as our boat floats quietly by. About half way down the Home Park, on the opposite bank, we come to the pretty and fashionable village of Datchet; the station, on the South Western line, is within five minutes' walk of the river; a line of gaily-decorated house



DATCHET.



ALBERT BRIDGE.

boats is moored just above the landing stage, giving a pleasing variety of colour to the scene.

Ditton Park, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, is close by. A mile lower, the Albert Bridge crosses the river, forming the termination of the Home Park; and then we pass into the cutting to Old Windsor Lock (seventy-two miles from Oxford); the weir and backwater forming a long curve of over a mile before rejoining the waterway below the lock. The fishing in this backwater, especially for chub and roach, is very good, and its many quiet nooks are undisturbed by passing boats.

Half-a-mile below the lock a large and very ornamental boat-house, belonging to F. Ricardo, Esq., stands in a small artificial bay of the river, opposite the towing path; and, farther on, the Bells of Ouseley attracts our attention, lying a little back on the Berks side and sheltered by some fine elms. This inn is the only place of refreshment between Datchet and the next lock—Bell Weir—nearly five miles; so, bearing this fact in mind, we adjourn to the cosy parlour to renew our vital

forces and sample the nut-brown ale for which the house is celebrated. The lane up the side of the Bells leads to Beaumont Lodge, the well-known Catholic college, a passing view of which is obtained from the river. Just below the Bells, Surrey takes the place of Berks as the southern boundary of the Thames; and beyond this bank, the land rises up into charming foliage-covered hills, with the chimneys and gables



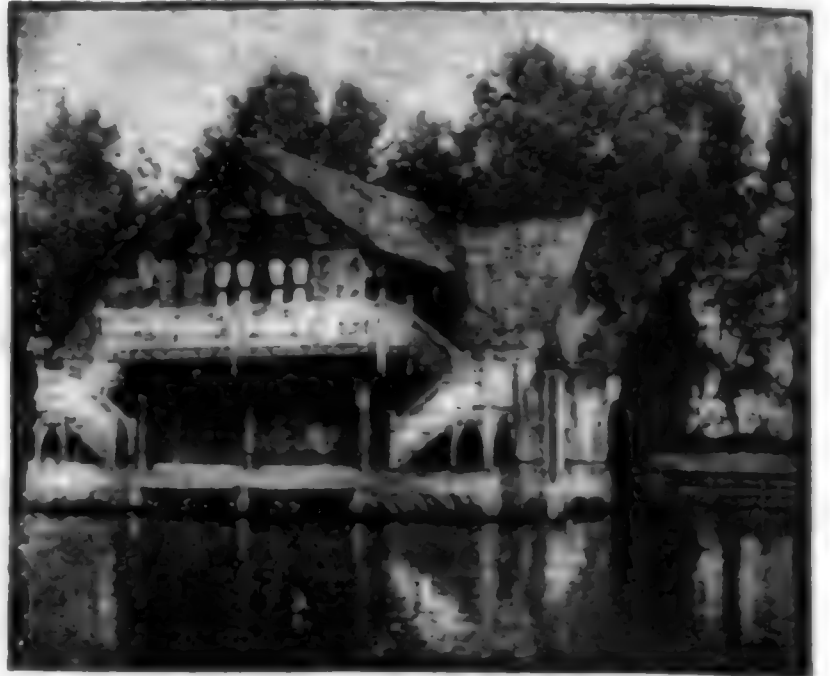
OLD WINDSOR LOCK.



BELLS OF OUSELEY.

of the Military College of Cooper's Hill, peeping through the trees. The flat meadow-land adjoining the river is Runnymede, a spot famous in history. Here King John met his turbulent barons and signed the Magna Charta; and the stone which was on that memorable occasion used as a table is still preserved in the

the next mile; then the Bell Weir Lock (seventy-five miles from Oxford) draws into view; on passing through which, the Angler's Rest bids us welcome. Half-a-mile lower, the county of Bucks terminates, giving place to Middlesex, the boundary between the two being marked by an ancient stone pedestal known as



MR. F. RICARDO'S BOAT-HOUSE.



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND

College, on Magna Charta Island, which lies off the opposite shore.

Below this island, on the same side, is Ankerwycke House; it was formerly a convent of the Benedictines which bluff King Hal confiscated; and tradition has it that the leafy glades surrounding the convent were the trysting-place of the amorous king and the unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

Tame and uninteresting must be our brief summary of the scenery for

London Stone, and which formerly denoted the termination up river of the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London. Staines bridge now comes into sight; and, as the shades of evening preclude further photographic operations, we pull up at the Swan Hotel just below the bridge.

Staines is a town of some pretensions; there are



BELL WEIR LOCK AND WEIR

several good hotels besides the Swan, namely, the Pack Horse, on the river lower down, and the Angel, in the town. The well-known Staines Linoleum Factory employs a large number of hands. The station on the South-Western line is about fifteen minutes' walk from the river landing-place below the railway bridge. There are several good fishing swims,

both up and down stream, but from the bank there is little to be done. Leaving our comfortable quarters early next morning, we drift leisurely past the many



THE ANGLER'S REST.

perfect loop of almost a mile in extent, departing immediately above the lock, and coming round to immediately below the lock, and without any weir crossing the current. Light-draft boats can make their way down this loop with moderate care, and the scenery will well repay the extra trouble. Anglers may note that fish here are plentiful, and during the sea-

son many trout reward the patient disciple of old Izaak.

A short distance below "Penty Hook" we can just descry the little village of Laleham, lying back on the Middlesex shore. Near the ferry the river broadens out considerably, at the same time also shallowing so much that launches and barges frequently find themselves hard and fast, and even skiffs, if towing up, should keep well out, or they will meet a similar disaster. The stream continues of more than average width until we reach Chertsey Lock (eighty miles from Oxford), in entering which care should be exercised and the boat kept close to the towing-path, thus avoiding the suck of the stream over the weir,



STAINES BRIDGE.

house-boats moored down the Surrey bank, and soon we are leaving the busy haunts of men behind us. Nature is at its freshest, and the rosy sun climbing up the eastern sky has not yet grown too powerful for perfect comfort, and the meadow-grass still twinkles with pearly drops of dew. On our right we pass a pretty little cottage, known as the Fisherman's Temple, a charming spot for a summer holiday, albeit perhaps somewhat lonely; but, strange to say, within the writer's recollection it has never appeared to be inhabited.

About two miles from our start we come now to Penton Hook Lock (seventy-eight miles from Oxford). The river here forms a

which is partly unprotected and very dangerous in flood time. The view from the lock, looking towards the bridge, is



BICYCLE BOAT

rather pretty, but altogether the landscape is flat and tame.

A curiosity in river craft attracted our attention just here, of which our illustration gives a very good idea. This new bicycle-boat—built for three, be it noted—seemed to travel very smoothly and with good pace, but somehow its occupants did not appear too happy.

Nothing of note meets the oarsman's eye until Shepperton Lock (eighty-two miles from Oxford) is reached. The weir and backwater form a considerable curvature,



HALLIFORD.



WALTON BRIDGE.

into the lower part of which the little River Wey empties itself; and on the backwater stands a very comfortable inn, the Lincoln Arms. There are several good camping grounds adjacent, which are well patronised. Below the lock is a good-sized island, on which stands the riverside residence of Mr. D'Oyley Carte; whilst several charming villas, with their cultivated pleasure-grounds, adorn the Middlesex bank.

The river twists and turns greatly for the next two miles, as it flows

past Shepperton and Halliford. Shepperton is a quiet little place, much frequented by anglers, and celebrated for its deep pools, wherein lurk finny monsters of fabulous weights. Shepperton station is twenty minutes' walk from the river at Shepperton, and perhaps five minutes' nearer to Halliford, which lies half a mile lower. The scenery from here to below Walton is exceedingly charming, the river curv-



WALTON.—THE LANDING PLACE.



SUNBURY BACKWATER

ing now to the right, now to the left, revealing new beauties at every turn. Walton Bridge crosses the river about a mile below Halliford, and then we see the landing stage of Walton village, with the Swan and Angler's Inns under the trees on the Surrey bank. The reach from here to



SUNBURY LOCK, FROM ABOVE.

Sunbury is the Walton regatta course, and we notice just opposite Walton the overflow into the Sunbury backwater, which runs for over a mile before reaching the lock water. The fishing, both in the main stream and the backwater, is really good, there being several fine bream swims, and chub and barbel abound. The view of Sunbury, from the island above the lock, makes a charming picture, with the old church peeping over the trees. There is capital camping ground on this island, and the Thames Camping Club have their head-



HAMPTON CHURCH.



THE CEDARS, HAMPTON.

quarters here, their little town of canvas forming quite a picturesque feature with the gaily-decorated tents and flower gardens. Leaving the weir well on our left, we pull down the cutting to Sunbury Lock (eighty-five and a half miles from Oxford). Care must be exercised on leaving the lock, as the stream runs very strongly and is known as Sunbury race. For a couple of miles there is not much to note; the Middlesex bank, for some little distance, is pretty, but the opposite shore

shows flat and uninteresting, until we approach Hampton, with its islets and houseboats moored along their shady banks. Hampton station, on the South-Western line, is about ten minutes' walk from the river, and is a most convenient centre for visiting this part of the Thames. On the island nearest the lock is Tagg's Island Hotel, a very favourite resort for boating and picnic parties, and then we come to Molesey Lock (eighty-eight and a half miles from Oxford). The near-

est station is Hampton Court, which is right on the river, close to the bridge. Hampton Court Palace is across the bridge, which spans the river just below the lock, and we need hardly say should, if possible, be visited. The river Mole joins the Thames just below the bridge. The Thames skirts the Palace grounds for almost three miles; in fact, they extend right up to Kingston Bridge.

Half a mile below Hampton Court Bridge, behind a large island, lies



HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE AND MITRE HOTEL.

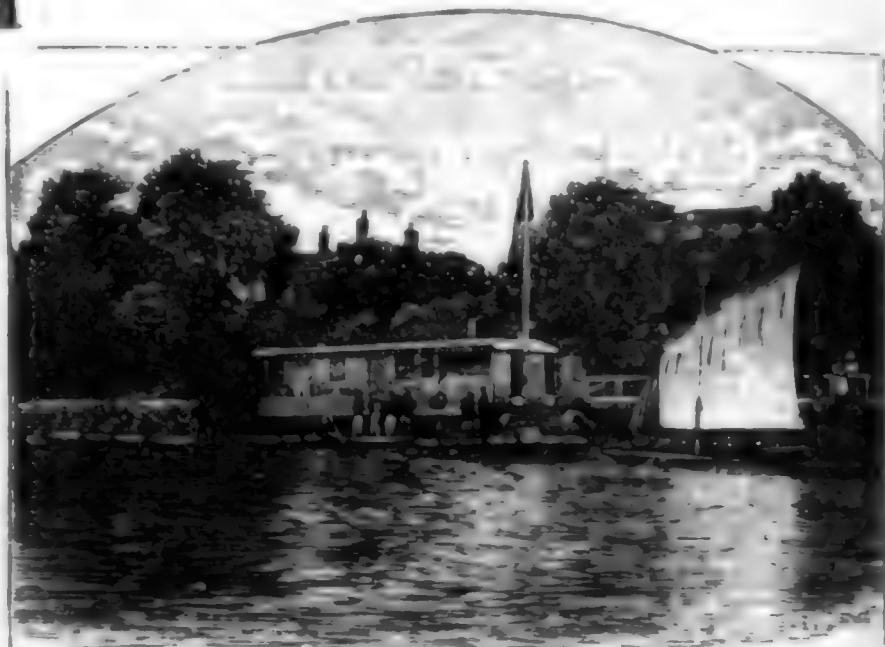


THAMES DITTON.

Thames Ditton, with the Swan Hotel on the river's bank. We are now nearing the end of our pleasant trip, for a mile below Ditton we scull by the long line of waterworks, and Surbiton Parade comes into view, and, as we pass the island, Kingston Bridge is visible in the distance. In summer the parade, running from Surbiton to Kingston on the Surrey bank, is exceedingly pretty, the grounds being beautifully kept, with flowers and shrubs; and the massive

trees backing the view complete a charming picture. Surbiton is a most convenient station, being only ten minutes' walk from Parker's boat-yard, the courteous proprietor of which has an excellent supply of boats, which are obtainable on very reasonable terms.

Here we must take leave of Father Thames for the present, with the full hope and intention of ere long renewing our pleasant meanderings on his placid bosom.



PARKER'S BOAT-YARD, SURBITON.



KINGSTON BRIDGE.

Won at Last.

By HENRY KINGSLEY, Author of "Ravenshoe." &c.

"**L**ORD BARNSTAPLE presents his compliments to the Reverend James Mordaunt, and will do himself the honour to wait on him at one P.M., on Thursday next, the 27th of July, to discuss parochial matters. An answer would oblige.

"Crowshoe Castle, 25/7/73."

This document looks innocent and harmless at first, but it fell like a thunder-bolt in the quiet household of the Reverend James Mordaunt. No one was with him when he received it but his daughter, Alice; he at once handed it to her, and announced his intention of selling out the only property he had in the world. £1,200, 3 per Cents, and emigrating to Western Canada.

"I don't think I would do that, pa," said Alice, "you are too old, my dear. Stay here and fight it out."

"I am only forty-five," returned the Reverend James "and I am as strong as a horse but now that this young prig of a nobleman has come to back up the Rector and the Archdeacon, I had better go at once than stay too long."

"We don't know that he is a prig, pa," said Alice.

"He took a first," said the Reverend James, "and I know what that means with a nobleman."

"Well, my dear," said Alice, "you

would have taken one if you could have afforded the coaching."

"It don't matter," said the Reverend James. "His mind is poisoned against me, and I will not stand it any longer."

"You don't *know* that his mind is poisoned against you," urged Alice. "Hear the man."

"I suppose I must," said the Reverend James, with a vexed air. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I will walk over to the Bishop this afternoon, get a bed there, and come back to-morrow morning."

"Could not you borrow farmer Willesden's horse?" asked Alice; "fourteen miles is a long walk."

"I can't borrow his horse, for to-morrow is market day, and he will want it. He would lend it to me and say he did not want it; but I am obliged to him too much already, God bless him! How much money have we?"

"Thirteen and sixpence."

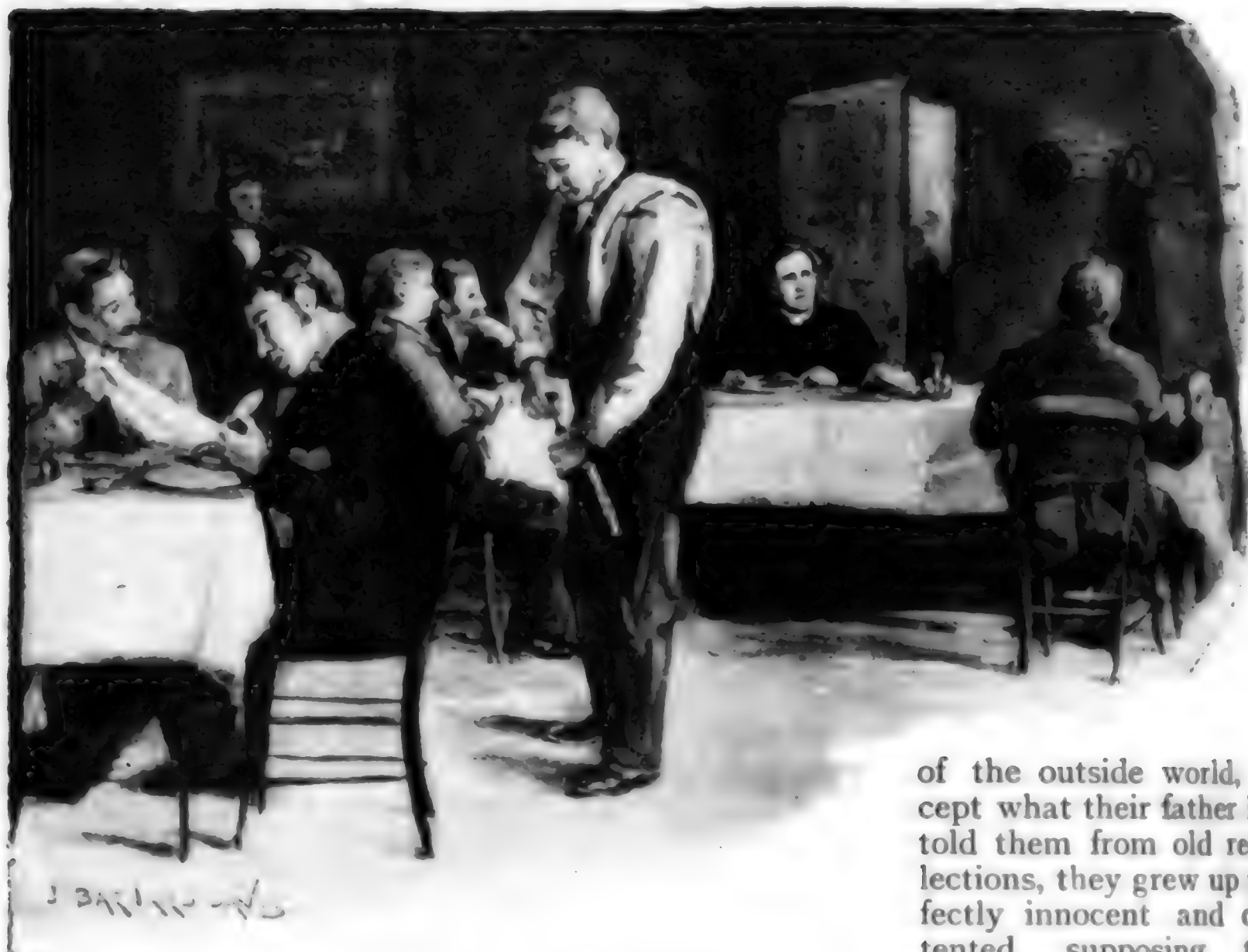
"Give me five, my dear," said the Reverend James, "because, if the palace is full, I must sleep at the inn. Where is Charles?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you. Charles has got three days' work with the railway surveyors, at seven-and-sixpence a day. His mathematics come in very well there; I wish it would lead to something permanent."

"Is there anything owing in the village?" asked the Reverend James.



HE HANDED IT TO HER.



AT THE MARKET ORDINARY.

"One-and-sixpence to the butcher," said Alice; "but I will slip round and pay that."

"Do so, and if Charles comes home before I am back, give him my love, and tell him where I am gone;" and so the reverend gentleman put two half-crowns in his pocket, took his stick, and walked stoutly away to the Bishop.

The Rev. James Mordaunt was a curate of Sprowston, with a salary of £120 a-year, and a private income of £35 arising from the £1,200 before spoken of. On this income he had married, and his wife had died three years afterwards, leaving him to bring up a boy and a girl, Charles and Alice, in the most grinding poverty. Charles was now twenty-one, and his sister nineteen, both of them marvels of beauty and intelligence. Mr. Mordaunt had nothing to give them but learning, example and love, and he gave them all these three things without stint. Too hopelessly poor to give much in charity, he was more deeply loved by the poor than any man for miles round; and his son and daughter shared the love which was their father's due, and they deserved it. Knowing absolutely nothing

of the outside world, except what their father had told them from old recollections, they grew up perfectly innocent and contented, supposing that other poor people's lives were much like their own.

Their father was a tremendous power in their little world—there was no appeal from him. The magistrates made room for his shabby coat on the bench, and were relieved when he was gone, taking his handsome, inexorable face and his withering oratory with him. The boldest farmer grew pale if he appeared to eat his eighteenpenny-worth at the market ordinary; they wondered among one another whose turn it was for a few stinging and never-to-be-forgotten words. The lash of the man's satire brought blood, and blood which took a long time in healing; but the man's life was so blameless, so noble, and so pure, that, as years went on, the very stupidest farmers began to see that he was living consistently that life which he discoursed on every Sunday from the pulpit—the life of Christ. He made them fear him first, they got to love him afterwards.

He came suddenly from Oxford with a young wife, and he at once began fighting everybody; he took up the case of the agricultural poor, and fought the farmers more like a fiend than a decent English clergyman. He had no money, which was a disadvantage; and he had less

than no influence, which was possibly worse. But he fought on for all that, through thick and thin. It was a long and dark night for him after his wife died, and when he had to wake up in the morning and find she was not by his side, but in the cold churchyard outside the window. It was a long and bitter struggle to rear those two poor children without any money at all: but the man won. People generally—lords, squires, magistrates, farmers—began to be aware of a pale, handsome, and very poor man, with twice the brains and three times the debating power of any of them, who went up and down their little world, not *pleading* for the poor, but *ordering* that the law of the land should be put in force in their favour.

The poor, as a matter of course, took to him at once; the farmers he was longer in winning, for they said that he made mischief, as he certainly did. But one day at the market dinner, Farmer Willesden, his chief opponent at first, saw that although he had often "caught it" from Mr. Mordaunt, yet he always, somehow, found Mr. Mordaunt in the right; and that Mr. Mordaunt was as game to stand between landlord and tenant as he was to stand between farmer and labourer. In short, Mr. Mordaunt had won the respect of the farmers, and such is the bull-headed persistency of those gentlemen that, if you once gain their confidence, you must be an utter fool to lose it again.

When he first came into the parish the lord of the manor, Lord Barnstable, was very old, and was devoting the remainder of a very busy and well-spent life to politics; when he was not in his place in the House of Lords he was at Cannes. The Bishop was also very old and very cynical, having been throughout all his life a politician far more than an ecclesiastic; a writer of pamphlets more than a preacher. The Rector of Sprowston was also infirm, and quite unfit for his duties. Lord Barnstable was a very strong Liberal, and it was to his influence that the Bishop owed his position, while the infirm Rector was also a Liberal, and an old college friend of Lord Barnstable's. What between Liberalism and old age, not one of the three interfered in any way with Mr. Mordaunt; but time brought changes, and at the time when Mr. Mordaunt had got everybody with him the old Rector died. He sent for Mr. Mordaunt on his death-

bed, and urged him to persevere in his present course as long as he lived.

"I have wasted my life in politics, Mordaunt," he said, "or I would have done what you are doing. I earnestly beg of you to persevere. Remember my words and don't give up. One of the reasons why I am loth to die even now is that you have got a worthless man and tyrant coming. I could not stop it; Lord Barnstable wishes to be rid of the man and make him hold his tongue, so he has shelved him here. I have extorted a promise from Lord Barnstable that you are not to be removed, save at your own wish—that is all I could do. Be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. Good-bye, my dear Mordaunt: I wish I was young again, and able to stand beside you. You will find that I have left you my private sacramental plate; take it as an earnest of what might have been if I had been younger. Good-bye."

So the good old fellow died, and the Rev. L. Easy reigned in his stead. Mr. Easy was the greatest of all bear leaders of ancient or modern times: for winking at or ignoring vice among rich young men he was a Petronius Arbiter; in expanding on the virtues of a protecting family he was a Horace. The worst of it was that he was a dunce, and when the pestilent system of competitive examination came in, it was discovered that, although the famous Let-medown Easy could still conceal or palliate the vices of his pupils, he was utterly unable to get them through their examinations. He found his old trade going from under his feet and into the hands of honest men; he had saved money, but it would never pay him to invest in the employment of coaches; he was as nearly as possible retiring from the trade when a job fell into his hands which enabled him to retire with honour. The second son of Lord Barnstable was requested to retire from Eton without further delay, and did so retire.

Lord Barnstable was at Cannes when he heard of this terrible blow; but he wrote to the bishop, and the bishop, then very infirm, wrote that Easy was always the man in these cases. Lord Barnstable sent Lord Edward Hemling to Mr. Easy with a letter in which certain contingencies were mentioned if the lad could be got through his examination for the army. It has been said that the old nobleman promised him a thousand pounds and his

next living; and it has also been said that when Lord Edward Hemling arrived, and was examined by the Rev. Mr. Easy, that the rev. gentleman scratched his head and told his wife that he did not half like the job. Encouraged by her, however, she being ten times more unscrupulous than himself, he undertook the matter. Then follows a very odd and dark story. A young man, a printer, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing some papers two days before the examination. Duplicate proofs were taken, and only one set were found on the young man (now married and conducting a flourishing printing business in Ontario); as to what had become of the other set the young man was most discreetly silent, and he did his six months with a joyous alacrity which won him the good opinion of every official in Holloway

Gaol. In the meantime Lord Edward had passed his examination, and had joined a regiment of the Foot Guards, and after three months was requested to exchange for being drunk at mess. A meeting of the Guards' Club unanimously expelled him, and

he shortly afterwards joined a West India Regiment on the West Coast of Africa; and in spite of all that his hard-worked brother officers could do for him by advice and assistance, he died of drink and fever.

Still Mr. Easy had fulfilled his bargain with Lord Barnstaple, and Lord Barnstaple was not a man who forgot. On the rector's death Mr. Easy came into the living of Sprowston, and all the Lord Barnstaples in the world could not put him out of it. Besides, he knew things about Lord Edward which it was impossible to talk about in society, but about which there was nothing to prevent his talking, now that he had got everything he could possibly get; he had, therefore, the whip hand of Lord Barnstaple, and, having been a rogue all his life, he would not scruple to use it if it suited his purpose. The only

thing which kept Mr. Mordaunt's house over his head was this.

Lord Bideford, the eldest son of Lord Barnstaple, was a very different man to his brother, Lord Edward. He was by another mother. Lord Barnstaple had married, first, Lady Alice Barty, the beauty of a family which has given us some of our best statesmen, and by her he had Lord Bideford. A long time after her death his lordship made a most imprudent marriage, and the less which is said about that the better; the offspring of this marriage was Lord Edward. Lord Bideford was a very silent young man, and no one seemed to know anything about him, save that he had taken a "first" at Oxford, and was very silent in Parliament. Now, in the course of nature, Lord Bideford would soon be Lord Barnstaple and master of



A PRINTER WAS SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS.

Crowshoe. Mrs. Easy, who was fond of dress and show, was very anxious to have the *entrée* of that castle; and, as some rumours had reached her as to the fact

that the young lord was not only very silent but very obstinate, she urged on her husband that it would be very impolitic to take ultimate measures with regard to Mr. Mordaunt until they had gathered the opinions of Lord Bideford. Meanwhile she quite agreed to the plan of leading him the life of a dog, and making his resignation his own act; they could get a young man cheaper by sixty pounds, and that would enable her to go to London every year.

Mr. Mordaunt was a very mild High Churchman, and had introduced some extremely mild alterations in the Church service, after a long consultation with the farmers; who, being every one of them Conservatives, gladly acquiesced in what he did when he pointed out to them that he was simply carrying out the directions of the Prayer-book, on which they pinned

their faith. He shortened the services individually, although the actual length of them was greater than ever. He had a communion at eight o'clock every Sunday morning, which was well attended; and, in fact, did quietly and exactly what the Prayer-book told him to do. He made also, on the other hand, great friends with the dissenting minister (Wesleyan), and they had hot arguments in their walks as to what John Wesley would say if he knew that his followers had seceded from the establishment after his death. Then an Irish harvestman fell ill in his parish: and when Mr. Mordaunt found that he was a Roman Catholic, he borrowed farmer Willesden's horse and gig, drove to the nearest town where there was a Roman Catholic priest, and fetched him over in triumph in broad daylight, and insisted on his staying all night, asking one or two of the farmers, and his friend the dissenting minister, to meet him in the evening. The evening passed off in the most charming manner; though the Wesleyan minister afterwards told Mr. Mordaunt that he was vexed at not being able to hold his own in learning with the man of the Establishment, or the Romanist. Farmer Willesden was so taken with the Romanist that he sent him a pair of spring chickens on Good Friday, in all innocence, thinking that it would be a delicate attention, under the impression that Good Friday was the great holiday of the Romish church.

Now, all these lapsarian backslidings from grace were very soon told to the Rev. Letmedown Easy, by the admiring farmers. That they were abominable and audacious no one could deny; the question was, how to utilise them with Lord Bideford, and procure the removal of Mr. Mordaunt without shutting up Crowshoe Castle? They could save sixty

pounds a year by getting rid of Mr. Mordaunt.

The first question with this worthy pair was this: what *was* Lord Bideford? Lord Barnstaple was a shining light among the evangelicals, and it was notorious that his brother-in-law had practically appointed the last five bishops. He was too old to be taken into the calculations, however; and the question was, what were Lord Bideford's religious opinions? It was a very difficult question to answer. Lord Bideford certainly attended, with great diligence and regularity, the afternoon service at All Saints', Margaret Street; but he frequently preached at a mission: a most tiresome and puzzling young man! He might listen to Stopford Brooke—to any one, in short; but the fact of his preaching settled the question; the man was an evangelical, like his father.

Consequently the Rev. Letmedown Easy became violently evangelical, according to his view of evangelicalism. The leader of that party in the Church remonstrated with him in an angry manner about what he did, and went so far as to tell him that he was persecuting a better man than himself. But Lord Bideford was silent; and so Mr. Easy saw Crowshoe Castle open to him.

However, the principal thing in hand was to force Mr. Mordaunt to resign. He began with the farmers, trying to undermine his influence with them. They at once burnt him in effigy on the village green, and, assisted by their hinds, howled outside his house so long that Mr. Easy fled to the cellar for refuge. He failed with the farmers; but he had farmer Willesden up at petty sessions for language likely to provoke a breach of the peace. The chairman fined Willesden five shillings, and he put two pounds in the



FARMER WILLESDEN REPEATED THE LANGUAGE WITH ADJECTIVES.

poor-box. Willesden, meeting Mr. Easy outside the court, repeated the language, I regret to say, with adjectives. The chairman, Sir Pitchcroft Cockpole, said to Mr. Easy, afterwards: "You had better leave that man Mordaunt alone. He has been master here for a few years, and he is likely to remain master."

Mr. Easy's hands were, however, considerably strengthened by a new archdeacon, a man by no means of the "Grantly" type of archdeacon. He and Easy had more than once played into one another's hands, it was said, though that was extremely improbable, for the archdeacon was one of the most cautious men in creation, and had only lost a bishopric by slightly ratting at the wrong time. He



"HIS SON TAKES WORK IN THE FIELDS."

was a kinsman of Easy's, and was not best pleased at finding his kinsman there, for the ugly old story about Lord Edward's examination papers was still spoken of, and, like all untruths, was believed in. Two courses only were open to the archdeacon, either to throw his kinsman overboard, or to back him up through thick and thin. After due thought, he chose the latter.

What induced Mr. Mordaunt just at this time to preach a sermon before his new rector, airing his views as regarded the spiritual sovereignty of the Queen, no man can tell. It is enough that he did it, and that Mr. Easy requested him to hand over the original MS. in the vestry for immediate conveyance to the old Bishop. The old man read it in bed while Mr.

Easy was taking lunch, and then called Mr. Easy to his bedside.

"This is a curious sermon, Mr. Easy," said the Bishop; "and Mr. Mordaunt is a very curious man; but you had much better make friends with him than quarrel with him. You will never get on in that parish if you do."

Mr. Easy thought differently, and put every possible annoyance he could in Mr. Mordaunt's way, until that gentleman began to think of giving up the whole thing and emigrating. Two changes happened, however, which made him hang on—Lord Barnstable and the old bishop died within one week.

The new bishop was an old friend of Mr. Mordaunt, and when he went to the palace received him with open arms. On the occasion of his first visit he said nothing at all about his troubles. Mr. Easy, however, saved him that trouble by stating his case to the new young and vigorous bishop without delay. The new bishop heard them with the greatest patience and attention, and afterwards said, "I cannot see myself that there is any case against him. You say that his continuation there is scandalous. As the French say, 'Voulez vous préciser votre accusation.'"

That was very difficult. Mr. Easy said, after a few moments, "He associates with the farmers."

"That is very good," said the Bishop. "That is an old habit of my own."

"His son takes work in the fields, and takes money for it."

"Sooner than loaf, cheat or beg," said the Bishop. "I am sorry that the son of an educated gentleman like Mordaunt should be brought so low; but the early Christians did that same thing. St. Paul was only a tent-maker, you know, Mr. Easy. Is there anything against the young man's character? Is he the sort of young man who would have come in your way in your former line of business, Mr. Easy?"

Mr. Easy, devoutly wishing the Bishop somewhere, replied that there was nothing against the young man in a moral point of view.

"Well," said the Bishop; "it is a most disgraceful scandal. Here is a man like Mordaunt, a man worth twenty such men as you or I, Mr. Easy, obliged to send his son into the harvest-field for a living. It is the most shameful thing I ever heard of."

So the Archdeacon and Mr. Easy took very little by their motion. Mr. Mordaunt came over to the Bishop by summons, and spent the day with him. They talked over many old matters, and at the end Mr. Mordaunt asked the Bishop what he knew about the new Lord Barnstaple.

"Exactly nothing," said the Bishop. "I think that he is a terrible prig, and will probably assist Easy, who saved his half-brother from disgrace, and who was a nominee of Barnstaple's father. Meanwhile, go home, old friend, commit no indiscretion, and hold your own."

Things were exactly in this state when Mr. Mordaunt received the intimation of Lord Barnstaple's visit. He was very anxious about that visit, and, as we have seen before, walked away to his old friend, the Bishop, to consult him. The Bishop made him stay all night, and all the next day and the next night. The Dean and the Precentor, cunning men when there was a kindly, Christian act to be done, begged of him, as a personal favour, to stay over the day and intone for the Precentor, who had a convenient cough. Mr. Mordaunt could intone with the best of them, and so he spent a whole happy day under the glorious old arches, doing service after service.

"I feel young again, Bishop," he said at night, when they were going to bed; "I will sing matins and go home."

And after matins, away he went, walking and thinking what preparations Alice had been making for Lord Barnstable, but not much caring, for the cathedral music was in his ears, and so he sang all the way.

He arrived in the afternoon, and, opening his own door, passed into the parlour. His daughter Alice was standing beside the chimneypiece, and with her was a tall and strong man, whom he knew well, the inspector of police.

Alice was ghastly pale, and was moistening her dry lips with her tongue.

"Papa," she said, "here is Inspector Morton, who has been waiting for you."

Mr. Mordaunt saw that something was very wrong, and he left off humming a Gregorian chant to say, "How do, Morton? Come after me? I don't think you gentlemen practise in the ecclesiastical courts. You will have to take me in execution for unpaid costs in the ecclesiastical court some day, but my time is not come yet."

"Papa," said Alice, "don't joke; it is Charles."

"What has he been doing?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Oh, father, don't break down; he is arrested for burglary."

"Charles arrested for burglary!" exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt, laughing. "No: this is very good—this is as good as a play. Easy will make something of this. Leave the room, and let me talk to the inspector. What is this story, inspector?" said Mr. Mordaunt, when his daughter was gone.

"Well, sir, I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Charles is in custody for attempted burglary at Barnstaple."

"But that is forty miles away," said Mr. Mordaunt, "and the whole thing is ridiculous."

"It looks so, sir; but he was watched into a door, and then out of the same door two hours after, and was captured."

"But, my good inspector, this is perfect midsummer madness. My son is incapable of such an act."

The inspector came close to Mr. Mordaunt and whispered in his ear. As he whispered to him Mr. Mordaunt's face grew more and more ashy pale, and at last he begged him to desist, and staggered to a chair.

After a few minutes, he raised his ghastly face to the inspector's, and said, "I would sooner that it had been burglary than that."

"No doubt, sir," said the inspector; "we know your principles about here, and we know Mr. Charles's principles also. There ain't two men more loved in these parts than you two. But you have not heard me out, sir. That Inspector Bryan is a fool, sir. I was over to Barum yesterday, and I went and see Master Charles, and he give me the office, and I went and got this."

There came a flush into Mr. Mordaunt's pale face as he looked at the little paper which I have noticed in the face of more than one middle-aged man. The lordly and imperial look of the young bridegroom is not more lordly than the look of the young grandfather. Mordaunt held his head higher than he had ever done since he led his bride out of church three-and-twenty years ago. What was Easy to him now? what was the Archdeacon? In his new pride they might go hang themselves.

"Now, how did all this come out, inspector?" said he.

"That is as you think, sir," said the inspector.

"We must not leave her in a false position," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Certainly not," said the inspector.

"I will step round to the old man first, and tell him the truth," said Mr. Mordaunt. And the inspector departed. Mr. Mordaunt went up to his daughter's room, and found her crying in bed. "Alice," he said, "you must listen to me."

"About Charles?"

"Yes, about Charles. Charles has been married for two months, without my knowledge."

"To Mary Willesden?"

"To the same young lady. I suppose he has done very wrong, but that is a matter of detail. He was caught trying to see her, but I will go over and make it all right for him to-morrow."

"I knew he loved her, father; but I did not think of this. Our Charles is an honest man, and we can hold up our heads before fifty Lord Barnstaples when they come."

Mr. Mordaunt went round to farmer Willesden's at once; and after a somewhat difficult interview, the farmer agreed to go to Barum the next morning, to scold Charles and to bail him out. They went, but Charles had been discharged five hours previously, and was gone no one knew whither.

The next day came the following letter from Charles:—

"MY DEAR FATHER, I greatly regret that I have deceived you for the first time in my life; and I ought, I suppose, to regret that I cannot regret it.

"My life was utterly unendurable. I had no opening, and no chance of any opening in the world. With the education of a gentleman, I was leading the life of a clodhopper. Only one thing prevented me from enlisting in a dragoon regiment, and that was my love for Mary Willesden. She urged on me that I could never marry her if I turned soldier. I was at one time actually desperate; I am so no longer, thanks to Tom Harvey."

Mr. Mordaunt paused. "Tom

Harvey," he thought, "the miller's son. Why, Tom Harvey has got a mill in Canada."

"He is," the letter went on, "Mary Willesden's cousin, as you know. He was a great friend of mine when we were boys together. He has done very well in Ontario, and is making his fortune. He came over here four months ago on commercial business, and I met him in Barnstaple.

"He asked me to go back with him to Canada; but I demurred about leaving Mary. He then began to urge on me the plan of marrying her secretly and telling of it afterwards. He said that it often occurred in Canada and the United States, that a young man would marry a young woman, and leave her with her mother until he had got a home for her. At last I determined to do so; and one reason of my secrecy was, that I knew that you were in trouble with the Rector and the Archdeacon. We were married two months ago. Tom Harvey, whose time was out in England, returned from London to Barnstaple, and urged me more strongly than ever to come to Canada with him in a brig which is taking slates to Quebec. I consented; but of course I had to tell Mary. She arranged to let me in quietly, and I went in and stayed for two hours. As I came out, the police got hold of me, and I should have been tried for burglary if Tom Harvey and his aunt had not made it all right. Tom has paid my passage, and has lent me money. As for my darling wife, father, you and Alice must take care of her until I claim her. I



MR. MORDAUNT AND FARMER WILLESSEN CONFABULATE.

regret to say that, if all goes well, you will find yourself a grandfather before I return. Now I must have your forgiveness; and, with love to Alice, I say good-bye, and God bless you!

"CHARLES MORDAUNT."

Mr. Mordaunt and farmer Willesden had a long confabulation over this letter; and old Lady Ascot says that they had three pints of small ale and a vast number of pipes over it. If there is one quality more than another which adorns her ladyship, it is that of inexorable truth. I had the honour of asking her, at a grand party one night, whether she was quite sure that they only had three pints and not four. She replied that it was only three, and, as she drew the beer herself, she ought to know, and so I disputed the fact no longer.

"Well, parson," said Farmer Willesden, "so my daughter is married to a gentleman! Who'd have thought it?"

"To a beggar, you mean, I think," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"There ain't nought of a beggar about *her*," said farmer Willesden, laughing. "How sly they was about it, pretty dears! Don't you love 'em, parson?"

"I don't quite understand about it, farmer," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I did not miss Mary, at all. Why was she at Barnstaple?"

"Oh! why she wanted to go there to be finished; and so I sent her."

"To be finished!"

"Ah, at the boarding-school. And she stayed there long enough to make her marriage in Barum legal; and so they was asked there, and so they was married there. Don't e'e see?"

"They have both deceived us sadly, farmer."

"What would you have 'em do?" cried the farmer. "When you made love to your poor lady that's gone, did you go and tell your mother?"

"I certainly did not," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Then you deceived *her* sadly," said the farmer. "They all do it. If young folks mean to come together they'll do it, and small blame to them. However, your son has behaved like an honourable and good young man to my daughter, which is more to the purpose."

"In marrying her, leaving her on our hands, and running away to Canada!" said Mr. Mordaunt, aghast.

"Be sure," said the farmer. "He had not got money enough to keep her, and so he cut away to Canada to get some. Lord bless you! if ever fortune was writ in a man's face it is writ in Charles's!"

"Do you know, Willesden," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that I think you are as great a fool as I am."

Willesden grinned, but added, more seriously: "My girl must come away from that school. She had better come to her mother."

"No," said Mr. Mordaunt, "she *must* come to me. My boy has made, I think, a fool of himself; and her coming here, and our making all things public, will stop everyone's mouth. Don't you see?"

"It won't do you any good with the Rector and the Archdeacon," said the farmer, rather ruefully.

"Never mind me. I am in trouble so hard with them that nothing can make it worse. Send her here to-morrow night." And so the farmer departed.

Mr. Mordaunt then wrote to his friend the Bishop as follows:—

"DEAR BISHOP,—My son has married the daughter of one of my farmers, and has gone to Canada to make a home for her. The boy is as innocent and as pure as you are. Please give everyone the rights of the story.

"JAMES MORDAUNT."

"DEAR MORDAUNT,—I will do as you desire, but take the young lady into your own house at once; that act will do more than all my words. Barnstaple is to be with you to-morrow. I cannot in any way make him out. What it is, I cannot conceive. He is an awful prig, and silently dangerous. You must think of this: he may mean you well or ill; if he means you well, he can do absolutely nothing for you, beyond bringing his influence to bear on that (here came an erasure) Easy to keep you in your place: if he means you ill he can still do nothing; he will not have a living dropping in these ten years, and he is in opposition, and so he cannot get you a Chancellor's living. The worst men I ever have to deal with are Cambridge Conservatives and Oxford Radicals. As a Cambridge man myself, I naturally think an Oxford Radical the worst: he is one—mind him.

"GEORGE CREDITON."

Poor frightened Mary Mordaunt, *née* Willesden, arrived at the home of her hus-

band's father in a great state of trepidation and terror. But in a quarter of an hour she found that she was the most precious thing there.

Poverty may be brutalising to the extremely poor and unrefined; but one of the lessons we can learn from the French every day, if we choose to know them, is this,—that poverty among refined people has a most ennobling influence. Take that little knot of highly-educated paupers in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, as an example. Mary, the pretty, innocent bride, found herself

queen of the establishment. She was to sleep with Alice, and as they went upstairs together, Mr. Mordaunt said:

"He has gone to prepare a place for you, darling. Trust him, and we shall all be together again soon in a happier land than this. See, pretty; I have twelve hundred pounds, which would be a fortune to him, and which I will freely give if he can establish himself. Why, we are wealthy people, my love. Now, leave off crying; we shall be rich there."

"I only cry, sir, because I am so happy," said Mary; "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

However, none of these sentimentalities could put off the inexorable arrival of Lord Barnstaple, now delayed for two days, his lordship having had to make a speech at the county agricultural meeting, which was given in the *Times* at full length, and which most carefully expressed nothing at all about the movements of the Opposition. Lord Barnstaple rode up to Mr. Mordaunt's door at half-past twelve, and finding no groom, led his horse round to the stable, took off his bridle and put a halter on him, took off the saddle, and then came out to the pump with a bucket to get him a pail of water.

At this point Mr. Mordaunt caught him. "My lord," he said, "I did not see you arrive. I am ashamed——"

"At what?" said Lord Barnstaple. "At a man attending to his horse? 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast,' parson."



LORD BARNSTAPLE CAME OUT TO THE PUMP.

"No, but I am ashamed that you should have had to see to your horse, when I would have done it," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"The Church of England has got low enough without the spectacle of an ordained minister grooming a nobleman's horse."

"You will have your own way, my lord."

"I intend to," said Lord Barnstaple; and then Mr. Mordaunt looked at him. Prig he might be, according to our good

Bishop's views, but a man he certainly was. A very noble-looking young man, with a singularly set jaw and a curious reticence of expression which puzzled Mr. Mordaunt extremely.

He brought Lord Barnstaple into the parlour, where there was some simple refreshment; there was no one there but poor Mary, who was curtsying. Mr. Mordaunt asked where Alice was, and she replied that Alice was gone away. She seemed in great trepidation at the sight of the great lord, and Mr. Mordaunt did really wish that Alice had been there to receive him. He presented Mary.

"My daughter, my lord."

"I was not aware that you had two daughters, Mr. Mordaunt."

"I ought to have said my daughter-in-law," said Mr. Mordaunt. "My dear son has made a romantic match, and has gone to Canada to make a home for his bride, leaving his pretty rosebud of a bride here with us."

"Quite so," said Lord Barnstaple. "It must have required singular resolution to leave such a beautiful bride."

"Ah! but he wanted to stay with her for many years, my lord, until his death; not for a poor foolish few, and then leave her in poverty. When you think of it, my lord, he has acted like a man and a gentleman."

There was a brilliance in Lord Barnstaple's eyes when Mr. Mordaunt said this which attracted that gentleman strangely. Lord Barnstaple only said:

"That is a very beautiful story. And you, my dear madam, you are contented to wait?"

"I think that he will send for me soon," she said quietly; "for I know that he will as soon as he can. I was down to the sea the other day, and the sailors' wives told me that their husbands were away three years together sometimes. But there are no more loving wives than sailors' wives. I can wait."

The man whom the Bishop had called a prig looked steadily at her, and Mr. Mordaunt saw a tear trickle down his face. Lord Barnstaple was himself in one moment, however.

"May I ask this young lady to retire while we talk business," he said. "We have secrets to talk of, which must be trusted to no ears but our own." Mary hurriedly retired, and Lord Barnstaple, with a bow, opened the door for her, and shut it after her.

"Now, Mr. Mordaunt, as we are alone together, I will tell you what is the matter with you. You are horridly poor."

"Yes, my lord,"

"And you are bullied out of your life by a rascal and a prig. The rascal is Easy, and the prig the Archdeacon."

"I will not say a word against either of them," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"No, but I know it. It is in our favour that the Archdeacon is not only a prig, but a flunkey; it is in our favour that the fellow Easy is not only a rogue, but a flunkey; by one bold stroke I can mend matters for you. I have not got a living to give you, and I can't get one for you at present; but I have no domestic chaplain. My father's domestic chaplain and I never agreed; he has a good living, and his chaplaincy lapsed with my father's death. I wish to appoint you my domestic chaplain, at the same salary, £250 a-year. At the same time there is no librarian at Crowshoe, and the books are in a devil of a state; you must really undertake them at a salary of £150 a-year. I can't give more, and if you think that insufficient I'll tell you what we will do to end the thing

in a friendly manner and without a squabble. Let us both write to — at the British Museum, and see if he considers it enough. If he decides against me, of course I must pay extra."

"My lord, God is very good to me."

"He is good to all who seek Him," said Lord Barnstaple, sententiously. "But don't you see, my dear soul, that the keys of Crowshoe are in your hands, and that by this manœuvre we have entirely bowled out the adversary. I'd have given you a living fifty times over if I had one, but I want to keep you here, and I don't see any other way of doing it."

"Why should you be so generous to me, my lord, whom you have never seen, and of whom you know nothing?"



ALICE SAT DOWN ON THE BED.

"Know what?" said Lord Barnstaple sharply.

"Nothing."

"Don't I," said his lordship. "Now I'll go saddle my horse. I suppose your daughter Alice will not appear. Well, it is all equal to me, as the French say. She will have to see me some day. Talk about this matter, of your being appointed domestic chaplain and librarian, it will save you trouble. Tell the Bishop about it, he is a capital gossip, and tell him that if I am a prig, I am not the only one in the world."

And so he saddled the horse and rode away, leaving Mr. Mordaunt dazed, but almost directly afterwards he rode back

again, jumped off his horse, and laid his hand on Mr. Mordaunt's shoulder. "I forgot one thing," he said. "You are not ashamed of being poor. I brought fifty pounds in notes for you in advance of your salary. Here it is, God bless you, good-bye," and so he was off at last.

So Mr. Mordaunt stood there a rich man—rich beyond his utmost expectations; and all by the sudden act of a young nobleman who was a prig. He had no hesitation in accepting the whole matter, any more than he would have rebelled to God about a thunderstorm which had knocked his chimneys about his ears. One ecclesiastical instinct was always in his mind, and he acted on it; he wrote to his Bishop. The Archdeacon said once, "that if his cat had died, he would have walked over and told the Bishop."

His mind being eased in that way, he went to look for Alice; but Alice was nowhere to be found. She must be at one of the neighbours' houses; she had been frightened by Lord Barnstaple, and was keeping out of the way. At ten o'clock he went to bed; at eleven he was awakened by a candle in his eyes, and the figure of Alice before him, who sat down on the bed.

"Father, what money have you?"

"A great deal. Fifty pounds."

"Has Lord Barnstaple given you money?"

"I am to have four hundred a-year from him."

She sat thinking for a little, and then she said: "I want forty pounds."

"For what?"

"To go to Charles. To go to Canada."

"Why?"

"Do not ask, unless you want me to fall dead at your feet. Save me! that is all I ask. Give me the money."

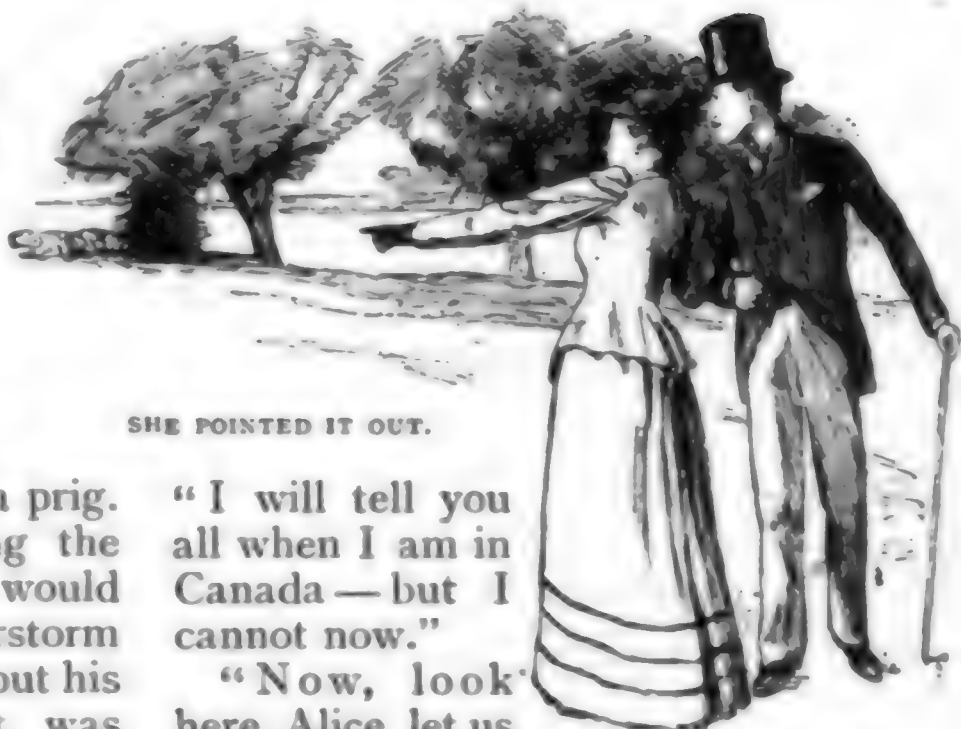
A wild, dark suspicion formed itself in Mr. Mordaunt's head.

"This is Lord Barnstaple's money," he said coldly.

"Bless his money, and bless him for what he has done for you! He is a good man. But you must save me, father. I must go to Charles. I am innocent! but I must go to Charles. Oh God!—father, do not hesitate!"

"Can you tell me no more, sweetheart?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Not a word!—not a word!" she said.



SHE POINTED IT OUT.

"I will tell you all when I am in Canada—but I cannot now."

"Now, look here, Alice, let us be in some way reasonable. You cannot go to Canada to-night, but you can go to bed. Wait till to-morrow, and we will talk it all over. If you are in trouble, which you will not tell me about, what is easier than to do this: to sell out our twelve hundred pounds, and for you and Mary and I all to go to Canada together? I can pay Lord Barnstaple back his fifty pounds, and we can all part friends and join Charles."

Then she began to cry, and then she told the whole truth.

She had been to an aunt's house at Exeter a few months before, and she had been often out walking by herself, as very poor girls have to walk. Wombwell's menagerie was there, and the tiger got out and crawled down towards the river. She saw the thing going along, and pointed it out to a gentleman, who raised the alarm, and made her acquaintance. He was a very nice and handsome gentleman, and begged to be allowed to call on her to see if she had recovered her fright. Her aunt—having inspected the gentleman on his first visit, and having seen that there was no harm in him—had allowed Mr. Mortimer's visits with great complacency, more particularly after she had seen him in eager conversation with Lord Fortescue. The old lady knew that Lord Fortescue would allow no man to speak to him who was not an honest man; and Lord Fortescue was the only nobleman she knew by sight; and so Mr. Mortimer was allowed to see as much of Alice as he chose; and he made love to Alice, and Alice was very deeply attached to him. But Mr. Mortimer never made any distinct proposal; and so, when Alice came home, she set her mind on for-

getting Mr. Mortimer, but found that she could not in any way do so.

When Lord Barnstaple rode into the garden she was looking out of the window, and she saw at once that Mr. Mortimer and Lord Barnstaple were the same man. Lord Barnstaple had deceived her, and he was a false and untruthful man: he had as good as wooed her under a false name, and that she would never forgive. Yet she loved him, admired him, and, after all, respected him. All this she poured into her father's ear as she lay on the bed beside him.

"Yet you would have taken his money to fly from him."

"Yes," she said. "I would have taken it, because I know him to be honest, noble and good. We could pay it back. Father! he wants to marry me—I have known that some time, though he never said so. As Mortimer, I would have married him, because—in spite of his deceit—I love him; but as Lord Barnstaple I will not see him again. See if I am not right. Look at Charles's marriage, and ask me if I am to drag down a man whom I really love to that level? And look again, father, after what you have told me to-night, how should we stand if I were to marry him? You have taken money from him. Would not all your friends—even the Bishop—say that you had sold me? How would your name stand *then*? Your name is all that you have had these many years—would you lose *that*?"

"We had better fly," said Mr. Mordaunt. "What loose cash have we?"

"Eight pounds."

"Nothing owing?"

"Nothing."

"Then, if you will get off the bed, I will get up; we will send this fifty pounds civilly to Lord Barnstaple. We will go to London, sell out the twelve hundred pounds, and we will all go to Canada together. If he wants you, he can come there after you."

So it happened the next morning, when the pretty bride, Mary, was lying in bed, Alice came to her and woke her, saying, "You must get up and go down to your father and mother to say good-bye."

"Why?" said simple Mary.

"Because we are going to Canada, to Charles," said Alice; and as Mary put her arm round Alice's neck, they felt they were sisters.

Free at last. No more trouble with the Archdeacon, Mr. Easy, the farmers, nay, even with the Bishop, his dear friend. A new life was before him and he knew it. Haste and speed were necessary, and there must be but few farewells; all the people must learn their loss after he was gone.

It was early in the bright morning when he set out to see the Bishop; hours before Mr. Easy would leave his bed. The men were going to their labour, and one after another greeted him as he walked swiftly along. One very old man stopped him and asked him to sit on a heap of stones at the road side, which Mr. Mordaunt immediately did.

"Parson," said the old man, "I want you to tell me something. I want you to tell me about the New Jerusalem, on which you preached last Sunday. Is it in this world or in the next?"

"In both," said Mr. Mordaunt at once; "for me it is in this world, for you in the next. I am going to it, I believe, before dissolution; you must wait until you are dead. See, George," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "I am going to be very rich just now, and you shall never go into the house."

The old man nodded but said nothing: a humbug would have loaded Mr. Mordaunt with blessings; old George only nodded, yet I do not think that Mr. Mordaunt was any the worse for the silent blessings which followed him along the lonely road.

He burst in upon the Bishop, pushing past the footman before his name could be announced. "I am off, old fellow," was the salutation which the serious young footman heard before he shut the door.

"Yes," said the Bishop. "and whither?"

"Canada—Ontario, after my boy."

Then the visit of Lord Barnstaple was not satisfactory?" said the Bishop.

"In a pecuniary way yes, in other ways no. Ask *him*; he will tell you the truth. I don't see my way to certain arrangements, and so I shall go to Canada, and take my boy's bride with me."

"And your daughter?"

"She goes also."

"I don't quite understand," said the Bishop, "but you know best. Everything you do must be for the best. About the parish—are you going to leave it in Easy's hands?"

"Yes; it must be so. Even Paul sowed

the seed, and left it to grow among the churches. Yes."

"When do you go?" asked the Bishop.

"Now, instantly. Give me your blessing and send me," and he knelt down at once.

"Let us pray for a little more light, Mordaunt," said the Bishop, and they did so, but none came; then Mr. Mordaunt knelt and received the benediction, and passing swiftly through the Bishop's domestics, was through the town, and was making the dust fly on the king's highway before the Bishop had made up his mind whether he should detain him or not.

Mr. Mordaunt met the Archdeacon on his cob, and he stopped him. "Mr. Archdeacon," he said, "we have not been friends, and yet I have a favour to ask you."

The Archdeacon, who *was* a gentleman, at once dismounted. "Dear Mordaunt," he said, "was it all my fault?"

"No! no! All mine," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I am away to Canada, and shall never see you again. But use your influence with the farmers in my old parish, and see to my poor when I am away."

And so he was gone, and the Archdeacon was left standing in the road beside his cob, in sight of his wondering groom, as Mr. Mordaunt sped away amid the dust. And the Archdeacon saw there and then that they had lost the best man in the whole diocese, and, like an honest fellow as he was, took the lesson to heart, and acted on it. There is no stouter champion of the agricultural poor in the land now than our Archdeacon.

Mr. Mordaunt met Mr. and Mrs. Easy in a pony carriage, and he stopped them. "I am going away," he said; "going away for ever. Let us part friends; and see to my people when I am gone."

Mrs. Easy (who always drove) whipped the pony and went on.

Christmas time in the western part of Ontario is a very pleasant time indeed. The snow is set

hard, and you can drive the most beautiful horses in sleighs from one house to another all the night through. Even in that paradise, however, there are drawbacks. You get no newspapers for a long time together in winter, while you get more wolves than you want.

In the extreme West, almost on the Old Buffalo tracks, was a Christmas party, Mr. Mordaunt, his son Charles, his son's wife, Mary, a baby of one year old, Alice Mordaunt, and some servants, Irish all, who were in a state of wonder and delight at the astounding wealth all around them. There was simply more than you could eat if you put your mind to it. Mr. Mordaunt had been away in the sleigh, late in the day, preaching, and had just come home.

Denis was bedding up the horses, and Biddy was waiting for the word to put on the dinner. Some one was wanting; it was Father Moriarty.

"Divvle a sowl of the blessed cratur will be here this night!" said Biddy. "And by the n me of the ever-blessed Saint Patrick, hark to the wolves. The Mother of God shield the holy man!"

"He'll come," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I left him close by; don't be a fool, Biddy."

"Sorra a one of me would be a fool, and me living in a heretic's house," replied Biddy; "but I'd like to be shrived this blessed night, to pray the better in the morning for him that needs all our prayers."

"What?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Just nothing," said Biddy; hark to the wolves then. Whist, all of you, there's one blowing under the door now; give me the broom, Miss Mordaunt," and Biddy, with infinite nimbleness and dexterity, dashed to the door, and as nearly as possible hit the wolf over the head.

"Bad cess to the divvle," she said; "I nearly had him. And the blessed father out among them," but before she had time to blow off the steam, the "blessed father" opened the door again and walked in, saying:



ALICE FAIRLY FELL INTO LORD BARNSTAPLE'S ARMS.

"Peace upon this house and all in it, Mordaunt; this is the most splendid thing of modern times."

"What is the most splendid thing in modern times, you Irish lunatic?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"It is an English lunatic this time, my boy, and more power to his elbow. The devil helps heretics. Here is one of your young English lords, with his doctor, has started from the Pacific side and won his way across the Rocky Mountains. Only him and his doctor and an Indian. We shall make something of you English yet if you attend to us."

"It is impossible," said Charles Mordaunt. "I cannot believe it. No man could have done it."

"It's true, nevertheless," said the good father, rather seriously. "Some said he was a prig, and perhaps he is; some said he was a fool, and maybe he might be. But to disprove their words, he set a task before him such as no man ever undertook. He did not care for life, for they say that a young lady had cast away his love: of that I know nothing. He has won, however, and has done a thing which will never be forgotten."

"Is he safe, Father?" cried Alice.

"Oh! yes, he is safe enough—and the doctor—a broth of a boy of divilment—and the Indian, the grinning, brown faced nagur. They are all safe enough."

"Where are they?" cried Alice.

"They were at the door just now, in the cold, among the wolves," said father Moriarty. "But, maybe, if they are kept there much longer, they will go on to another farm."

Alice threw the door open, and fairly fell into Lord Barnstaple's arms. Father Moriarty kissed everyone all round, beginning with Mr. Mordaunt and ending with the baby and the Indian. I have little more to tell; I fancy that the story has told itself by this time. But, as a personal matter, I should very much have liked the Archdeacon and Mr. Letmedown Easy to have seen that Christmas party; it would have done the Archdeacon good. Mr. Easy is a hopeless person.

They kept it up, I assure you: the Indian, under the laws of the state, was not allowed liquor, but the others (with the exception of the baby) had a moderate quantity of hot wine and water; and I believe that the deleterious herb, tobacco, was used to some extent. Lord Barnstaple and Alice sat side by side, and Lord Barnstaple sang a song (he could no more sing than your grandmother, but did his duty). Father Moriarty sang the "Last Rose of Summer" very beautifully and well—and then, who should sing but Mr. Mordaunt: he sang "The Graves of a Household," and very well, too. In short, in the whole of our good Queen's dominions there was not a pleasanter Christmas party than there was in that farmhouse in Western Ontario that Christmas night: though the cold was an illimitable number of degrees below zero, and the wolves came and blew under the door as soon as Father Moriarty began singing.

Lord Barnstaple was married at Montreal by his father-in-law, Mr. Mordaunt; he returned to England and holds his present position, about which we need say nothing. Mr. Mordaunt never returned; he says that, with all its faults, Ontario is dearer to him than any land in the world. He lives with his son Charles, who, if he had been here, might have been a third-rate clerk. I asked an old friend the other day what Mr. Mordaunt was like now. He said, "A man swift and eager in doing good."

Father Moriarty is in great trouble about the infallibility pronounciation. He will have nothing to do with it at all. But I think that father Moriarty is a man who can take very good care of himself in a free country. He knows as well as we do, that the first real freedom dates from Christianity, and that whatever Churches may have done with our Charter since then, our Charter remains indefeasible. Christianity means freedom; and so we may wish both father Moriarty and Mr. Mordaunt many happy Christmases, even though the snow is piled high over the roof tree, and the wolves are smelling and blowing round the door.

Sixty Years on the Stage.

MR. HENRY HOWE OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

IN this age of record-breaking in every line of life I think the title of this will remain an established one for many generations to come, indeed, if it be ever beaten.

Yet the subject of this article has paced the boards, as seen from before the footlights, for that period, and is now, at the venerable age of eighty-one, still delighting the public with his clever and refined sketches of character, and is as hale and hearty an old gentleman as one could wish to see.

Mr. Henry Howe Hutchinson, or, to call him by the appellation by which he is so well known, Mr. Henry Howe, was born on the 31st March, 1812, now more than eighty-one years ago. Born of Quaker parents, he was brought up in the strict and austere tenets of that faith, and was naturally led to believe that play actors, and such like "rogues and vagabonds," were destined for perdition. By-the-bye, seeing how actors and actresses are received and welcomed, nay more, sought after by society, why has this act designating them "rogues and vagabonds" never been repealed? Yet his parents, good souls, made their first mistake in sending him to the school they did. They must, however, be exonerated from all blame, as they acted for the best. Sent to the Quakers' School at

Ackworth, near York, he had for one of his schoolfellows the late Mr. John Bright, and they both had for their reading master an exceptionally fine elocutionist, the result being that John Bright turned out one of the finest orators of our time and Mr. Howe one of the, if not the most experienced and eloquent actor of this century.

Long before Mr. Howe adopted the stage he had a longing for it, but his surroundings, his parents were all so antagonistic to such a life that he feared to venture. However, eventually he plucked up courage and, being a believer in the good old axiom, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," sought an interview with no less a personage than Edmund Kean.

Kean was at this time lessee of the Richmond Theatre; he seeing his young applicant in his quaint Quaker dress, pooh-poohed the idea and did his best to dissuade him. He took him down to the river's bank, where Kean's wherry was lying, manned by two jolly watermen, and took him to Twickenham. Kean suddenly asked him, "Can you starve?" This queer question naturally staggered the aspiring mummer. For, continued Kean, "I have known what it is to starve. I have been for thirty-two hours without food, except for a little bread and



MR. HOWE, AGED 81.



MR. HOWE, AGED 48.

a turnip I stole out of a field." This truly, was not a pleasant picture to depict of the life of an actor.

One great point in Mr. Howe's career is that he never has fulfilled a provincial engagement. He opened in London, and has played continually here since. Of course he has been away with the Lyceum Company, on several occasions, of which more later on.

Many, many years ago, over the water stood a theatre called the Coburg Theatre, afterwards the Victoria Theatre and now known as the "Vic." It was here our hero first trod the boards, as Rashleigh Osbaldistone. His worthy father got wind of his goings on, and turned up at the stage entrance, armed with some suitable weapon of castigation, vowing he would knock play-acting and such wicked nonsense out of his boy; but the boy's friends smuggled him out through the front of the house.

His next move was to the Strand Theatre, then under the management of Hammond. Here he first met that sterling actress, Mrs. Stirling, so well known to present day theatre-goers at the Lyceum. From there he went to the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road.

Shortly after this, Macready, who had Covent Garden Theatre at this time, was about to produce Sheridan's "The Camp." In this piece was the part of an old fop. Now, it is an acknowledged fact that young actors make far better "old fops" than their elders. As an instance of this, take the case of Mr. Cyril Maude: his impersonations of such characters are to-day admitted to be unequalled. Macready engaged Mr. Howe for the part, and thus before he had been on the boards two years he was playing under one of the greatest actors of the day in the principal theatre. Here he remained until Macready's lease expired. It was at this time that the "Lady of Lyons" was first produced. The cause for writing the "Lady of Lyons" is worthy of note. Macready had not been doing well at Covent Garden, from which I surmise that managers, even in those "good old days" we now hear so much about, were known occasionally to do bad business. Bulwer Lytton offered to write a piece for Macready on the distinct understanding that the authorship was not disclosed, and the compact was kept for two years.

Well, the "Lady of Lyons" was produced, and the Press, one and all, were unanimous in their condemnation of the



MR. HOWE, AGED 60.

piece, and proclaimed it a ghastly failure—there were dramatic critics in those days! On the third morning after the first production, the company were called together to discuss the advisability of withdrawing the piece. However, Macready was persuaded not to, and the result proved the soundness of his counsellors' advice.

I may mention that Mr. Howe in his time has played every male part in "The Lady of Lyons."

In "Richlieu," Mr. Howe created the part of François; and so pleased was his manager with him that he promptly gave him an increase of salary of thirty shillings a-week.

Mr. Howe's stock of anecdotes is inexhaustible, and we will leave him at Covent Garden for a time, and give one or two of his many amusing stories. First, one or two anecdotes about Edmund Kean.

Kean was roaming round the country, and was hard up. As he happened to be passing through York, he thought he would give a performance there, and "raise the wind;" here is his programme.

UNDER PATRONAGE,
Ball Room, Minster Yard,
Thursday Evening, October 1811.

MR. KEAN

(late of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket and Edinburgh, and Author of "The Cottage Foundling; or, Robbers of Ancona," now preparing for immediate Representation at the Theatre Lyceum) and

MRS. KEAN

(late of the Theatres Cheltenham and Birmingham), respectfully inform the inhabitants of York and its vicinity, that they will stop

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

on their way to London and present them such entertainments that have never failed of giving satisfaction, humbly requesting the support of the public.

PART FIRST.

Scenes from the celebrated comedy of

THE HONEYMOON;

or,

HOW TO RULE A WIFE.

Duke Aranza Mr. Kean.

Juliana Mrs. Kean.

Favourite Comic Song, "Beggars and Ballad Singers," in which Mr. Kean will display his Powers of Mimicry in the well-known Character of London Beggars.

IMITATIONS

of the London performers, viz:

KEMBLE, COOKE, BRAHAM, INCLEDON,
MUNDEN, FAWCETT, and
THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

PART SECOND.

The African Slave's Appeal to Liberty!!!

Scenes from the Laughable Farce,

THE WATERMAN;

or,

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Tom Tug (with the song, "Did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?" and the Pathetic Ballad of "Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry"). . Mr. Kean.

Miss Wilhelmina Mrs. Kean.

After which Mr. Kean will sing in character George Alexander Stevens's description of a storm.



MR. HOWE AS GRIFFITHS IN HENRY VIII.

PART THIRD.

Scenes from the popular drama of

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

Earl Osmond Mr. Kean.
 Angela Mrs. Kean.

Favourite Comic Song of "The Cosmetic Doctor," to conclude with the Laughable Farce of

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD;

or,

THE DUNSTABLE ACTOR.

Female Author Mrs. Kean.
 Sylvester Daggerwood Mr. Kean.

In which he will read the celebrated playbill, written by G. Coleman, Esq., and will sing the "Four-and-twenty Puppet Shows," originally sung by him at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Each character to be personated in their appropriate dresses, made by the principal theatrical dressmakers of London, *viz.*, Brooks and Heath, Martin, etc.

Front Seats, 2s 6d.;

Back Seats, 1s.

Doors to be open at six, and begin at seven, precisely.

Tickets to be had at the Printer's.

Reading the above bill, the natural comment is—People got value for their money then. Note also the difference in the prices. Front seats 2s. 6d. A stall now is half-a-guinea.

Another story of Kean. In olden days at Drury Lane there used to be two green rooms. The first was for actors drawing ten pounds a week or over, the other for those under five pounds a week. Kean was fulfilling an important engagement at Drury Lane—that of Richard III.—and of course, was in the first green room. He happened to see an old friend of his, a strolling player called Hughes, and he

called him into his room. Hughes, as a three-pounder, was not permitted to enter the first green room. Kean sent for Rae, the stage manager, and insisted that his old friend should enter. The stage manager hesitated; it was a rule and could not be broken.

"Well then," said the great tragedian, "you'll play 'Richard' to-night, without 'Gloster.'" This settled the vexed question, once and for all time.

Kemble and Kean were great rivals, and Kemble would never see Kean or any of his performances at Drury Lane at the time he was drawing all London by his extraordinary genius. Cribb, the picture-

dealer of King Street, frequently pressed Kemble to give his opinion of the new star. At length, the last of the Romans did unbend; Cribb sent him a box for Drury Lane on one of Kean's "Othello" nights. Anxious to hear what Kemble would say about it, he stopped him in the street, with:—

"Well, you did see the little man, Kean, eh?" laughing.

"No, sir; I did not see Mr. Kean; I saw Othello! and further, I shall never act the part again." And with a tragedy stride, he left the delighted picture-dealer rubbing his hands in great glee.

One last anecdote of Kean: his last appearance on the stage

was on March 25, 1833, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. The play was "Othello." Othello, Mr. Kean; Iago, Mr. Charles Kean (his son). In the third act, Kean, worn out by illness, whispered to his son, falling on his shoulder, "Charles, I am dying!" He was led off the stage, never to return, and a few weeks after died.

Macready's time at the Covent Garden Theatre having expired, we next find Mr. Howe at the Haymarket; first, under Ben Webster, and then under Buckstone.



MR. HOWE AS OLD HARDY IN THE "BELLE'S STRATAGEM."

Here he was continuously for forty years, and here, in his time, he played many parts. As I before stated, all the male parts in the "Lady of Lyons" fell to him sooner or later. In those days, actors and actresses *had* to act; it was not one part nightly for three hundred nights, and so on. Mr. Howe said, "I remember the time at the Haymarket I had to play twenty-five parts in one week, *i.e.*, four every night with an extra farce thrown in on Saturday. During Webster's reign at the Haymarket, among other such pieces produced, I may mention "Money," "The Sea Captain," "The Love Chase" and "Richlieu in Love."

While at the Haymarket, Mr. Howe was associated with, amongst others, such people as Macready, Phelps, Miss Huddart, Mrs. Horton, Madame Vestris, Miss Glover, Miss Helen Faucit, Cushman, etc.

To give my readers some idea as to how actors worked in the good old days I cannot do better than repeat another anecdote told me by Mr. Howe.

When Kean had the Exeter Theatre, he gave a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at Cheltenham at nine o'clock in the morning; from thence, he and his company journeyed—just as they were, in their costumes—to Gloucester by road, a distance of twelve miles; repeated the same piece at 2 p.m.; hurried back to Cheltenham had a hurried dinner at the Plough Hotel, and gave "Richard III." at seven in the evening. This was what one might call a good day's work.

Apropos of the hurried dinner at the Plough, some of the company were chaffing Kean and telling him that as there were several strangers in the company, they, not knowing Kean's way, might put him out, or disconcert him—



MR. HOWE AS FARMER FLAMBOROUGH IN "OLIVIA."

"dry him up," I believe is the correct phraseology. Kean, who, by-the-way in his later days, seldom or never attended rehearsals, replied that nothing could put him out; all he asked was that the strangers should stay three yards from him, and doing this, they might do as they pleased. Yarnold, one of the company, who was a bit of a wag—most actors are—asked if he might try to put Kean out on the stage, and received the great tragedian's immediate sanction.

Most of my readers will no doubt remember the scene where Catesby comes on and informs Richard that the Duke of

Buckingham is captured, and Richard replies, "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham." It appears that this line was one of Kean's best; in it he used to literally electrify his audience. Well, Yarnold was playing Catesby, on the occasion, and in due course came on and said, "My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, and we have chopped off his head." Kean gave one convulsive gasp, when he found the words, so to speak, taken out of his mouth, then turning on Catesby, he, in his finest tragedy voice, thundered forth "Then bury him—so much for Buckingham." Thus getting his effect all the same, and proving that it was not an easy task to disconcert him. This is absolutely true, and is the origin of the many forms the story has taken in latter years.

I mentioned just now, among others with whom Mr. Howe acted while at the Haymarket, Miss Huddart (Mrs. Warner). In Miss Huddart's latter days, misfortunes and illness fell heavily upon her, and public sympathy was so much aroused, that a fund was started for her. Her Majesty the Queen not only subscribed to this fund, but also daily sent a carriage, which was placed at the invalid's disposal. Her medical advisers had suggested open

air exercise to the dying actress, which her own scanty means could not procure.

Another great actor with whom Mr. Howe was associated was Phelps. Phelps was originally in a printing-office. He had a hankering for the stage, and asked Douglas Jerrold what he thought of the idea; Jerrold's advice was "Stick to your printing, you'll never earn twenty five shillings a-week by spouting." Phelps lived to give contradiction to Jerrold's prophecy of twenty-five shillings a-week, receiving often as much as one hundred pounds a-week. Strange to say, Phelps made a sad exit from the stage, similar to Kean. He (Phelps) was acting at the Aquarium, in "Henry VIII.", as Cardinal Wolsey. His strength and memory suddenly failed, and he was led from the stage, never to return.

When the Bancrofts assumed the sway at the Haymarket, Mr. Howe left, and joined Tom Thorne and Mr. David James, who were then successfully running the Vaudeville. Mr. Howe joined immediately after the phenomenal run of "Our Boys." He played in "Our Girls" and "The School for Scandal."

Mr. Howe is not a believer in the theatrical agent. "I suppose they do sometimes get engagements for people," said he, "but for my part, I have never been to one in my life, and I am not going to commence now. I have never sought an engagement since I obtained my first one."

Mr. Howe has, in his time, played many parts; he was the first actor to wear a check suit on the stage—and what a check suit it was! But then, in those days, people did dress strangely according to our up-to-date notions.

The late tragedian, Barry Sullivan, was a great offender in the matter of dress. He has been known to wear a blue coat, a red waistcoat, a green tie and light buff pantaloons. Fancy one of our eminent actors appearing in such a garb. Nowadays, however, it is the fashion to have your hair long, to wear a soft hat, and affect a swagger. Douglas Jerrold, writing, I think, for *The Post*, commented on the extraordinary "get-ups" of Barry Sullivan, and enquired anxiously for his tailor so that he (Douglas Jerrold) might avoid him.

No doubt many of my readers are not aware that Drury Lane was granted a patent as far back as the time of Charles

II. It reads as follows: "His Majesty's servants attached to the theatre, if passing through Windsor in the exercise of their calling, may partake of a dinner at the Castle. The lessee of Drury Lane is entitled to wear a Royal uniform, and to shoot over the Windsor estates." This grant was made to the first patentee, Killigrew, and has never been repealed. I wonder, does Sir Augustus Harris avail himself of these privileges.

I gave my readers an English play bill, that of Kean's at York; here is an Irish one, which, I think, is amusing.

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians. Positively the last night, because the Company go to-morrow to Waterford.

On Saturday, May 14, 1793,

Will be Performed by Desire and Command of several Respectable People in this learned Matrapolish (note, respectable people is good):

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. KEARNES,
THE MANAGER,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK,

Originally Written and Composed by the Celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and insarted in Shakspeare's Works.

HAMLET, by MR. KEARNES (being his first appearance in that character, and who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

OPHELIA by Miss Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's Oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of the Rev. Father O'Callagan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

POLONIUS, the commercial politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The GHOST, the GRAVEDIGGER and LAERTES, by Mr. Sampson, the great London Drury Lane comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added an Interlude, in



MR. HOWE'S HOUSE AS IT WAS.

which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor, Hunt.

The whole to conclude with the farce of
MAHOMET, THE IMPOSTOR.

MAHOMET by Mr. Kearnes.

Tickets to be had at the "Goat's Beard," in Castle Street, of Mr. Kearnes.

The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken out, if required, in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, potatoes, etc., as Mr. Kearnes wishes in every particular to accommodate the public.

N.B.—No smoking allowed, or swearing. No person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes and stockings.

I must relate one more anecdote; this time also the scene is laid in Ireland.

Harry Webb was lessee of the Queen's Theatre Dublin, and was producing "Macbeth," with new and marvellous scenic effects. Among the rest, clouds descended to conceal the exit of the "Three Witches" in the first scene. Webb, anxious to see the result, went round to the front of the theatre, and looking, saw but two witches, instead of three meeting "in thunder, lightning and in rain."

"Where's the other witch?" cried Webb, rushing behind the scene and asking the prompter. "Fine him, sir! fine him a week's salary."

"Please sir, it's yourself that missed the scene."

"Bless me, so it was! Dear me, give me a cloak, I'll go on in the next scene, and fine yourself, Jenkins, five shillings for suffering me to neglect my business."

"Sir!"

"Yes, five shillings; it ought to be ten shillings—I'll take five."

Mr. Howe has been to America three times with Mr. Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company, and has now gone again this August. "You know," he said, "we



MR. HOWE'S HOUSE AS HE LEFT IT.

start from Liverpool and go right through to San Francisco without a stop, and that is rather a long journey."

Our illustrations do not carry us very far back, only a matter of thirty-three years. In those good old days, actors were not constantly having their pictures taken, therefore I am unable to give our readers earlier pictures, for this I must express my regret, as, without doubt, such photos would be most interesting. I am, however, able to give facsimiles of Mr. Howe at the ages of forty-eight, sixty and eighty-one years.

The next one is Mr. Howe as Old Hardy, in "The Belle's Stratagem"—his first part at the Lyceum—a piece that had an immense amount of popularity in its day, but of which one hardly ever hears now. Then we come to up-to-date pieces, for most of my readers will remember the production of "Olivia" at the Lyceum, and no doubt some will remember Mr. Howe as Farmer Flamborough.

Our last character sketch is, of course, well-known to everyone, *i.e.*, Griffiths in "Henry VIII."

So much for Mr. Howe as an actor, but his life off the stage is as interesting. All his life he has been a most active man; indeed, even now, at his advanced age, he thinks nothing of a ten-mile walk.

Gardening has been his life-long hobby, and some fifty odd years ago he purchased a pretty little cottage at Isleworth; here, till quite lately, Mr. Howe has lived and garden-ed, aye, and to some purpose. When he leased the property it was, to use his own words, "a barren wilderness, and had one large cedar tree. When I left it after fifty years' labour and attention, it was a veritable Garden of Eden." Gardeners and horticulturists from far and wide came to visit him and ad-

mire his place. Mr. Howe prides himself that with the exception of the solitary cedar tree aforesaid, he planted every shrub and tree in the place; as will be seen from several views given of the garden, some of the trees are more than shrubs. In one, Mr. Howe is seen reading his paper; in another he is seated on the wheel-barrow; while in the other he is taken with his wife.

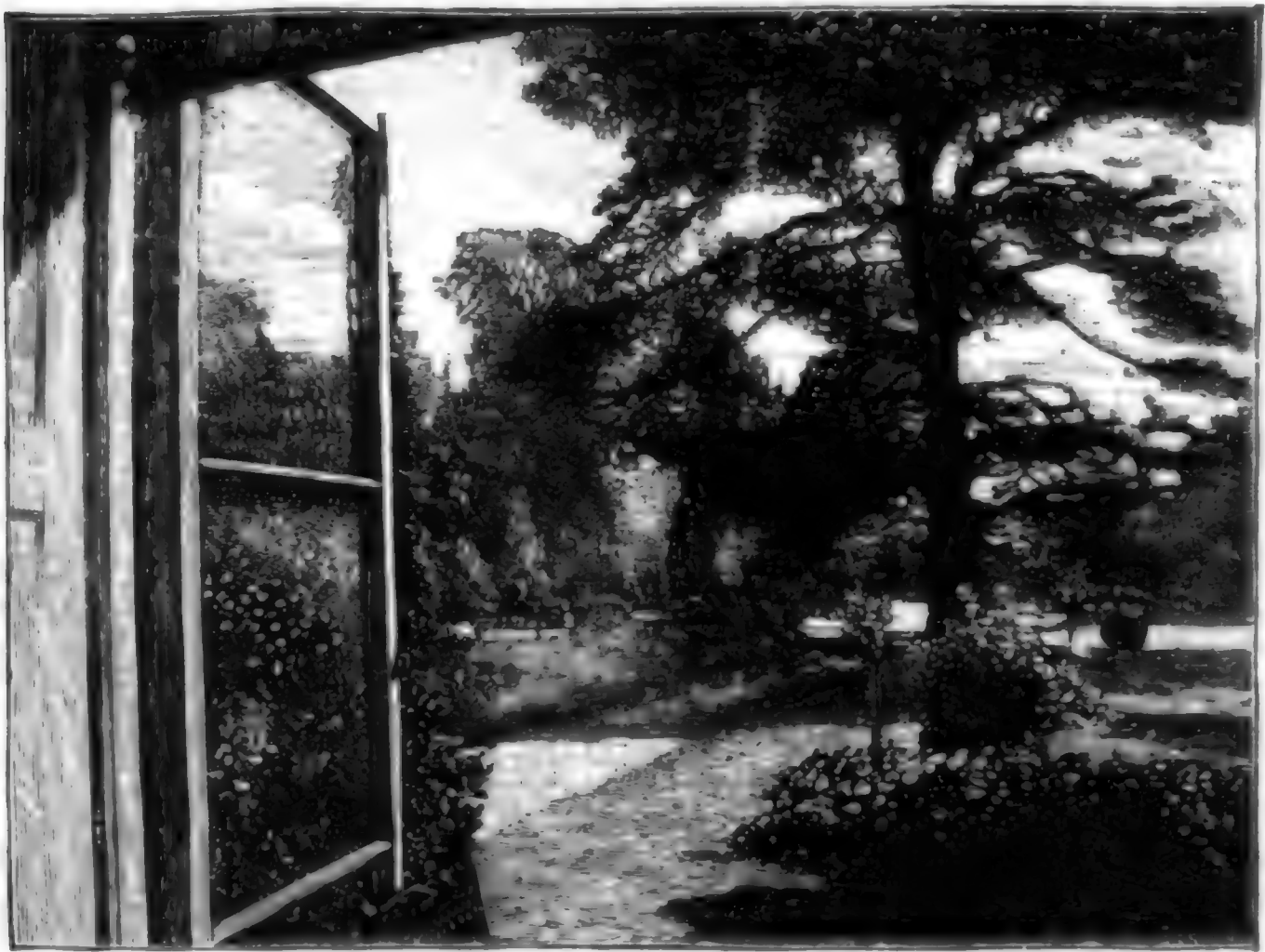
Mr. Howe lives in chambers off the Strand. You turn out of the biggest artery of this busy city of ours, and you are at once out of London and in the most charming rooms imaginable, covered with old china, Cloisonné enamels, bronzes, cameos, miniatures, pictures, etc. Here an enamel of Miss Ellen Terry, "Our Ellen," as Mr. Howe affectionately speaks of her; there a bust of Mr. Henry Irving as Vanderdecken. Here a cup presented by the ladies of the Haymarket Theatre many, many years ago; there a loving cup given as a token of regard by a few of his many admirers. "I suppose you enjoyed your trips to America?" I ventured to remark, hoping to draw my host out a little on the subject. "Very much indeed," replied Mr. Howe; "everybody was consideration and kindness. See here I have a few mementoes; these are two sticks given me by Warren and Gilbert; they both came to meet me and welcome me



MR. HOWE'S GARDEN.

on my arrival. They are both dead now. Here is a pipe Lester Wallack gave me. This pipe Stewart presented to me. I was very grateful," Mr. Howe continued, "to see how people remembered me on my eightieth birthday. I had three handsome editions of Shakespeare, from unknown admirers. A well-known wine merchant, Mr. —— (no, you must not mention his name) sent me a dozen of very old East Indian Sherry, with a most charming letter, saying, he regretted it was only half my age, but that it was the best and oldest he could do. See this pencil, I'm very proud of this" (a massive gold pencil), "Mr. Irving gave me this on my eightieth birthday." I could go on for ever so long, describing all the interesting and charming articles, the result of a life-long collection, but space

and time will not permit. As no doubt my readers are aware the Lyceum Company had the honour of appearing by special command before Her Majesty at Windsor. It is only of late years that Her Majesty has resumed the practice of commanding companies to appear before her. Before the lamented death of the Prince Consort, this was frequently the case, and some forty or more performances had been held at Windsor, but only one of those who appeared in the present representation of "Becket," took part in any of them, and that one was that evergreen actor and respected gentleman Mr. Henry Howe. The Queen particularly requested Mr. Howe to write his name in her autograph book, needless to say an honour seldom bestowed, and one greatly appreciated by Mr. Howe.



MR. HOWE'S GARDEN FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Revelations of a London Pawnbroker.

No. 2 — *The Disappearance of Captain Welldon.*

By PAUL SETON.



PAWNBROKERS of the higher class — money-brokers some of them prefer to style themselves — in addition to being the trusted custodians of family secrets, not infrequently become on terms approaching intimacy with many of their clients. The hereditary hauteur of the aristocrat has a curious

way of evaporating when imperative business has to be transacted with Uncle. It has been my fortune to smoke cigars with princes, drink champagne with dukes, hob-nob with earls and dine with the lesser lights of the fashionable world, not once, but many a time and oft. In some cases these courtesies have been prompted by a lively sense of favours to come; in others, by gratitude for past services, but in all with the desire to render mutual commercial relations as agreeable as possible. This is scarcely to be wondered at, having regard to the potentiality of money in this world, and especially when the owner of many shekels is known to be ready and willing to transfer possession of a portion of such potentiality from himself to others.

Captain Welldon, nephew and heir-pre-

sumptive to George Welldon, Esquire, of Welldon Court, Surrey, retired banker and millionaire, was a gentleman whom I had known for a considerable period, and whose monetary transactions with me had been both frequent and extensive. An officer in one of the crack regiments, handsome and courted, with a large allowance, a rich wife, and splendid prospects, his pathway in life appeared gilded enough to satisfy the most fastidious. And yet for many years, in fact long before I first became acquainted with him, Captain Welldon had been more or less, and generally more than less, suffering from severe and protracted attacks of pecuniary embarrassment. His income reached

a high figure, which, however, his wife's exceeded by some hundreds of pounds, and the two combined should have been amply sufficient to have maintained the pair in every possible luxury; but Mrs. Welldon was naturally a very extravagant woman, and the Captain had one fatal vice—he was a terrible gambler.

I had gradually come to regard Captain Welldon with more than passing interest. He was a man of taking manners, thoroughly good-natured but deplorably weak, and very easily influenced by natures of a stronger calibre than his own. In his earlier dealings with me he had always deposited collateral security, but latterly I had got into the habit of ad-



CAPTAIN WELLDON.

vancing on his simple note of hand. At each successive loaning the sum required seemed to get larger and larger, and finding one fine morning, on going through the accounts, that my military friend was indebted to me to the extent of no less than eighteen thousand pounds, I came to the conclusion that these borrowings had gone quite far enough, and would have to be discontinued in the future. When, therefore, I received, a few days after making this discovery, an invitation to dine at Onslow Gardens—I had dined there somewhat frequently of late—my mind was fully made up that it was eminently undesirable that the amount of Captain Welldon's indebtedness to me should be increased to any appreciable extent.

The dinner party was small, consisting of three persons only, in addition to the host and hostess and myself—an unmarried sister of Mrs. Welldon's, a chubby-faced, bald-headed man, who subsequently turned out to be one of our biggest bookmakers, and a tall, singular-looking man, who was introduced as Dr. Hazell, and whose accent, though slight, was sufficiently pronounced to indicate his Yankee origin. The dinner passed off without incident, and when the ladies had retired we lighted our cigars, and the conversation became general.

"Say, now, Welldon," said Dr. Hazell, emitting a thick line of smoke right across the table, "where did you get these cigars? They're real good, but you must try a box of those I bought last year in Cuba. They're simply de—li—cious."

Welldon observed, with a glance in my direction, that they were a present. The cigars were good. Manufactured specially as a gift to a certain royal personage, they had passed eventually into my possession; but, of course, I maintained a discreet silence, and the doctor resumed:

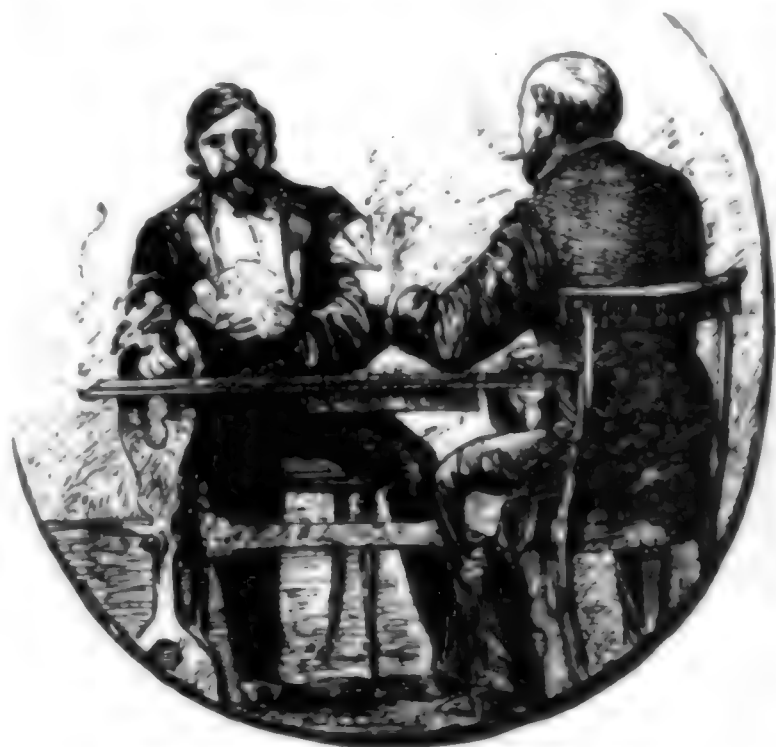
"The planters in Cuba think they're pretty smart; but I tell you some of the niggers out there are a darned sight smarter than their masters. I once knew a Cuban nigger," he continued reflectively, "who could make poisoned cigars so beautifully, that when they came to be analysed not a single trace of the poison could be found. Curious, wasn't it?"

As he apparently addressed this query to me, I replied that it certainly was very curious.

"Yes," pursued the doctor, after a few

moments' silence, "niggers are really sometimes uncommonly clever. This little thing was made by a nigger. Remarkable, I call it." And he took from his pocket a carved ebony cigar-case, and handed it to me for inspection. As he did so, my notice was momentarily attracted by the exceedingly fine diamond ring which he wore on the little finger of his left hand.

The cigar-case was a wonderful, yet gruesome, work of art. It was most exquisitely carved, but with the counterfeiturement of fearsome and repulsive objects horrible to behold, such as coffins, skulls, serpents, skeletons, tombstones, etc. I could not but feel interested in the marvellous workmanship displayed; nevertheless, I was glad to hand the uncanny thing back



SOME COMPLICATED GAME OF CARDS.

to its owner. It was, as he said, remarkable.

Captain Welldon did not seem particularly interested in the conversation, and proposed an adjournment upstairs. The doctor and the bookmaker speedily became absorbed in some complicated game of cards, and the captain took advantage of this to buttonhole me on the subject of money. Of course he wanted some more. This did not surprise me, for I expected as much. He appeared, however, to be considerably astonished when I told him that I really could not accommodate him any further, and his astonishment deepened into something like alarm when he found that I was not to be shaken in my resolution.

"But, look here, Stephens," he urged, with heightened colour, "do be reasonable, and let me have another thousand

this time, like the good fellow that you are. Upon my word I wouldn't bother you, but I'm in an awfully tight corner just now, and I must get some cash from somewhere. I shall be posted on Monday if you don't assist me."

"Captain Welldon," I replied, gravely, "you have already had of me £18,000. This is a large sum, against which I only hold realisable securities to the value of barely half that amount. There is nothing whatever to prevent your uncle at any time altering his will, should you ever be unfortunate enough to displease him in any way. In such an event I am afraid that your acceptances would scarcely be regarded in the light of gilt-edged paper. You must, therefore, see that I should not be acting with common prudence if I allowed you to still further augment your already heavy indebtedness to me without insisting upon the previous provision of some adequate security on your part."

And from this I steadfastly refused to be moved, either by argument or entreaty. Shortly afterwards I rose to take my departure, and, as I did so, the scintillating rays from the doctor's ring again arrested my attention. I could not help mentally remarking what a magnificent stone it was. The doctor might be peculiar, but his ring unquestionably was superb.

I thought a good deal about the captain the next few days. I certainly anticipated an early visit from him, and had half decided to let him have another £500 on the distinct understanding that it was to be absolutely the last, when one morning my eye fell upon the following important announcement in the *Times* :—

WELLDON.—On the 3rd July, at Welldon Court, Surrey, suddenly of heart disease, George Welldon, formerly of Lombard Street, aged sixty-two.

The millionaire, then, had gone the way of all flesh, and by his death his nephew stood emancipated from all his pecuniary troubles. Later in the week I called at Onslow Gardens, and saw Captain Welldon. He seemed nervous and



NERVOUS AND AGITATED.

agitated, and helped himself more than once from the decanter of brandy which stood upon the sideboard. He shuddered visibly when I referred to his uncle's sudden and unexpected death.

"Yes, it was sudden, terribly sudden," he said mechanically, and then, his manner changing all at once, he exclaimed passionately, "Good God! what would I give to have him alive now!"

I was somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst of feeling, and enquired if he had seen his uncle recently before his death.

"Yes," he said slowly, and the pallor deepened on his face as he spoke, "Hazell and I lunched with him

on the very day he died."

"Hazell did!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I thought your uncle had such an invincible antipathy to Americans that he would not allow one inside his house if he could help it."

"That is true in a general sense," he replied, "but then, you see, Hazell is not what you can exactly call an American. There is a strong strain of black blood in his veins; indeed, he sometimes boasts that he is descended from an African king."

"Really!" I said, thoughtfully; "well, there certainly is something rather peculiar about him. You have not known him long, have you?"

"He only arrived in this country two months ago. You know my only brother died in California last Christmas. Hazell was his particular chum, and when he came on to London he brought with him a letter of introduction to me which poor Jack had written on his death-bed."

"Indeed. Your uncle was not particularly fond of your brother Jack, I believe, was he?"

"He used to be very fond of him, indeed. In fact, Jack was to have been the heir, but the old gentleman was so offended at his marriage that he struck his name out of his will and substituted mine in its stead."

"A fortunate circumstance for you," I

observed. "I suppose they never made it up?"

"Never. Jack went out to America, where he lost his wife, and we heard nothing more of him until I received the letter announcing his death."

"Then I have to congratulate you upon being a millionaire, I presume," I said, rising.

"I suppose so," he returned, with a slight shiver. "I am the sole executor, I believe, and the whole of the estate, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, is bequeathed unconditionally to me. I shall not have to worry you any more for money now," he added, with a melancholy smile. I smiled slightly in response, and so we parted.

For the next half-year or so the only news I had concerning the new millionaire was derived from the Society papers. From them I learned that the house in Onslow Gardens had been given up and a larger one taken in Eaton Square. Then came the statement that Captain and Mrs. Welldon, accompanied by Dr. Hazell, intended passing the winter at Monte Carlo. Later on came the information that the captain had been playing heavily at the tables, with the worst possible luck. Finally appeared the announcement that Captain and Mrs. Welldon, accompanied by Dr. Hazell, had returned to town for the season. The doctor and the captain were apparently the fastest of friends. Never was a paragraph inserted chronicling the doings of Captain Welldon, but mention was sure to be made at the same time of Dr. Hazell. The twain appeared inseparable.

One bitter morning in March a brougham drove up to my door, and a mass of fur emerged from it, which afterwards turned out to be no less a personage than Dr. Hazell himself. He was smoking a curiously aromatic cigar, the perfume of which filled my private room with an odour not unlike that of incense. Seating himself by the fire, he slowly unbuttoned his huge fur coat, and observed that it was remarkably cold. It being obviously impossible to deny this assertion, I acquiesced, and after a slight pause the doctor proceeded somewhat abruptly:

"Say, Mr. Stephens, I just want you to tell right away if you know where Captain Welldon is to be found?"

I suppose my wonderment must have betrayed itself in my face, for I merely

replied that I hadn't the slightest idea, and, indeed, had not seen him for some months.

"My question surprises you," said the doctor, darting a keen glance at me, "but Welldon once told me he would sooner trust you with a secret than almost any other man he knew, and I guess he reckons this a secret, anyway."

"I am afraid you over-estimate Captain Welldon's good opinion of me," I said, rather coldly, for I did not altogether relish the familiar tone of my visitor. "Captain Welldon and I had some confidential business transactions together before his uncle's death, but he never honoured me in the way you are good enough to imagine."

"That so?" he said, with a perceptible inflexion of sneering incredulity in his voice. "Well, then, I'll have to go elsewhere to find him, I suppose. I did calculate on getting some news of his whereabouts here, but seems to me I'm right off the track."

"Pardon me, Dr. Hazell," I said, as he lighted a fresh cigar, preparatory to leaving, "I am not quite sure if I grasp the whole extent of your meaning. Is Captain Welldon not in town, then?"

"Not in town!" he echoed, with a mocking laugh. "Captain Welldon has not been heard of in town or country, on land or sea, alive or dead, for over a month. As a matter of fact he has entirely disappeared."

"Disappeared!" I gasped, feebly.

"Yes, disappeared, I said. Vanished, gone; faded into thin air, if you will, but gone, anyhow—completely gone." And there was a curious look on his face as he commenced rebuttoning his coat.

"I can't believe it," I ejaculated, half unconsciously, to myself. He turned upon me in a moment.

"Can't believe it, sir!" he said, fiercely; "do you doubt my word, then? I tell you he is gone, no one knows whither, and has left not a single sign behind him. I thought, Mrs. Welldon thought, that he might have confided the reason for his abrupt departure to you, as he has always spoken so highly of your reliability and discretion. I find that we were mistaken, and there is nothing more to be said. Good morning." And he departed, leaving behind him an atmosphere permeated with the faint, sickly-smelling perfume from his cigar.

The disappearance of Captain Welldon took entire possession of my mind during the remainder of that day, to the utter exclusion of all other matters. In fact, for many succeeding days I found myself continually reverting to the subject, with the result that the more I thought about it the darker the mystery seemed to grow. Had he met with an accident? Then his body ought to have been recovered. Was he in hiding for some cause or other? Then, why did he not communicate privately with his friends? Had he been murdered?—ah! that was the question which was everlastingly rising to my lips, and to which I could never frame a satisfactory reply.

Spring had blossomed into summer, summer had mellowed into autumn, and autumn had faded into winter, but nothing had been heard of Captain Welldon's fate. His name was still occasionally mentioned, but his strange disappearance had ceased to be a topic of common conversation. The doctor had been most assiduous in his attentions to the bereaved wife, and rumour had it that after a certain interval had elapsed Mrs. Welldon would, in all probability, change her name to that of Hazell. I had just read an intimation to this effect in one of the Society journals, and was musing over the fickleness of women generally, when I received a very strange letter.

Dirty and ill-spelt as it was, I had considerable difficulty at first in deciphering its contents, but at length I succeeded in mastering it. The writer intimated that he had reason to believe I was friendly disposed towards Captain Welldon. Now he, the writer, could tell me something about him that might interest me if I would be outside the bottle and jug entrance of the Three Ships on Friday night next, at eight o'clock. Full directions were appended as to the best route to be followed in order to get to the Three Ships, which appeared to be a public house situated in one of the low seafaring

districts of Eastern London. In event of my accepting this invitation I was instructed to insert a certain form of advertisement, also duly appended, in the *Telegraph*, such advertisement to conclude with one cross if I intended going alone, and two if I was to be accompanied by a companion.

I pondered over this remarkable epistle for some time, and finally decided to go. Accordingly the *Telegraph* came out the next day with the following in its agony column:

MISSING.—S. will meet T.W. in honour. X.

On Friday morning Inspector Bennett, of Scotland Yard, walked into my shop, wanting to know if anyone had been offering a gold watch, with a duke's coronet in diamonds on the back, during the past four-and-twenty hours. Nobody had, but I seized the occasion to tell him all I knew about the Welldon case, and wound up by showing him the letter I had received during the earlier part of the week. He examined it carefully with interest, and then said:

"Don't you think it rather unwise of you to go alone?"

"Who said I was going alone?" I retorted. "I never even said I was going at all."

"Yet you advertised the fact pretty well, didn't you?" remarked Mr. Bennett, with one of his usual internal chuckles.

I had forgotten for the moment that this lynx-eyed detective would be sure to read attentively the agony columns in the daily press, and the letter I had just shown him would of course afford the necessary clue to my advertisement. Mr. Bennett was generally a little bit ahead of me in these matters.

"So you would advise my taking someone with me, Mr. Bennett," I said at length, as that gentleman seemed in no way inclined to volunteer any further observation.

"I think it would do no harm if you



MOST ASSIDUOUS IN HIS ATTENTIONS.

were to invite me to accompany you," came the slow reply, as if he had been revolving the subject in his mind, and had just arrived at this conclusion.

"Would you really care to come?" I exclaimed. "You know I should only be too pleased to have the benefit of your experience."

"Well, I have requested the pleasure of your company before when I have been on some little expedition of my own, and I don't think it would be polite of me to refuse a pressing invitation of this sort from you now, so I'll say I accept. We'll fix it up at once," he continued, briskly. "Time, 6.30; place, Charing Cross. Excuse me, I must hurry along," and before I could say another word he was gone.

At the time appointed I met Mr. Bennett, and we promptly started on our eastward journey, my companion entertaining me on the way with an account of how he had recovered the duke's watch under very amusing circumstances. As we neared our destination, however, he gradually became silent, and I could see

his mind was preoccupied with the approaching interview. As eight o'clock struck, we stepped out of the darkness into the glaring light thrown upon the muddy pavement by the lamps of the Three Ships. There was no one there. Rain was falling heavily, a dense fog was slowly creeping up, and the entire street seemed pretty well deserted. Five, ten minutes passed, and still we were alone. Suddenly a spectral figure emerged from the surrounding gloom, and in a hoarse voice demanded if I was Mr. Stephens. I intimated that I was, whereon the figure coughed suspiciously at my companion.

"Good evening, Mr. Wheeler," said Mr. Bennett, blandly. "I rather thought you might be the gentleman we were to have the pleasure of meeting here to-night. All friends well, eh?"

"Come, I say, this ain't fair, Mr. Bennett," said the individual addressed as Mr. Wheeler, savagely. "I stipulated as 'ow this yere hinterview were to be in strict honner, and blow me if yere ain't the bloomin' perlice attendin' on it. I'm disgusted, I am." And Mr. Wheeler looked as if he would have very much liked to run away there and then.

"Nonsense, Tim," said Mr. Bennett, affably. "I shall quite enjoy a little chat with you, for old acquaintance sake. Suppose we have a nip all round, just to keep the chill out, eh? It's precious cold standing about here in this rain. You really ought to cultivate the habit of punctuality a little more carefully, my worthy friend. I rather fancy I've told you so before."

Somewhat mollified by this proposition, Mr. Wheeler muttered that he didn't mind if he did have a drop of something; and, entering the Three Ships, Mr. Bennett called for three glasses of rum hot, under the genial influence of which Mr. Wheeler condescended to still further relax the severity of his demeanour, and even went so far as to drink our very good healths.

The Three Ships was rather crowded, but fortunately Mr. Wheeler's lodgings were only just round the corner, and thither we repaired on his invitation, Mr. Bennett having, with great forethought, first provided himself with a bottle of old Jamaica for Mr. Wheeler's special home consumption.

"And now," said Mr. Bennett, when the bottle had been opened and its contents duly honoured, "what have you to tell



EMERGED FROM THE GLOOM.

us about Captain Welldon's disappearance?"

"Yer means ter hact strait an' honnerable, I s'pose?" queried Mr. Wheeler, shifting rather uneasily on his chair.

"You have my word, and you know what that means," replied Mr. Bennett, quietly.

Thus reassured, Mr. Wheeler cleared his throat, and strengthening his voice with another glass of rum, proceeded without further hesitation.

It appeared that some years ago Mr. Wheeler, finding business very slack in England, and receiving a good deal more attention at the hands of the police than was compatible with his ideas of personal comfort, became exceedingly discontented with his lot. Deeming that a change of scene might prove beneficial to his health, which had suffered somewhat from late hours and frequent spells of oakum-picking and other unwholesome occupations, he emigrated to America. The ill-luck which had attended him in this country followed him over there, and a trifling but annoying difference of opinion with the authorities as to the ownership of certain valuable articles of silver plate eventually led to his temporary retirement from public life for a period. Upon once more resuming his position as a free citizen he obtained an introduction to Dr. Hazell, for whom he executed some delicate commissions, one of which, unfortunately, resulted in another little misunderstanding with the police. When this had been satisfactorily adjusted, he concluded that he didn't care for New York any longer, and returned to England, whither, he learnt, his late employer had preceded him. That gentleman was by no means overwhelmed with joy at his appearance, but assisted him nevertheless. Mr. Wheeler, however, being an ambitious soul, his demands continued to grow at such an alarming rate that at length the doctor refused to comply with them, stopped the supplies, and a fortnight ago, after a stormy scene, finally kicked the astonished Mr. Wheeler into the street. Then Mr. Wheeler vowed vengeance, and bethinking himself of a little conversation he had overheard some nine or ten months ago between the doctor and Captain Welldon, in which my name was mentioned more than once, conceived the idea of sending me the epistle which had brought Bennett and myself there that night.

At this point in Mr. Wheeler's narrative my companion withdrew his gaze from a large cobweb on the ceiling, which he had hitherto been steadfastly regarding, and fixed his eyes on the speaker's face. Mr. Wheeler wriggled uncomfortably, refilled his glass with a somewhat unsteady hand, emptied it at a draught, and continued.

The conversation, at least all that Mr. Wheeler heard of it, was of a very heated character. It took place at the doctor's chambers, and so absorbed were the two gentlemen in it that Mr. Wheeler's sudden advent in the ante-room remained entirely unnoticed. The captain was denouncing the doctor as his evil genius, and wound up by declaring passionately that had it not been for the latter's infernal scheming his uncle might have been alive then. The doctor retorted by enquiring what advantage that would be, whereon the captain said, in an agitated voice, if it were so, he would not be going about with the guilt of murder on his soul. At the word "murder" Mr. Wheeler pricked up his ears, and listened more attentively than ever. The doctor, evidently exasperated, replied angrily that what had been done was done solely to save the captain from disgrace, and warned him to be careful what he was saying. The captain wished to know why. Because, came the answer deliberately, if he wasn't the doctor might consider it necessary, for his own safety, to mention the matter to the police. At this the captain gave a sort of gasp, and exclaimed that he would bear the intolerable burden in secret no longer; that there was, at any rate, one man whom he dared trust (naming me), and to him he would go straightway and tell everything. Then the doctor rose, and in a voice thick with passion demanded if he had so soon forgotten the fate of Selsom and the red room in *The Shanty*. At these words the captain uttered a smothered cry, and rushed hastily from the apartment, nearly knocking over Mr. Wheeler in his precipitate flight. That astute individual, feeling much impressed with what he had heard, wisely concluded that just then was not an opportune moment for interviewing the doctor on his own particular private business, and, putting on his hat, strolled out into the street to meditate at his leisure.

"Is that all?" enquired Mr. Bennett, abruptly, as Mr. Wheeler concluded his story.

"Hevery blessed bit," returned that gentleman, with a sigh of satisfaction, as he helped himself liberally to another glass of Jamaica on the strength of its being so.

"Do you know anything about this Selsom that the doctor spoke of?" continued Mr. Bennett, removing the bottle to a safer position beside him.

"Never heerd on 'im afore," replied Mr. Wheeler, with a dissatisfied look at the bottle's new position.

"Nor the red room in the shanty?"

"Nary a bit."

"Have you seen any of the doctor's old associates in America over here?"



"WHO ELSE?"

"Jest one or two, that's all. There's Jim Mason, and Ted Bowler. and—and—yes, that's all."

"Who else?"

"That's all."

"Who else?" There was a warning ring in Mr. Bennett's voice this time.

"That's all, 'pon my soul. Didn't I tell you so afore?" And Mr. Wheeler endeavoured to look virtuously indignant at the repetition of the question, but failed miserably in the attempt.

"Tim Wheeler, you know me, and I know you. Don't tell lies. Who else of the doctor's American associates have you seen over here?"

"Well, Mr. Bennett, I rather think—

yes I hev'—oh, lor! he'll kill me," replied Mr. Wheeler incoherently, mopping his face with his handkerchief in great perturbation of spirit.

"Come, don't be foolish," said Mr. Bennett, sharply. "Who is it?"

"The Kernal," whispered Mr. Wheeler, with an apprehensive glance round the room.

"And pray who is the 'Kernal,' as you call him?"

"Jake Scalley. Oh, lor! I've done it!" groaned the unhappy Wheeler, great beads of perspiration standing out thickly on his forehead.

"What! Jake Scalley the coiner!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett, with a nearer approach to excitement than anything he had manifested during the evening.

"Is he in London?"

Mr. Wheeler murmured faintly that he was.

"Where is he staying?"

"Lamb Street, Islington," was the almost inaudible reply.

"Number, please?"

Mr. Wheeler was now fairly shaking with terror. His teeth chattered like a pair of castanets as he managed at length to ejaculate:

"15."

Mr. Bennett made a rapid note in his pocket-book, and then rose to go.

"Good-bye, Tim," he said pleasantly; "take care of yourself. What you have told us to-night may prove to be of some value, and in any case you may depend that we shall not forget you."

"Mr. Bennett, oh! Mr. Bennett," came in imploring tones—the man was evidently horribly alarmed—"promise me afore yer go thet yer won't let on about me to the Kernal. He'll kill me, sartin, if yer do."

"I sha'n't give you away, you may be sure," replied Mr. Bennett, opening the door. "You stop at home and keep quiet for a day or two. I'll let you know if I want you again." And with this assurance Mr. Wheeler was fain to be content.

It might have been only imagination on my part, but as the tall, gaunt form of Mr. Wheeler stood tremblingly upon the landing, holding aloft a guttering candle to light us down the rickety stairs, I fancied I saw a dark shadow glide behind his back into the room he had just left. I made no remark, however, and in a few

moments we were once more in the dismal street.

The fog was denser than ever, and everybody seemed to have gone home to bed, save a solitary seafaring looking individual, who was leaning against an adjacent lamp-post, smoking a short pipe. To him Mr. Bennett said something in an undertone, which I did not catch, and securing a stray hansom, we made our way westward as quickly as adverse circumstances would permit. My companion seemed in no humour for talking, and knowing his habits pretty well, I did not obtrude my conversation upon him. At length the cab came to a full stop in a heavy block in the Strand, and then for the first time he opened his mouth and broke the long silence.

"A curious case, Mr. Stephens," he observed, gazing steadily at the horse's tail, as if it had some important bearing on the matter. "What do you make of it?"

I confessed, truthfully enough, that I was unable to make anything of it at all.

"It is rather a tangle," admitted Mr. Bennett, reflectively. "I hadn't any idea, though, that Jake Scalley was in England. I wonder how he managed to slip through their fingers on the other side."

"Wheeler seems to be terribly scared about him," I remarked. "Is he such a very dangerous desperado?"

"So dangerous that I would not give much for Wheeler's chance of escaping with his life if he only knew what had passed to-night," was the grave reply. "Ah! here's the Yard at last. Good-night. I'll call round and see you some time to-morrow." And with a shake of the hand, he alighted and vanished up the archway.

The fog continued all next day, and in the afternoon it be-

gan to rain. There were not many people about, and the newsboys, who were shouting out "Another dreadful murder," did not appear to be doing a very brisk trade. About five o'clock Bennett appeared, with a solemn look upon his face. In response to my enquiry as to news, he silently unfolded a copy of the *Echo*, and placing his finger upon a column of leaded type, handed me the paper. With a strange misgiving, I took it and read—

HORRIBLE MURDER IN THE EAST-END.

"Early this morning the police made a ghastly discovery in a house in Canton Street, E., a low thoroughfare leading down to the river side. A man on the first floor was found weltering in a pool of blood, with his head nearly severed from his shoulders, and a deep stab in the region of the heart. The body has been identified as that of a man named Timothy Wheeler. No motive can be assigned for the crime, but the police, who are very reticent, believe they have a clue. Considerable excitement prevails in the neighbourhood, and all access to the scene of the tragedy has been prohibited by the authorities."

I laid the paper down with a cold shiver, and thought of the dark shadow I had seen on that miserable landing the previous evening. It was no freak of my

imagination then, after all, and poor Tim Wheeler's fears, at which I felt inclined to laugh at the time, were only too well justified by the sequel.

Bennett was the first to speak. "This affair is getting serious," he said. "If Captain Well-don is still alive, we must find out his whereabouts within the next few hours, or he will assuredly share the fate of



HANDLED ME A FOREIGN TELEGRAM.

the unhappy man who has already fallen a victim to this bloodthirsty gang."

"Have you any idea where he is likely to be found?" I enquired.

"I should imagine in the place called The Stanty, if anywhere. All our endeavours must be bent now to the discovery of its probable locality. I have an idea as to the direction in which we are most likely to meet with success. Can you spare time to go down with me to Dover to-night?"

"Certainly, if I can be of any use."

"Then I will call for you at half-past seven, and we can catch the mail from Victoria. There are one or two things I want to see to first, and we can talk matters over on the road."

At the station I found a first-class compartment reserved for our use, and, as soon as we had rattled out of London, Bennett threw away the cigar he had been smoking, and, opening his pocket-book, handed me a foreign telegram form. It bore the Islington stamp, and was as follows:

"Hazell, Hotel de l'Europe, Bruxelles.—Send the professor on to me at the old address at once. J. S."

I handed it back, and looked at Bennett for explanation.

"You noticed the man I spoke to in the street last night?"

I nodded.

"Well, he is one of my best and sharpest officers, but this infernal fog and a half-awake cabman threw him off the scent this morning. I told him to watch the house in Canton Street carefully, and, if any suspicious person went in or out, to keep his eyes well open and let me know. Shortly after midnight some one opened the door and peered out cautiously. Finding the coast apparently clear, the figure hurried rapidly away in a northerly direction, closely followed by my man. Islington was reached about half-past one, and, turning into Lamb Street, the quarry halted at number 15, and let himself in with a latch-key. At eight o'clock he reappeared, carrying a large black bag, and, avoiding the High Street, walked sharply towards the Angel, stopping once on the way at a branch post office to send off the telegram you have seen. Here he hailed a hansom, and drove off westward, still pursued by my man in another cab. The fog, which had lifted somewhat during the night,

now came on more densely than ever, and somewhere in the neighbourhood of Edgware Road the chase succeeded in making good his escape. But we'll have him fast enough," said Mr. Bennett, lighting a fresh cigar, "and that before he's four-and-twenty hours older, or I'm very much mistaken."

I mentioned the incident of the shadow on the landing, and supposed that our conversation must have been overheard.

"Without doubt, and by the very man of whom we had been speaking. Scalley, for his hand, unquestionably, struck the fatal blow, must have crept into the room as we departed. It was no shadow, unfortunately, that you saw, but the actual murderer taking advantage of his opportunity. This is not his first 'kill' by any means. Over the water he thought no more of potting his man than I do of flicking the ash from this cigar," said Mr. Bennett, suiting the action to the word.

"Who is this professor that he speaks of in his telegram?"

"That is exactly what we are going to find out. You see, if the professor happened to be staying at Brussels by any chance when the telegram arrived, he would probably wish to depart for England as soon as possible, and in that case he would most likely come over by the night-boat from Ostend. I don't think, however, it would be wise on our part to let him see either of us, at any rate for the present. So Thompson, who is much chagrined at his failure of this morning, has gone down by an earlier train to see if he can improve upon his recent performance."

When we arrived at Dover, the fog was so thick that objects only a few yards off were entirely undistinguishable. We went straight to the Lord Warden, where Mr. Thompson, through whose offices a private room had been already secured, was in attendance, with the information that the boat was expected to be at least a couple of hours late. Mr. Bennett opined that it didn't matter, and forthwith proceeded to order supper. This disposed of, Mr. Thompson strolled down to the Admiralty Pier, and Mr. Bennett settled himself comfortably in an easy chair by the fire. I followed his example and we sat smoking in silence for some considerable time, when a bustle below apprised us of the fact that the boat was in at last.

My companion's face grew graver, and I scarcely needed his muttered "now for it," to warn me that matters were evidently approaching a critical stage. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes elapsed, and then Mr. Thompson entered the room, and, with a smiling face, announced that it was all right.

"He's well got up, certainly," proceeded Mr. Thompson, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction, "but I knew him at once. He's taken a room here for the night, and ordered a carriage for Cherston at ten o'clock sharp. I've put yours down for half-an-hour later, sir. I thought that would do. I'll take care not to drive too fast, so you'll be able to catch us up all right."

"Very good indeed, Thompson," replied Mr. Bennett, approvingly. "Now get to bed and take a little rest. I'm sure you need it badly. Good-night, and be sure you don't oversleep yourself. We'll follow his lead. I think," he continued, as Thompson withdrew with alacrity.

"We can sleep comfortably now, for a few more hours will certainly solve the mystery of Captain Welldon's disappearance."

In the morning the fog had greatly diminished in volume, a stiff breeze having sprung up during the night, and at ten o'clock I was able to see from the window of our apartment a tall, white-haired old gentleman, with a venerable beard, get into a carriage and pair and drive off from the hotel, the ribbons being handled with great skill by the driver, who bore an uncommonly strong family resemblance to our friend, Mr. Thompson. Half-an-hour later Bennett and I were also seated in a carriage and pair, whirling rapidly away in the same direction. It was a long drive, and at length I enquired how much farther we had to go before we reached our destination.

"Not far, I fancy," said Mr. Bennett, letting down the window and looking out. "I think that must be Cherston, over yonder."

The supposition proved to be correct,

and shortly afterwards we were standing beside Thompson, in the ill-paved solitary street of the half-deserted little village. Here, to my surprise, we were joined by a stout, burly-looking stranger, who touched his hat respectfully to Bennett. That gentleman nodded cheerfully in return, and enquired how he had got down.

"First train to Chatham, fly rest of way," was the laconic reply.

"What time did you get my wire at the Yard? You see I did some more work after you had retired," added Mr. Bennett, turning to me with a little laugh.

"Two thirty-seven a.m.," promptly responded the laconic one.

"Good. Then I suppose you've been here some little time?"

"Two hours, twenty-four minutes."

"Exact as usual, I see, Johnson. Well, what have you found out?"

Johnson drew out a little note-book, and commenced reading. "Arrived Cher-

ston, ten six a.m. Began enquiries. Large house, called The Shanty, on hill about three miles to the right. Lonely spot. House nearly empty. Kept by old man and woman. Owner lives abroad. Comes sometimes. Old gentleman with long white beard. Visitors occasionally. Very few. Finished enquiries."

"Capital. You have excelled yourself. Now show us the way, please."

Headed by the discreet Johnson, we proceeded towards The Shanty. It was a big, flat, desolate erection, on a slight eminence, half hidden by a clump of large trees which served to conceal our approach until we were right upon it. We halted, and held a council of war. Mr. Bennett's first utterance was ominous.

"If Scalley is here, as I expect, he may show fight, and then there may be trouble. Your fire-irons are all right, of course?"

Both men replied in the affirmative.

"Mr. Stephens, you had better remain here. Johnson, you go on a-head and knock at the door. If by any good luck



"HE'S WELL GOT UP"



FOLLOWED BY A LOUD CRASH.

Scalley should open it—you'll know him by a red scar right across his face—jump upon him at once before he has time to shoot. We'll be close behind you."

The big man nodded silently, and started on his mission. At his first knock there was no response. At the second the door was opened slightly. Then there was a short interval, followed by a loud crash, and directly after we could see two forms struggling on the ground, Johnson being uppermost. We rushed forward immediately, but our assistance was not required. Johnson had got his man firmly pinned by the throat, and all we had to do was to secure the prisoner so that escape should be impossible. This was quickly done, and, leaving him in charge of Thompson, we entered The Shanty together. A tall figure, with a long white beard, confronted us in the hall, and demanded, with an unmistakable Yankee accent, what we meant by this unwarrantable intrusion.

"Come, doctor, it's no good. The game's up, and you'd better capitulate quietly." And Mr. Bennett stepped up to the figure, and with a dexterous

twitch removed the long beard, disclosing, as he did so, the sharp, peculiar features of Captain Welldon's erstwhile friend, Dr. Hazell, of New York.

"And now what have you done with the captain?" said Mr. Bennett, surveying with satisfaction the scowling face of his captive. "Ha! going to be sulky, are we? Well, never mind. I dare say we shall soon find out. Here, you," addressing an old man who stood trembling violently behind the doctor, "show me which is the red room. Come, be quick. We'll go together, if you like, Mr. Stephens," and we followed the old servant up the stairs and along a wide corridor until, shaking in every limb, he paused outside a massive nail-studded door, and vainly endeavoured to detach a key from a large bunch which he carried. Bennett snatched it from his grasp, inserted it in the lock, and in another moment we stood inside the room.

A more ghastly apartment I was never in. The walls, ceiling, floor—even the glass in the solitary window—all were of a deep, uniform, blood-red hue. A couple of chairs, a table, a wooden bedstead, and a bench, all of the same colour, comprised the whole of the furniture. In the centre, with outstretched arms, and eyes fixed upon the door, stood a thin, spectral-looking being that tried to speak as we approached, but could not. We had accomplished our object. Captain Welldon was found.

We were glad to get away from this appalling place, and, leaving Messrs. Thompson and Johnson to follow at their leisure with their prisoners, we hurried back to the village, and were soon on the road again with our horses' heads turned in the direction of Dover. It was nearly dark when we clattered up to the door of the hospitable Lord Warden, where Mr. Bennett's first and most particular care was to order a dinner for three, which taxed to the utmost even the resources of that famous hostelry.

It was a happy, if quiet, dinner party, all explanations being mutually postponed by consent until after the meal.



A THIN, SPECTRAL-LOOKING BEING.

When the cloth had been removed and Bennett and I had both had our say, Captain Welldon told us his story. He was greatly altered. The past few months had left their indelible mark upon him; his once black hair was thickly streaked with grey, and there was a tremor in his voice when he spoke that was infinitely pathetic.

"It was on the fourteenth of February—St. Valentine's day"—he said, with a sad smile, "that I was abducted. I had to go to Dover on some business in connection with my regiment. There was only one person in the compartment with me—an old man, with a long white beard. We must have been nearing Chatham when I became insensible, and the next thing I remember was finding myself in that accursed room." He paused, and passed his hand over his forehead as if to brush away the painful recollection. "I wonder how I managed to keep sane with that dreadful colour all around me, and the knowledge that in that very same room another victim of the doctor's had been done to death. You know about my uncle's death. Well, the day after it occurred, Hazell called, and said it wasn't caused by heart disease at all, but by a cigar containing a curious aromatic poison which he had himself given him the previous day after luncheon. Whether his tale was true God only knows. Sometimes I have my doubts. Anyhow, I allowed myself to be persuaded by him,

and so became a sort of accessory after the fact. I know it was wicked and foolish, but I was terribly worried about money matters just then. Hazell next commenced to bleed me most extensively, and at last his demands became so outrageous that I refused to comply any longer with them. We had a violent quarrel, in the course of which he threatened to denounce me as the actual murderer, while I declared that I would not be silent further, but take advice from a trustworthy source as to the line of conduct I should adopt. This stand on my part must have alarmed him considerably, and so he decided on extreme measures. Three times only during my imprisonment have I seen him, and each time he has offered me my freedom on terms which I indignantly refused. There can be little doubt as to my ultimate fate had you not so providentially come to my rescue. A few more weeks at most and I should have been a raving maniac."

There was a knock at the door, and Thompson entered, looking rather paler than usual.

"The doctor's dead," he said abruptly.

It was true. That magnificent diamond ring I had before admired had secreted within the shank one of those subtle poisons in the use of which its owner was such an adept. He had pressed it to his lips, and his soul had passed away beyond the reach of earthly tribunals. Not so Scalley; he was hanged.

Fitful Fancies.

Scherzando.

By MAUDE.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It features a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^). The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^). Below the left staff, there are seven pairs of 'Ped.' followed by an asterisk, indicating pedaling for the first seven measures.

p Andante.

Out in the balm-y

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^). The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^). Below the left staff, there are seven pairs of 'Ped.' followed by an asterisk, indicating pedaling for the first seven measures.

night air, Waft - ed o'er blossoms of beau - ty, Came a wo-man's voice of . sweet-ness

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^). The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^).

Sing - ing of love . and du - ty. A sweet, pure song that was tell - ing Of

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^). The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth-note chords, each marked with an accent (^).

love to strength - en a life, A long - ing to ease a

bur - den, hea - vy by weight of strife, A

long - ing to ease a bur - den, hea - vy by weight of strife.

Scherzando.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Andante con moto.

Like balm to a bit - ing sor - row The har - mo - ny swept o'er my mind,

Eas - ing ach - ing mem - 'ries, Whis - p'ring where to find A

ha - ven from rest - less yearn - ing, A - way from hopes that are dead, In a

land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, In a land of e - ter - nal

sum - mer, In a land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, Whence

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics 'sum - mer, In a land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, Whence' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment features a flowing, arpeggiated melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

thought and pain had sped. A wo-man's voice in the twi - light, A ling'ring kiss on the

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'thought and pain had sped. A wo-man's voice in the twi - light, A ling'ring kiss on the' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking 'pp' (pianissimo) in the left hand. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a delicate and expressive texture.

mouth, A tem-pest of love surging up-wards On the fra-grant wind of the south. That

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'mouth, A tem-pest of love surging up-wards On the fra-grant wind of the south. That' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment features a more active and rhythmic melody in the right hand, with the left hand providing a steady harmonic foundation.

ha - ven from rest - less yearn - ing Is close in her arms to be

The fourth system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'ha - ven from rest - less yearn - ing Is close in her arms to be' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment features a final, flowing melody in the right hand and a concluding bass line in the left hand.

caught, . . . The land of e - ter - nal sum - mer Is the

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "caught, . . . The land of e - ter - nal sum - mer Is the".

love that doubt-eth naught, The land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, The

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "love that doubt-eth naught, The land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, The". The piano accompaniment features a flowing sixteenth-note melody in the right hand.

land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, The land of e - ter - nal

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "land of e - ter - nal sum - mer, The land of e - ter - nal". The piano accompaniment continues with the same flowing sixteenth-note pattern.

rall.
sum - mer Is the love that doubt - eth naught.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The lyrics are: "sum - mer Is the love that doubt - eth naught." The piano accompaniment features a more sustained, chordal texture.

rall.
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a *rall.* marking. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords, with a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The system concludes with a series of pedal markings: "Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *".



By J. F. WALLER SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER VI. (*continued*).

MR. HAYES looked very blank ; it was worse than he thought. But, in his turn, Burgo was wounded and angered. He gave Mr. Hayes another message, which that discreet person incontinently forgot, and so never delivered, which was just as well ; and then Burgo took his hat, and walked through the hall and down the steps without another word. The hack he was used to ride was waiting for him ; the groom looked with respectful curiosity into his face as he held the reins.

"Long time since you was across 'the Loafer,' sir. Thought you might like him better than the chestnut."

"Thank you, Tom," Burgo said ; "I think I should."

The man knew something very bad had happened. It might, perhaps, have occurred to him to wonder if the Captain would ever cross "the Loafer" again. It did occur to Burgo. He "gentled" the old horse a minute, and gazed, with a queer feeling at his heart, across the deer-park and the broad acres that lay beyond, golden already with harvest. Was it for the last time ?

"Mr. Glyn will ride the horse back," he said to respectfully-curious Tom. "Take care of him, you know."

"Ay, sir—surely," Tom said solemnly.

"Good-bye, Tom. Here ! all right !"

Burgo's hand came out of his pocket ; there was a little chink in Tom's horny palm, and then the Captain had ridden away. Tom watched him round the half-mile bend, and then shook his head *à la* Burleigh, and went to his own place, ill at ease.

"If it had been *t'other one*, now !" he remarked to an intimate friend by-and-by in the course of a mysterious conversation the two indulged in over and under and round the chestnut.

"Ah, if't had ! But he'll come back."

"Who ?"

"Him. Gov'nor'll come round."

"Dunno so much about that."

"What then ?"

"He'll come round the gov'nor—that'll be it."

"Who will ?"

"Why, *he* will, to be sure ; and if he does, *he'll* never come back no more."

"What, not *him* ?"

"Not him—never no more !"

"Ah !—Come up, hoss !"

From which it may, I think, be gathered that the opinion of the stables was not, on the whole, favourable to the Glyn-Vipont dynasty.

Burgo rode down the avenue and out of the lodge-gates, and looked not behind him as he rode. Other eyes besides honest Tom's had watched him while they could—stern old



"LONG TIME SINCE YOU WAS ACROSS 'THE LOAFER,' SIR."

eyes they were that were fain to watch him through the draperies of an upper window. They yearned for the sight once more of his face they had so loved to look upon. But he never looked back. If he had, would the old man have seen his crime upon his face? Nay, it might not have proved such a trump-card after all, the wise Glyn Vipont's. But Sir Burgo believed beyond all doubting that things were as they seemed to be. He turned away from the window with a great sigh and a hard word or two. There was an end of it. He wrote to his lawyers before dinner; and once more, with what bitter memories, he burned a certain important document that concerned his Burgo greatly. Then he rang for Mr. Hayes; and, graver than usual, but no less discreet, Hayes came and did his office upon his master. Sir Burgo asked no questions; he had taken down a large photograph of the Captain that hung over the mantelpiece, Hayes noticed; his face was very stern. Hayes augured badly from these and such-like signs.

CHAPTER VII.

MY LADY'S WORD IS KEPT.

BURGO rode slowly back to Ellesmere, one thought in his heart, one word rising ever to his lips—Cecil! At last he saw all his mischance; it all came home to him when he thought of her—and of my lady. When they knew of this, my lady would pass sentence on him. He would have to stand his trial before her, and if he failed to prove his innocence, he might guess pretty well what that sentence would be.

Prove his innocence! How could he? The man who had loved him as his own son had believed him so guilty as never to have even put him upon his defence. My lady might well ask what need had she of any further witness. And then—Cecil! Would Cecil decide against him too? And if she did not—bah! was not my lady at her elbow? Truly, he was in a sore strait for an innocent man. What was he to do? He could think absolutely of nothing. The whole thing was so

simple; it must be either one way or the other. Either the cheque had been tampered with, or it had not; and all these people were persuaded that it had. How was he to prove that it had not been done by him? A thing out of all reason that he should do, of course. But that proved nothing in his case; hadn't he been doing

things out of all reason all his life? There was his previous character, his previous convictions against him. He was a scapegrace. Who wouldn't consider this business quite in his line? he thought bitterly. Sir Burgo evidently had. What could he do?

"The Loafer" carried him back to Ellesmere. In the avenue he met Glyn, waiting, anxious.

"I feared that, you know, in the state of mind he was in this morning," Glyn said, when Burgo had given a brief *précis* of his doings at the Towers. "You must give

him time, Burgo."

"If he believes this of me now, he must believe it always. He would not see me. He was right if he thought as he did; for I could have given him nothing but my word. How can I explain anything? The whole thing is inexplicable."

"You must see Bullion."

"To be told what he told you? I should break his head. I tell you, I can do nothing yet; I can see no clue. When I do, I can act. Before I see one, what can I do?"

They walked into the house

"Burgo, I have broken this business to Lady Mildred," Glyn said; "merely broken it. Was I right?"

"Right! It was better. Where is she? I must see her at once."

"I will leave you. Let me know what you mean to do. This must come right, Burgo; there is too much at stake. See—will you trust me to help you as far as I can? There; no words. This is better."

And they shook hands. Glyn would have made a very eminent actor of drawing-room comedy.

"And now good-bye," he said; "you shall hear from me to-morrow."

So he departed, smiling, when he was out of view, on "the Loafer's" honest



HAYES AUGURED BADLY.

back. The horse dropped his ears and swerved, as Glyn dived for the stirrup; he knew, and didn't like, the light comedian.

My lady made Burgo wait long enough in the drawing-room to feel she was keeping him waiting there. Then she came down to him—alone, as he had expected. Glyn seemed to have broken the subject pretty thoroughly to her, Burgo thought by the expression of her countenance; or had she been as ready to condemn him unheard as the rest? He could hardly wonder if she had. He had been in her



AND THEY SHOOK HANDS.

way; he had interfered with her plans. This put him out of the way. He felt a disheartening certainty of defeat; but he fought out the fight pluckily, as was his nature.

She, of course, didn't spare him. She heard his account of the sending of the cheque; then what had happened at the Towers that morning, and what had befallen him there that afternoon. She saw at a glance how strong her position was. His defeat was almost too easy.

She asked him if he could give any explanation of the affair—if it could be explained at all? He could add nothing to what he had said; the whole thing was as much a mystery to him as to anyone.

"If I had seen Sir Burgo this afternoon," he told her, "I could have given him nothing but my word of honour that I knew nothing of this matter to prove my assertion. I can give you nothing more, Aunt Mildred. Do you believe me?"

Oh, certainly, my lady believed her nephew; but —

The "buts" that followed were bitterly irrefutable; each one of them was a barrier between him and Cecil—a barrier he

couldn't see how he was to break down. My lady believed him, in short, but she wanted proof. When he tried to storm this, she flung Sir Burgo, K.C.B., at him, and crushed him. He saw it was no use—it was all up with him. At last he told her so.

"You mean that all is over between Cecil and me?" he said. "Then say so, Aunt Mildred."

And he stood there with his bronzed face pale, but his brave blue eyes steady on her, waiting for his sentence. My lady didn't, of course, pass it upon him in the curt form he had asked her for; what she did say, however, came to the same thing. He must remember she had refused to recognise the existence of any engagement between them; if she had, she admitted this that had occurred might possibly make some difference in their position to one another. As it was, such an engagement between them could, of course, only obtain her sanction when this unhappy mystery was cleared up. Burgo must see the justice of that.

"I see," Burgo said, "it's the answer to my question. Well, I can't complain—not of you, that is; you could hardly act differently. The luck's against me, that's all. Of course, I'm going away from Ellesmere."

My lady here begged her nephew to stay—the night.

"I shall sleep in London to-night," he told her, "thank you all the same, Aunt Mildred. But I may see Cecil before I go?"



"I WILL SEND HER TO YOU."

"Of course," my lady said; "you ought to see her. I will send her to you."

She reached the door, and had her hand upon the handle. Then she turned and came back a step towards him. He had sat down like a man very tired, and for a moment his head rested on his hands. He hardly noticed that she had not gone.

"Burgo," my lady said, "I can trust you if I send her?"

Under the circumstances, this was rather a sublime question.

"Thank you, Aunt Mildred; I see you do believe me, in spite of all the 'buts.' You know you may trust me with her even yet—even now."

Lady Mildred did know it. The door closed upon her; the clock ticked on, unearthly loud, for five long minutes. Then the door opened again, and Cecil was there beside him.

Yes; but my lady had been beside *her*, you see, and he saw, all the afternoon. This was not the Cecil of that morning. He didn't know how my lady had done her work, but he knew the work was done. Yet it was true what the girl had cried out under the knife in her pain—she did love him; and she believed he was innocent, too, of this thing, when she looked into his face. But with regard to that other matter—? My lady had been beforehand with him, like the mature diplomat she was; and the luck was against him, dead.

He took Cecil's hands in his, after a way he had, and held her face to face so, and so said what had to be said. He loved her with all the life of him; and he had lost her by no deed of his—by a mysterious piece of devilry he could in nowise account for or explain. With her, he felt that he had simply lost everything. All the future was hopeless without her; and he was going away, and he was leaving her, he could guess to what and to whom; and, as they were now, they two were scarcely like to meet again. But as his arms were powerless to fight his fate in the dark, so his lips were sealed against

all pleading utterances of his great love, against all appealing to hers, now when this dishonour lay upon him, guilty or not guilty. Some day this dark business might be made clear; but then it would, of course, be too late—my lady would have taken care of that. Meantime she had trusted him, and he justified her trust.

So what he said that last night was not much. He told Cecil all he had told my lady; he could tell her no more. The case, he said, was terribly against him.

"Burgo, not with us!" she cried. "Who believes this? Not mamma—not I."

"Not you, I think; but who would not beside you?"

"It will be explained—it must be."

"I don't trouble much about what will be now, Cecil; that matters so little, doesn't it, when one has lost one's all?"

"No, no—not all!"

Her head was bowed down; the words came from her in a sob; and more would have come from her than this, but for that clever gag my lady had administered, foreseeing its necessity. The thought of another woman, this was; but how was he to know that?

"Well, not all, quite, perhaps. Not a remembrance, Cecil—not the memory of these last days, my darling; I shall keep those."

She was sobbing fairly now, but he kept himself in hand sternly. It would never do to let himself go, he knew. He got over the rest as quickly as he could.

"Listen, darling," he said; "I shall keep these, as I say. I am going away; you see, I must go. Not for always, I hope; not for long, may be, but till all this can be cleared up. I know what it has cost me—yes, yes, I know it; I don't deny it's hard, but I can't deny it's just. And, after all, for your sake, it is better so, perhaps."

"For my sake—no, no!"

"You were a great prize for me to win, darling. How could I be worthy of you? Still, I loved you; still I love you: you might have made me worthy—that says all I can say. Remember



THIS WAS NOT THE CECIL OF THAT MORNING.

I said that to you last, except—good-bye."

And he bowed his head down, and laid his lips upon her forehead.

He had spoken steadily and bravely to the end; but now the end was come; and who can tell what that wild cry of hers to him to stay, as she clung to him close, forgetting all but that he was going from her—who can tell what this might have done, seeing that he was but human flesh and blood, and of the sinfullest, but that the door opened gently, and there came in my lady?

He went away from Ellesmere that night, to catch the mail at Norbury. Before he went, René Pardailian, Marquis de Mornac, said a few words to him.

"They tell me you are going," he said; "and they have told me why. If anything could make us friends, it would be a calumny like this. As it is, will you take my assurance, and my hand on it, that, as far as I am concerned, this makes us but the more loyal—foes?"

* * *

Burgo Maltravers remembered those parting words a year later, when, on a certain July morning, before a great battle was begun, he sat in saddle among Von Benedek's staff, and read in a London letter how that his cousin Cecil, had been Marquise de Mornac just a week.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WRONG IS RIGHTED.

MORE than a year had passed since the morning of Sadowa; more than two since Burgo had bidden his cousin a long farewell in the drawing-room at Ellesmere, and had gone away thinking that he was little likely to see her face again.

He had not told her this, you will remember; he had spoken bravely for her sake, as though he hoped this mystery that was sundering them would soon be cleared up, and they might be, at least, not wholly parted in a little while. But in his heart there had been no such hope;

and he had lost her—he had lost everything. What did it matter whether this business was ever made plain or not? It had been believed against him by that old man yonder, who had loved him as his own son; it might well be believed against him by everybody else. How could he disprove it? Let it rest; all this was nothing to him now.

It was in this frame of mind that Burgo had departed. He got strengthened in it every day he walked aimlessly about the Sahara of London, thinking of it all. Still, he sat down one day and wrote a

long letter to Sir Burgo. If Sir Burgo had ever got that letter, I am inclined to fancy a wrong might have been righted before it was too late. But that letter, probably, got no farther than Glyn Vipont, the wise youth, who wrote to his cousin to say that the old man had utterly refused to open it, and had bidden him, Glyn, return it forthwith to the writer. Glyn was truly grieved, of course, but trusted the old man's mood might change. Burgo never wrote again. A com-

munication from Sir Burgo's lawyers one day informed Captain Maltravers that a certain income had been settled upon him, in accordance with directions lately received from their client. Burgo wrote back to Lincoln's Inn to decline the proposed settlement. He had a couple of hundred annually under his mother's will, he knew, though he had never

hitherto troubled much about it. He hunted up a sleepy old trustee, and redeemed his principal from the limbo of the Three per Cents, wherein the sleeper had comfortably locked it up. He was a rich man—for the next six months. Beyond that Burgo didn't care to look; or, if he did, saw only one thing for himself.

There was no use in his staying on in London, or in England; there was no chance of that stern old gentleman down at the Towers relenting, and admitting that he might in his haste have done his nephew cruel wrong. And there were plenty of reasons why he should go abroad. So he went across the Channel one night with a fairly-filled note-case,



ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

and no particular concern what would become of him when that note-case should be emptied. The fact was, that our Burgo was so sore and so wretched, that, being naturally a reckless, godless youth, he had settled, when his last louis was gone, somehow or other to go too. Meantime he went, carefully avoiding Hom-bourg and explanation with Annie Brune, to Bicheville-au-Bois, quite in the proper frame of mind for that Pandemonium.

When a man honestly determines to do, under similar circumstances, what Burgo had determined he would do, it is astonishing how such determination sometimes improves his style of play. At the *trente-et-quarante*, for instance, how coolly audacious a martingale he can work! and how apt this cool audacity is to be successful, simply because the man *doesn't care!*

I have known one or two examples of this. Only the other morning, in a street off this pullulating boulevard, in the privacy of his own dressing-room, a gentleman of my acquaintance thought fit to depart this life after a final dinner at the Café Anglais, which had been even more successful than his dinners usually were. They found a few francs on his dressing-table, but this was all that reverted to his heirs-at-law out of about a million. He had been a *gros joueur*, and I should have said, a successful one too, on the whole. His *sang froid* was proverbial. Every croupier in Europe knew there was no "funking," no flurrying *him*. He had said once that he intended ending this way when the *banque* had raked in his last rouleau. When the *banque* did that, after a fight that had lasted years, he came quietly home, took leave of his friends over an admirable *menu*, and—kept his word. I fancy more than one bank was broken, more than one desperate duel across the green cloth was won by him, simply from this fact—that it was literally "do or die."

Burgo turned into the play-room after dinner on the day of his arrival, and went to work at the old game very much in the spirit of my deceased friend. He attacked the "maximum" straightway, backing a change of colour in a way that caused people to look up a moment from their own play to see who this was. Some people recognised him; he had been there before, you know. They looked at him again when the cards had

been dealt, and a dozen four-figure notes were pushed across to him. Burgo had won his twelve thousand by—a point. This seemed promising. He went on. A *série* on the rouge began, expressly for him, as it were. He played it through as though the stakes were counters. The last *coup* broke the bank. He thought this was pretty well for one evening, and a beginning. A certain proverb occurred to him. He went out of the play-room, followed by an admiring and curious mob of crevés and cocottes, like a wave. The wave broke and spent itself on a barricade of little tables and chairs outside, convenient for ice-eating and absinthe-drinking. Burgo passed on into the gardens, and smoked a solitary cigar there amongst the roses, thinking of the rose-garden at Ellesmere and Cecil.

He came back by-and-by, met people, and renewed acquaintance. The cocotte asked the Russian prince—there is always *the* cocotte and *the* Russian prince at Bicheville-au-Bois; they were La Topaze and Alexis Paul Paulowitch de Czernicheff that year—to bring his friend to supper. And Burgo supped, and played a hot and heavy baccarat till daylight did appear, and a good while after. It was like the old time again—the crush, and the cries, and the villainous *argot*, and the women's ruddled faces, nearly as old as they were ruddled, most of them, and the precocious debauchees—the *vieillards de vingt ans*—and ancient impotent vice, round the tables, with the fierce light beating down; and the food that made you drink even more thirstily, and the drink that—Yes, it was very like the old time, indeed.

But he had taken this sort of thing not unkindly then; whereas now—the experiment was a failure. It made him sick and savage; but it didn't make him forget. This was not Lethe. He walked out of the orgie, out from among those hiccoughing satyrs and shrill-voiced mænads, into the pure dawnlight of the summer day; and he felt this would not do. He couldn't go back to this—he couldn't forget her there.

I don't know how he lived exactly after that night. He played hard and steadily; and, on the whole, he won. He didn't take to drink—didn't look for Lethe in the V.O.P. bottle; but he got through the best part of a year somehow, and without any very great detriment to his bodily

health. He had a winter's pig-sticking, a wolf-hunting in Bohemia; and the open-air work might have had much to do with this. Only he had dangerously little interest in living, and each day he seemed to have less. He had lost too much. They wondered at his tranquil recklessness, but they didn't know the reason of it. He was simply tired of his life.

Still, it was better to have died so than to have wallowed in Circe's sty yonder, and died dismally like a brute.

Early in the next summer he was in Vienna. The rumours of war had culminated in reality. He met Johann von Adelbron one night at Sacher's, and the two old friends had a big talk over many long-necked Rhein flasks; and so it was that our Burgo rode as a volunteer amongst Von Benedek's "gallopers." In his saddle, one memorable morning, he had read in a London letter that his cousin had been Marquise de Mornac just a week. He put the letter into his pocket, with a faint smile, and he muttered a line from an old song she had sung often in the drawing-room at Ellesmere in the days gone by:

"Adieu for evermore, my love,
Adieu for evermore."

And then he begged a light from Johann, and pulled his cloak close about him, for the morning mist was chill, and so sat smoking in silence, till the quick cracking of the needle-guns in the front, and the boom of the opening cannonade on the right, woke up the chief from a half-hour's snooze, and told everybody the great battle had begun.

And it was fought, and finished; and the souls of many heroes were sent before their time down to Hades. But my Burgo's was not of the number, though he had done his "d—dest," as was remarked to him at the time by a compatriot, to get it included therein. However, he had been badly enough wounded to make it still a matter of



"ADIEU FOR EVERMORE."

some speculation whether a jolting field-ambulance, and a crammed field-hospital, with nothing to take care of it but the red cross over it, that saved it from being purposely made a target for round shot, and thirst and neglect and fever and cholera combined, might not be able to finish him off.

A Prussian medico, however, got at him while his fate

was still doubtful, and probed and plugged and drugged his patient back to life un-mutilated. Burgo was hardly so thankful as he ought to have been, and he was a prisoner-of-war, too, which bored him very much.

He was exchanged in due course and found the fighting was all over; and Johann von Adelbron, with his left arm in a sling still, but otherwise none the worse for his campaign, going to be married! Burgo fled away from Vienna after this, and no one heard anything of him for a long time.

My lady had kept her vow, then, and given René Pardaillan her daughter, as she had promised. What chance had the girl? Burgo gone, disgraced, she knew not where; no news of him ever reaching Ellesmere; my lady was there with the right word at the right moment; René, gallant, graceful, gentle, transformed, transfigured when she smiled upon him, wooing her like a modernised De Lauzun and loving her with more than the love of his lost youth. Then her own sense of forsakenness, of helplessness; little stabs of pique and pity; a sort of recklessness, now, that grew upon her—what chance, I say, had she?

She let them do between them what they would with her; and they made her Marquise de Mornac within the year. What mother could have done more?

René took his wife abroad. They spent a brief while in the old Provençal chateau, whence his race got their name. They loitered here and there about Europe, till

the winter found them in Paris, established in the great hotel in the faubourg, bright with all its ancient glories once more. René was perfection in his conduct towards his bride; a gratitude that had nothing silly or senile about it was the *motif* of it, and the *motif* was never forgotten. The Paris world welcomed Madame la Marquise after its fashion. It could neither disown nor patronise her; so it chose her for one of its suzeraines, and made her throne an altar; whereon a good deal might have been sacrificed that was not. They could not call her *précieuse* or *béguéule*, somehow; the Millamours she held easily enough at arm's length, but Madame la Marquise had no taste for their burnt-offerings and oblations; she could not away with them. René laughed them all to scorn in his sleeve. He knew his wife better than they. His gratitude towards her grew stronger, like his respect and his love for her, every day he lived. She was content to make him so happy at so little cost. But there was no love left in her for him or for another man. At least, she used to think so, and then she could think of cousin Burgo. Her husband had spoken to her with wonderful tact and happy frankness on that delicate subject before they were married, and it had been never touched on by him since. Doubtless, being a wise man in his generation, René preferred this sort of rival to another, a remembrance was less dangerous than a reality, especially when the remembrance held the reality at bay. Burgo did not trouble him over much, now. He would not have even feared to see the cousins together on the old cousinly footing, but he was glad to be spared the sight, notwithstanding. Burgo was no one knew where. I think René Pardaillan, gallant foe as he was, rather hoped his enemy might be kept there. Still, if Burgo had cast up in Paris, the Marquis would have held out the hand of welcome to him; but Burgo never appeared there.

Cecil prayed he might; did all she could to find out where he was. At that time he was strolling, a convalescent captain, about Berlin, but she heard

nothing of either his wounds or his captivity. She persuaded herself—having persuaded herself first that there was no love left in her—that she only wanted to see him to talk over with him a theory René Pardaillan had started when the circumstances were detailed to him about the mysterious cheque, before it should be too late.

René had smiled curiously when the subject had been discussed before him one day by Cecil and my lady. It was after the marriage, during the only winter Lady Mildred ever spent under her son-in-law's roof.

"I think I see how it might have been done," he said; "only one person had any interest in its being done. I do not like that person, it is true, but I do not think I am wronging him when I say I believe him quite capable of this."

A flash seemed to illuminate Cecil's memory.

"I see," she cried; and then, "Mamma, we must find Burgo!"

But Lady Mildred did not see, and Burgo was not to be found.

Before he was found, too, it was too late. There was a change of dynasty at the Towers. The old K.C.B., his people could perceive, had never got over that fatal morning, never been the same since the day he watched the son of his love, if not of his body, ride away slowly on

"the Loafer" out of his sight. Sir Burgo felt his heart grow cold; he cared for nothing; he sat whole days doing nothing, shut up alone from everyone. By degrees his health began to suffer. The affectionate Glyn became outwardly alarmed. He became inwardly much more alarmed when one day Sir Burgo fell to talking about his lost boy, his poor lost boy. Was the old fool doting? No, only he had forgotten all about Mr. Glyn's presence, and was talking this way to himself.

This was a long while after Burgo had gone away, when Glyn had got to believe that "the old fool" had learned to establish a connection between Burgo's prolonged absence and his guilt. Glyn did not like it at all.



A CONVALESCENT CAPTAIN.

"Damn you, you know," he mentally apostrophised his relative across the table—Glyn was fond of damning people calmly, and, as it were, *confidentially*—"you may go and alter your will again. No fool like an old one, and you are very old, Sir Burgo, Major-General and K.C.B.—~~too~~ old, begad you are. I wish you were dead, as the game stands at present; upon my soul I do!" for as the game stood then, Glyn knew the Towers were his—his very own, so soon as the breath should be out of that aged body. Glyn was that aged body's next male heir—failing one, Burgo Maltravers, that is, now disinherited and out of the way—and he had been treated according to Sir Burgo's rigid notion of inheritance—he was to have the Towers.

But would he, if the present owner went on in this unlooked for fashion about his poor lost boy? Glyn was a wise youth, but he didn't quite understand the old man opposite him. Sir Burgo had believed his nephew guilty of an unpardonable crime—absolutely believed it, and he had pronounced sentence upon him accordingly, and justice had been done. He might yearn for him, for the sight of him, the sound of his voice; tears might burn his eyes because of him; the stern old soldier might grow weak as a woman over the thought of him; but if he had come, Sir Burgo would neither have believed his innocence nor—much as he could have and had forgiven him—have ever forgiven him this dishonour done to their name—never, to his dying day. Glyn hardly understood this, or he would have felt safe enough. No one was likely to prove Burgo's innocence, it might have struck him. As to that, though, he had never speculated. His trump card was the safest thing he, a very safe player, had ever played, and it was safer than ever now it was burned. But Glyn was afraid the K.C.B. might grow weak just at the last, and in one of these weak fits undo what he had done; so he wished his relative were quietly inurned, as things were now.

However, time passed on, and Sir Burgo's bodily strength diminished visibly day by day. He kept his own room altogether at last. Mr. Hayes and Nursoo attended on him there. Glyn paid a daily visit; the moribund would look at him, but say very little. He seemed to have something on his mind,

though, that he wished to say. Glyn would speculate over the Burgundy downstairs what the deuce it might be. One afternoon he heard what it was—a question. Had the questioner begun to doubt? Had he, with the end so near, felt vague misgivings, vague suspicions of the truth? He had never spoken to his nephew of their interview with Bullion since the day of it; what made him revert to that interview with such abruptness as he did? or was he only doting?

"It was all true?" he asked; "there could have been no doubt?" His eyes looked as if they could see into Glyn's very soul. But Glyn had pretty well gauged the power of the human eye, and he was not at all apprehensive of these eyes seeing into his soul. So he grinned to himself and looked very grave.

"This is a strange question, sir," he said.

"Answer it. There could have been no doubt?" Despite all, the old love pleaded for the prodigal, who was never to come home again.

"If I could only find a reasonable shadow of one," Glyn answered, "I should have urged it long ago, even against your positive request. But —"

"It must have been all true? It must have been?"

"Too true, I fear. Why speak of this, sir?"

"You believe it? On your honour and conscience, you believe it?"

"On my honour and conscience I—*must*," Glyn answered, with an irony Sir Burgo naturally failed to perceive. The



"THIS IS A STRANGE QUESTION, SIR."

answer seemed to satisfy him. He sank back in his chair.

"It must have been so, must have been so," he kept repeating wearily. And then, in a sudden burst of grief: "O, my son, my son?"

He was evidently very weak, but he would have no medical aid summoned. Nursoo, green with emotion, came noiselessly and arranged his pillows, and then the Burra Sahib seemed to sleep. Glyn went away. An odd perjury or two was nothing very much to this wise youth with the good digestion, but he wished somehow the old man hadn't asked him that absurd question. Of course it was the simplest matter of self-defence to answer it as he had done, but still —

The Burra Sahib slept; the old Hindoo stood like a statue, watching him. The gloaming came of the short autumn day; a darker shadow fell upon the sleeper's face. The watcher watched in an awe, breathlessly. He saw the shadow spread swiftly, he heard the white lips mutter broken words, with one name distinct among them, and as he bent his ear down closer to catch more, there ran one long shudder through the sleeper's frame, and then there was the stillness of death in that sick chamber, broken by a long, low wailing cry, as the watcher hid his face from the terror in his hands.

Sir Burgo was dead, believing the lie still, or not, who knows? But Glyn Vipont, his nephew, reigned in his stead. And the elect rejoiced that virtue had got its reward here below for once.

The Loselys had come back to the Court about their usual time the year Burgo went away from his native land, none of his friends knew whither; and Mrs. Brune had come back with them—a widow in happy reality. Drunken Fred was dead—the only sensible thing he ever did, as the sub who got his death-vacancy remarked. Burgo's money stopped any after-scandal; but the stopping cost horribly dear, Annie thought, when she came home and learned what had happened. Burgo had done this? She told Lady Mildred they might as well say *she* had done it. He had done nothing of that sort—how dare they say he had? How dare anyone believe it? He had lent this money to her husband. He was the best friend and the truest she had in the world. She owed her life to him. She

would never rest till this matter had been explained. Of course he had gone away. Was he to stay here when—when—people treated him in this fashion?

Mrs. Annie brought this out with kindling eyes and flushed cheeks in full durbar before my lady and my lady's daughter. And before she went Cecil put out her hand to her and thanked her—Annie never really guessed why. My lady did, when her daughter looked at her. One of the charges against poor Burgo—I'm not certain Miss Maltravers didn't think it the gravest—had been demolished, as far as she was concerned, that afternoon. She knew now why Burgo had given Mrs. Brune that unlucky money. But the knowledge came too late; my lady didn't feel uneasy.

Moreover, Mrs. Brune might declare that the matter should be explained as much as she liked—it never was. Burgo was gone, no one could say where; what could she do? By and by Sir Burgo died, and Glyn Vipont reigned in his stead and in Burgo's. Annie walked up and down her sister's drawing-room when the news was known at the Court, railing afresh, but helpless as ever to right the wrong. He had lost his love—and she railed at Miss Maltravers perhaps more than Cecil deserved; he had lost his inheritance—and she railed at wise Glyn with a good deal more justice. And what had become of him? Perhaps he was—and here she nearly broke down.

But she brought about one thing. She got the county to follow Sir Lorrimer's lead, and turn as cold a shoulder as could decently be turned on excellent Glyn, the new lord of the Towers. She *did* manage that; and it was something. Excellent Glyn has hardly achieved popularity with his county yet.

So more than two years passed. It was in Paris, at the beginning of an early winter. There was a reception at a certain *ministère*. In the embrasure of one of the windows two people were talking. One was a stalwart ex-major of hussars, Rawdon Daringham by name; the other was a woman, who was a suzeraine of society, but whom society had not beheld for many days. To-night she made her *rentrée*. And she was Cecil, Marquise de Mornac—a little paler, a little thinner, a little graver than the Cecil of the old days at Ellesmere, eman-

cipated for ever from my lady, but otherwise herself.

It was Rawdon who was speaking now.

"I hardly knew him," he was saying; "he's awfully altered. Only made him out by his voice after all. And he didn't seem to care much whether I did or not either, though, as you know, we were fast friends in the regiment. But I wonder you have seen nothing of him."

"I have seen scarcely anyone lately," Cecil answered, glancing at her dress, that had a dash of *devil* in it still.

"Ah! No, of course," Rawdon mumbled. "Well," he went on, "we dined together and that, and talked over old times, but I don't think Burgo seemed to care much about it. In fact, he seemed rather glad to get away. So I wasn't in such a hurry to look him up again. However, I went there to-day, and he certainly was awfully ill, poor fellow—awfully ill!"

Cecil bent her head down over her fan; a spasm crossed her face that Rawdon didn't see. But she said nothing.

"Takes it coolly enough," Rawdon thought. "Wonder whether she ever did care about him as they say?"

"What is Burgo's address?" Cecil asked presently.

"Rue du Helder, 36—*au premier*," Rawdon told her.

"Thank you. And now will you take me down stairs?"

Which he did, much envied.

"Awfully ill?" she thought, as she rolled rapidly back to the great hotel in the faubourg. "Dying, perhaps. It may be too late to-morrow; I will go to-night."

The carriage swung round at a w.o.d. She was soon waiting at *numéro 36* for the *porte-cochère* to open. The sleepy, salky Cerberus in the grimy den below wondered who this might be in the sable muffings and with the diamonds in her hair as she passed swiftly by him up the stairs.

Cecil reached the landing. Before her the outer door of the *appartement* stood open. She passed quickly through the ante-chamber, where a lamp was burning,



CECIL BENT HER HEAD.

remembering only that she had found him at last; that he was there, yonder, ill—dying perhaps—and alone. A warm light shone through from the inner room between the *portières*. She pushed one aside gently and looked in.

A fire of logs was blazing on the hearth, and up to the warmth of this blaze there had been wheeled a broad, low sofa. On this sofa, with a great buffalo robe wrapped round him, very pale and still, lay Burgo. Rawdon Daringham had by no means exaggerated when he said his old comrade was awfully ill. Cecil had been prepared for that in some measure. But not at all prepared for this—not at all prepared to see, bending tenderly over the patient, with the flame of the fire lighting up her anxious face and making it quite distinct to the other woman in the doorway, a sister of charity in the person of—Annie Brune.

Madame la Marquise de Mornac turned very pale, and shivered in her sable muffings. The hand that held back the *portière* closed tight upon the velvet, as if it had been a throat almost. She forgot all her compassion—all that had brought her where she was—in a moment. *This*, then, was what she had come for! This woman beside him—between them again! It was no place for her; what was she doing here? He had no need of her.

And she was going, when Burgo stirred in his fitful sleep and opened his eyes. Annie heard a sound behind her, and held up her hand warningly without turning round.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Try and not wake him, dear. He has been asleep. What is it, Burgo? Are you better now? What is it?"

For his eyes did not close, but were fixed over her shoulder upon the dark doorway.

"There!" he muttered.

"What?" she said, turning as she spoke now. "It's only — Ah!"

For she saw who it was.

"Cecil!"

His voice rang almost strong as it spoke her name. Annie moved a little back from the sofa. Cecil stood still. There was a pause.

The two women were alike puzzled; Annie Brune to know how Cecil came there in this fashion, and Cecil to understand the meaning of the other's whispered words a minute ago. Whom was Mrs. Brune expecting? Who had been there with her before?

"You!" Annie cried; "I thought it was Julia come back. I am so glad!"

Now "Julia" was Lady Losely. And Madame de Mornac had not forgotten whose name it was. And Burgo called her again by hers; and so — So she came to him swiftly, and gave him her hands. And he held them close in his own wasted hands, after the way he had been wont to hold them in the dead days long ago; and so lay looking into her face for a while, but saying never a word. But Annie



GAVE HIM HER HANDS.

knew that his life was coming back to him all this while. . . . Well, if he lived, what did it matter?

Lady Losely brought the great medicine man she had gone in quest of, by-and-by. The great surgeon came, and saw, and eventually conquered. But the battle was a long and doubtful one. However, Burgo Maltravers is in perfect health at this present writing.

Explanations followed in due course between his nurses. Madame de Mornac explained how it was she had heard about him, and what she had heard. The other two seemed to consider this quite sufficiently accounted for her appearance there. Annie, indeed, forgave Cecil part of the score she had against her on account of what she had done that night.

"She loves him, Julia; there's no doubt

of that. And I don't think she'd ever have given him up if she hadn't had that mother! Ah, that woman!" So spake Mrs. Brune, for her sister's private ear, later.

But Mrs. Brune was careful to show how it was that she had been discovered at the patient's sofa, before she and the Marquise said good-night.

The Loselys were wintering in Paris, and she with them. It was only the day before that they had had news of Burgo. It was bad news—almost the worst. They thought he was dying. Fever, long fought against—fever brought on by terrible fatigues, and privations, and exposure incidental to the pioneering work of a certain expedition—had fastened upon him fairly at last, and very nearly done its work. So those sisters of charity feared, when they came to minister to him.

"But it wasn't so much the fever, after all," Annie concluded, "as that he didn't want to live. He has been trying to kill himself; do you wonder? But I think he will live now."

It is probable that Madame de Mornac thought so too.

Many days passed before she sat one day with him alone. He was nearly well then; and they could talk about the past. Cecil made her confession—confessed how she had wronged him, and how she knew it, now.

"That?" Burgo questioned; "you believed that? Well—it suited Aunt Mildred! Annie is the best and loyalist friend to me that woman ever was to man—no more, no less. I thought I had lost you that afternoon on the terrace. You understand about the money, now. But that cheque business—you think it was that fellow Glyn? That never struck me."

"René used to think so."

"A little too late, Cecil."

"Hush!" The dark of *deuil* was on the Marquise's dress yet. It was nearly a year since René Pardaillan's bullet had missed its mark for once, and the great, grey wolf had rent itself from the dogs, and turned upon its human foe, and taken bitter vengeance. The Marquis lay almost dead, with the wolf quite dead across him, when the *piqueurs* got up. "Adieu donc, Cecil," they heard him mutter; "*ça n'a pas été long.*" But he

died with a smile upon his lips—he had been very happy.

So Cecil said, "Hush!" And Burgo was silent a minute or two.

"And the old man believed me guilty to the last?" he asked presently. "There must be a reckoning with Mr. Glyn!"

"I don't think he believed it at the last," she said. And then she told him what the old Hindoo had heard the Burra Sahib cry out just before he died.

"And my lady?"

There were long pauses between all these questions, that I write down, one after another, without any.

"And Aunt Mildred?"

"It is better we should not talk of mamma, I think," Cecil said. And indeed, she seldom did talk of that model mother, who, left alone at Ellesmere, would grow occasionally rather eloquent on the subject of filial ingratitude. But when did a model mother ever get her deserts?

"Besides," Cecil went on, "if I had not believed, Burgo——"

"Hush!" he said in his turn. "We won't talk of that either. There was too much against me—against both of us. But—now? Darling, the sight of you that night made me live when I'd have been glad to die. I lost you once. If I



THE MARQUIS LAY ALMOST DEAD.

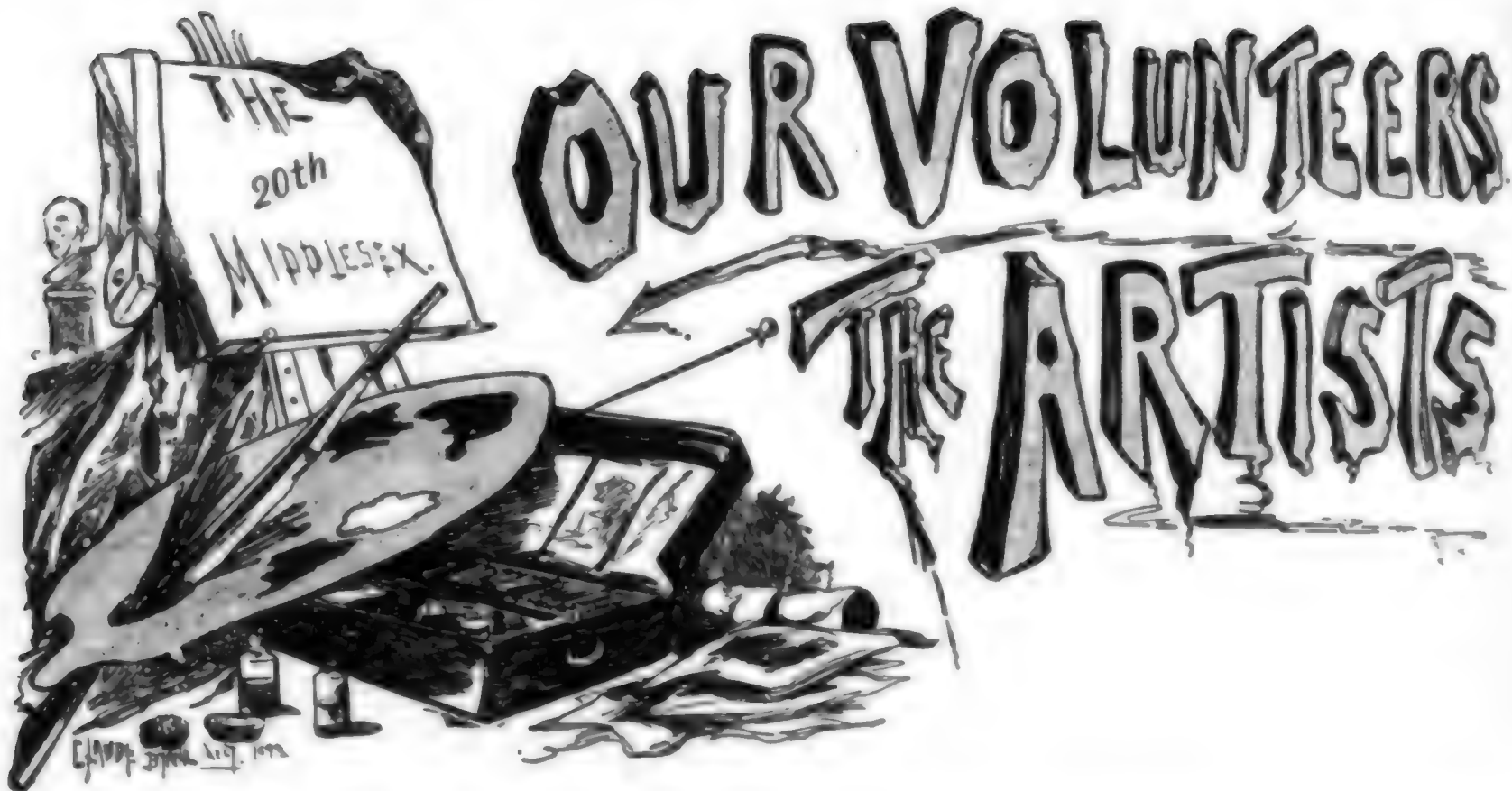
didn't deserve to lose you then, will you give yourself to me again, now?"

She did do that, by and by, scapegrace as he was. But I think he was worth this.

René Pardaillan's millions have been given to his own kin. My lady down at Ellesmere bites her lips, and shrugs her shoulders, and talks of preposterous folly. Her daughter and Burgo live modestly at Wimbledon. Annie Brune sometimes stays there. Glyn Vipont reigns at the Towers; but the county turns the cold shoulder on him still. Burgo horse-whipped his cousin the first time he met him; since which Glyn has declined to hold further intercourse with the ruffian(?). Wise Glyn! I think Burgo begins to belie his appellation; so his story shall end here



Next month will commence an original Story by "Ouida," entitled "The Silver Christ."



ST. PANCRAS VOLUNTEER, 1799.

THE history of the 20th Middlesex, or, as the corps is better known, the "Artists," does not date so far back as that of the Queen's Westminsters, or some of the other Metropolitan Volunteer regiments. Nevertheless it is, perhaps, the most interesting of them all. This is a fact due to the fame and personality of many of its members, both past and present. The corps was formed in the year 1859, the year which witnessed the birth of the volunteer movement, and, in the first muster roll, we find the names of men who have since distinguished themselves as painters, sculptors, musicians and architects. It was originally numbered as the 38th Middlesex, and the first commander was the present Earl of Albemarle (then Lord Bury), and later on, H. Wynham Phillips, the painter. At this time the men elected their own officers, and among the first to hold commissions were Arthur Lewis and Alfred Nicholson, the musician. The corps originally consisted of one company; later on, two architects' companies were added, and subsequently, on the addition of two companies, composed of members of the London University College in Gower Street, the regiment boasted of six companies. On the death of Captain Phillips the command was offered to, and accepted by, the present Honorary Colonel, Sir Frederick Leighton, and on his election as President of the Royal Academy the command was taken on by the present popular commandant, Colonel Robert W. Edis, V.D., F.S.A. The first headquarters were in the old Argyle Rooms, and, later, we find the corps located in Old Burlington House and in Fitzroy Square. The present headquarters, which we will describe further on, are in Duke's Road, Euston Square. The neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, more especially Fitzroy Square, Newman Street and Charlotte Street, has always been an artists' quarter. Despite the fact that most of the Academicians

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ISLINGTON CAVALRY VOLUNTEER, 1799.

and the small army of knights of the palette, known more or less as "rising artists," have moved their studios to South Kensington, Fulham, St. John's Wood and other favoured localities, Bloomsbury and the particular streets we have mentioned will always be associated with the art world. A proof of this is given in the number of Schools of Art in which the district abounds. In Newman Street is situated "Heatherley's," a school which has been the nursery of more famous artists than any other similar institution in the United Kingdom.

The first uniform worn by the "Artists" consisted of a grey tunic, short, baggy trousers, coming a little below the knee, gaiters and a shako surmounted by a bunch of cocks' feathers. Picturesque, no doubt, but in striking contrast to the smart, soldierly uniform of the present day. The badge of the corps, two profile heads of the deities, Mars and Minerva, surrounded by the legend "Cum Marti Minerva," designed by Wyon, the Queen's



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

medallist, is very artistic, and undoubtedly the most original badge in the Volunteer service. The motto, "Cum Marti Minerva," furnished the words of the chorus of an old marching song of the regiment, the music of which was composed by Callcott. It was absolutely necessary for the men to have a good, stirring, regimental air to march to, as when the corps moved to their headquarters in Burlington House in 1860, the regiment did not possess a band. The muster roll of the corps has always comprised distinguished names, and at the great Review held before Her Majesty in Hyde Park in 1860, Sir John E. Millais

and Mr. Holman Hunt were amongst those who marched past. It would be impossible to enumerate all the names of the distinguished men who have at differ-



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.



COLONEL EDIS, V.D.

ent periods served in the Artists Corps—Millais, Leighton, Val. Prinsep, Henry Stacy Marks, Perugini, Brock, the sculptor, are well-known names which need no introduction. At the present day the regiment consists of three companies of painters, two of architects, two of University men, and one of musicians. Our readers will thus observe that the corps

fully deserves its title of the "Artists." The present state of efficiency which the "Artists" enjoy is due, in a great measure, to the Colonel-Commandant. It is no exaggeration to say that he is the life and soul of the regiment. No Volunteer officer enjoys a greater popularity amongst the men under his command than does Colonel Edis. His Volunteer record is a most distinguished one. His connection with the corps dates from 1860, and if ever a comprehensive history is written of the "Artists," no one would be so well qualified for the task. By virtue of his social position as one of our greatest architects, and commander of a distinguished Volunteer regiment, he has won the friendship of some of the most famous men of the century in the world of literature and art; needless to say he possesses the much coveted "Volunteer Decoration." The other mounted officers are Major W. W. Bruce, V.D., Major F. A. Lucas, V.D., and Major W. Horsley, V.D. The Adjutant is Captain C. A. Lamb (of the Rifle Brigade). The post of Adjutant is certainly no sinecure, and Captain Lamb, who discharges his duties with the greatest courtesy and tact, is universally popular in the regiment. The Quarter Master is Mr. H. Wilson. The "Artists" have much to thank this gentleman for; he certainly has their welfare at heart. When we consider the fact that a Quarter Master has to superintend the victualling and housing of



his men when on active duty, it is easy to realise how dependent the men are upon him. It is on such great occasions as an Easter Volunteer Review at Brighton, or elsewhere, that the "Artists" have to be thankful to their genial Quarter Master. As we were informed by an officer of the corps, Mr. Wilson's solicitude for his men only stops short of tucking them in bed at night and blowing the light out. The regimental doctors are Surgeon Captain J. Cagney, M.D., Surgeon Captain R. R. Sleman, and Surgeon Lieutenant H. D.

Brook. One of the chief characteristics of the corps is the extremely high social position of the members; the social standard of a private is as high (and in many cases higher) than that required to obtain a position as commissioned officer in other corps. All promotions to commissioned rank



MR. WILSON, QUARTER MASTER.

are made from the ranks, in most cases a man having to make his way through all the ranks, from private to sergeant, before obtaining a commission. Since the first review of Volunteers in 1860, the corps has been strongly represented at every review that has taken place; they especially earned credit for themselves at the Review before the Queen at Windsor, in 1881, and at the Jubilee Review of 1887. Every year they have attended in large numbers at the Easter manœuvres, and have sent annually a detachment to Alder-



GROUP OF OFFICERS, EASTER MANŒUVRES, WINCHESTER.

shot and Woking in the summer, and have always furnished a guard of honour at the Royal Academy banquet, the captain of the guard being invited to the banquet, which is always considered a great privilege. As regards physical standing, a census of the corps was taken at the beginning of the present year with the most satisfactory results. The averages were as follows: Age, whole battalion, 25 years; officers only, 34 years; non-commissioned officers only, 28½ years. Height, whole battalion, 5 feet 9½ inches; officers only,

tails as rolling coats, stopping bleeding, and judging distances by both eye and ear for reconnoitring purposes. They are also taught to pace yards correctly and to march at the rate of exactly three miles an hour. They must know the length of their boot, the height of their knee, waist-belt and eye, the weight and contents of their water bottle, the length of their sword-bayonet, etc., etc. They are also encouraged to learn how to mend clothing, make the usual knots and bends in ropes, bake bread, cook, forecast weather, row, cycle, swim and ride.



GENERAL PARADE, EASTBOURNE.

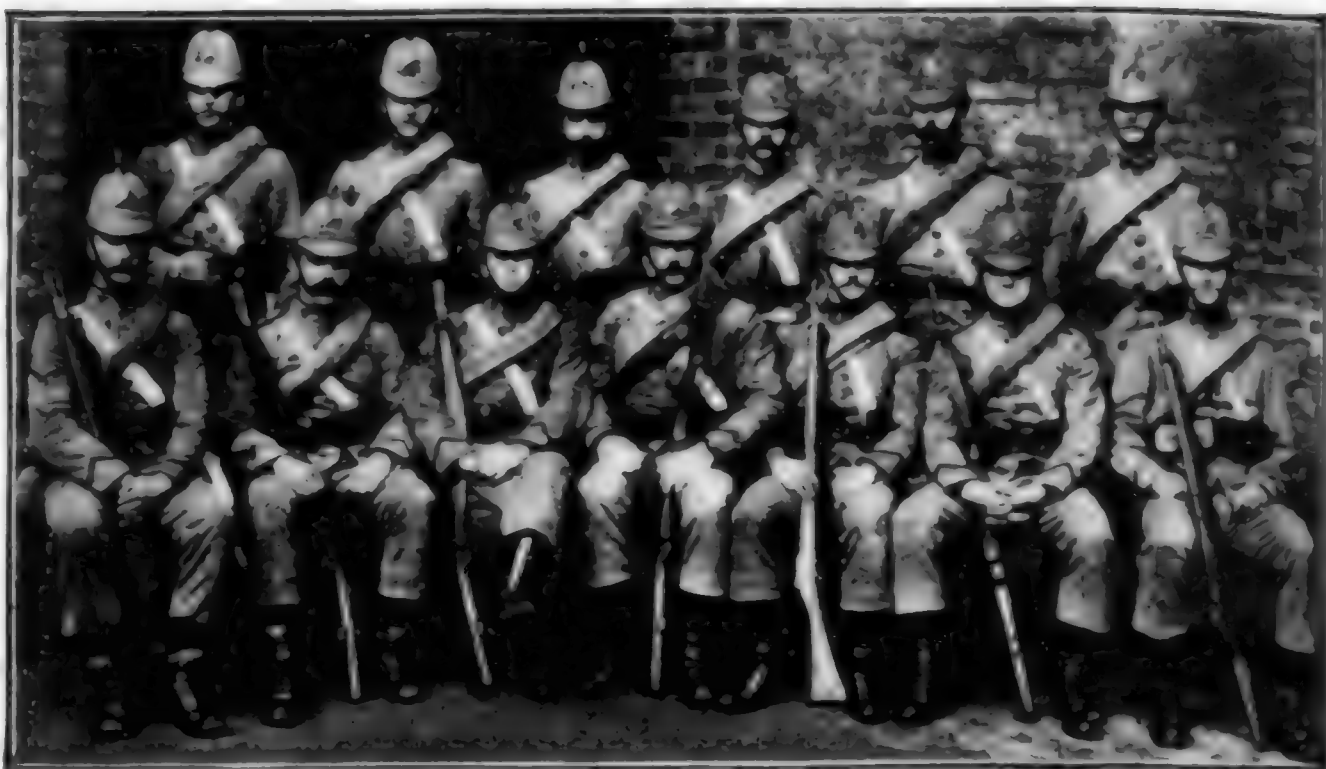
5 feet 9¾ inches; non-commissioned officers only, 5 feet 9¼ inches. Chest measurement, whole battalion, 36½ inches; officers only, 37¼ inches; non-commissioned officers only, 37 inches. These figures will be found higher than those of any other infantry regiment, whether volunteers or regulars. One of the great secrets of the success of the "Artists" is the thorough and exhaustive system of training of the members. A recruit is taught all his drill and duties, including sentry duties, tactics, tent pitching, musketry and such little de-

This is added to the usual training in the school of arms, swimming club, etc., and to the advantages of the several clubs and entertainments. What wonder that the corps has not room for all the men who wish to become members, but is fifty over strength? But the training does not end here by any means. Those who aspire to be non-commissioned officers attend the non-commissioned officers' school, held in the winter; to go through a further exhaustive course. In the "Artists" nearly all the recruits are instructed by volunteer

instructors. After promotion to sergeant, many of the non-commissioned officers are attached for a month to the Scots Guards. When promoted to commissioned rank all must, within a year, attend the School of Instruction at Wellington Barracks and obtain the qualification, P.S., and it is a well-known fact

that most of the officers of this corps have also obtained a special mention, the highest qualification in drill that a volunteer officer, as far as we know, can obtain. Within two years all officers are also expected to pass in tactics the same examination as that laid down for regular officers, and many of the officers have also passed the regular examination in signalling. In the important matter of bayonet exercise, the "Artists" excel. At different times at least twenty teams have been sent by the corps to open competitions at the Royal Military Tournament, Agricultural Hall, the Scottish Gathering and elsewhere, and they have scarcely ever failed to secure the first prize. At the last Military Tournament they surpassed themselves. The teams for the bayonet exercise were trained by Colour Sergeant C. A. Philip, and he had every reason to be proud of the success of his men. They performed their work in a way which would have done credit to any regular regiment. This is no exaggerated statement. We have but to glance at the flattering notices bestowed upon them in the newspapers. In the *Daily News* we read that "the guardsmen scarcely surpassed the company of Artists Volunteers, whose perfection won the admiration of the critics," and that in "a strong company of the 'Artists' every man went through his work with a soldierly smartness that would have done credit to a crack regiment of the line."

Last year the "Artists" won the first prize at the Royal Agricultural Hall for physical drill. The ambulance attached to the corps is most efficient. Amongst the



BAYONET TEAM.—WINNERS, AGRICULTURAL HALL, 1892.

well-known instructors in ambulance work was the late Surgeon Waller-Pearce, at one time the senior medical officer of the "Artists." Surgeon Pearce was mainly instrumental in founding the Volunteer Ambulance School of Instruction, and was one of the first to obtain a proficiency certificate from the Army Medical School, Aldershot. Later on he gave evidence before Lord Camperdown's commission on the status of Army Medical Officers. Surgeon Pearce's work received recognition at the hands of Her Majesty the Queen, who bestowed upon him the order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, an order which has since been conferred on another officer of the Corps, Surgeon Captain R. R. Sleman. Over seventy members of the regiment have obtained Army Ambulance certificates in the past few years, and in 1890-91, and 1892, detachments of the corps took first prizes at the competitions of the Ambulance School. The "Artists" was the first corps to start a regimental transport. The members are trained in riding, driving, grooming, etc., at Canterbury, Woolwich, Chelsea, and elsewhere, and have gained, especially the Transport Sergeant, A. G. Cowell, prizes at the Royal Military Tournament. The corps has also a very efficient Cyclist Section (which gained the first prize at the Military Exhibition), and a well-trained Signalling detachment. The "Artists" was the first corps to start the route marches at Easter time, and now always sends a strong detachment of over two hundred men to march to the quarters to meet the remainder on the evening of Thursday, before Easter. The Instructor of Musketry is



GROUP OF CYCLISTS.

Captain Martin, who has obtained a certificate as Instructor from the Hythe School of Musketry. The style of shooting which is inculcated throughout the regiment is not so much the "mattress and portmanteau" style of the individual Bisley frequenter, who shoots for his own hand only, and thinks nothing of his regiment, but shooting under service conditions, section attack, disappearing targets, running man and skirmishing; in these the "Artists" are able to hold their own against teams drawn from the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain. We have only to turn up the team competitions at Wimbledon and Bisley, to find their names high in the lists. The prizes in the regiment are given with a special view to foster military shooting, and the "Artists" are luckily free from that curse of the rifle range, the "pot-hunter." The donors of prizes for these service competitions include such well-known names as Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Colonel Edis, Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., Captain Lamb, the present Adjutant, and Mr. Arthur Wagg. Looking over the old matches now being collected into a match-book, kindly pre-

sented by Captain Coward, there are records of many friendly meetings, matches against the London Scottish, Civil Service, Queen's Westminsters, Bloomsburys, 1st Surrey, the Har-

row Corps, the last named being particularly dangerous opponents, and also known as donors of the famous "Harrow Cup," the name of which is now, no doubt, unknown to most of our Volunteer readers. In leaving the shooting of the regiment, it may be remarked that the training of young shots is the secret of success on the ranges. This precept is carried out in the "Artists" in a shooting association, called the "Artists' Shooting Association," wherein the beginners shoot against members of their own calibre, and gradually work their way up as they show improvement. The band of the "Artists" is one of the finest in the Volunteer force, the bandmaster being Mr. J. Winterbottom, a well-known musician and composer, who has only recently resigned the post of bandmaster of the Royal Marine Artillery Band, probably the finest in the South of England. At Eastbourne, during the manoeuvres held at Easter of this year, Mr. Winterbottom's splendid band played a most important part in every sense of the word, and at the great military tattoo, won un-



SHAM FIGHT AT WOKING.—ENTRENCHED.

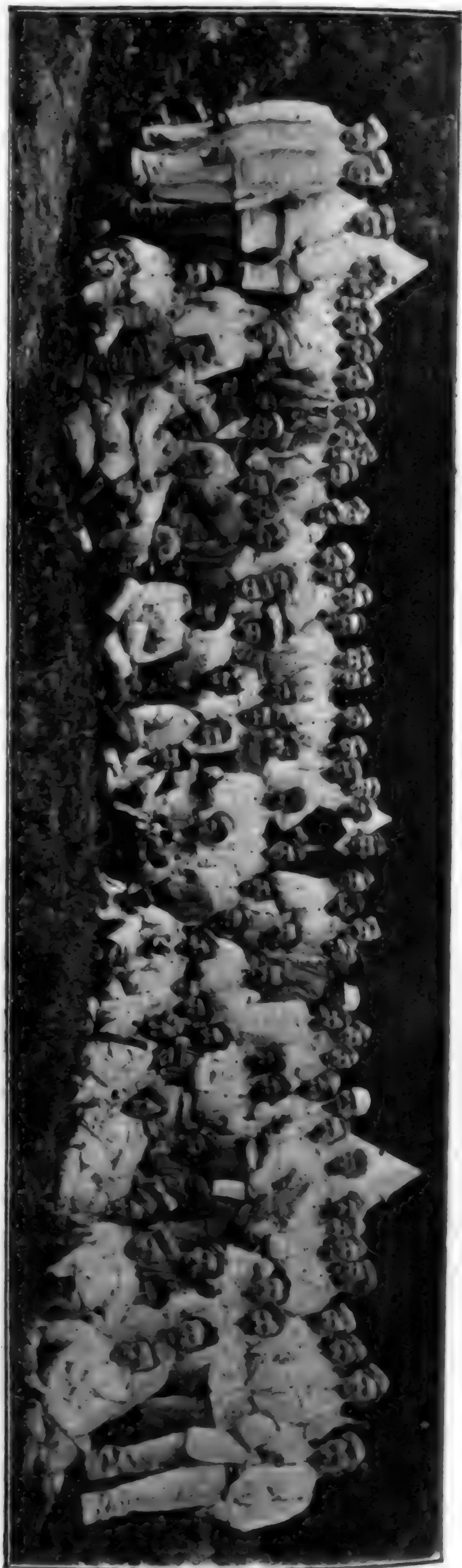
stinted applause for their performance. Naturally the departure of the Volunteers from London for the scene of the Easter gathering attracts considerable attention in the Metropolis, and we cannot do better than quote the flattering notice which appeared in the *Daily News* of March 29th of this year :

"The first outward movement of Metropolitan Volunteers, for the places on the Sussex coast which they will occupy during Easter, was made by the 'Artists' Rifles, a corps which has always been the foremost on these occasions; and considerable interest was evinced at Victoria Station in the presence of this corps. The men mustered soon after eleven, and by the time their train left for Forest Row, a little beyond East Grinstead, their number had reached two hundred and fifty, the command being given by Colonel Edis to Major Horsley, whose column included a strong section of cyclist signallers, and a few drums and bugles. All were turned out in the smart style for which this corps has always been remarkable, and the men were good specimens of volunteers, carrying easily their light marching order equipment, properly booted and well set up. The cyclists, especially, appeared to be active and useful men, the machines of one uniform pattern, carrying each a valise, rifle and signalling flag. The Army Service Corps waggons, lent by the War Office, had been sent on from Woolwich, the 'Artists' supplying their own transport party."

The work entailed on our volunteers at the annual manœuvres is anything but light. A march of, perhaps, twenty-five miles, in heavy marching order, with no other rations except the contents of haversack and water-bottle, a night's rest under canvas, without kit-bag, and no other covering than one blanket, which must be carried—all this is met with on a "day's march," and is certainly a splendid test of the physical powers of endurance possessed by our "Citizen Soldiers."

The new head-quarters in Duke's Road, Euston Road, were built from funds subscribed by members and their friends, and were formally opened by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in March, 1889. They comprise officers' rooms, sergeants' rooms, committee room, commanding officer's room, etc., large drill hall, armoury, club rooms, canteen, dressing rooms and bath rooms. The drill hall

IN CAMP AT WORKING.



is perfect in all its details, and is fitted with a good gymnasium. Connected with the corps, is the Regimental Club, which has several branches, viz.,

(A) The School of Arms, one of the best in London, the members of which have frequently won prizes at the Military Tournament and many other competitions. Five or six instructors are engaged, besides whom leaders are chosen from amongst the more advanced members of the school; and an Assault-at-Arms is usually held in the drill hall before Easter.

(B) The Entertainments' Sub-Committee, which gives each year some of the finest smoking concerts in London. The "Artists" have a universal reputation for their smoking concerts, and deservedly so. They are held in the large drill hall, which is admirably adapted for the purpose. Looking at a number of the programmes of past "smokers," we find such well-known names as Miss Kate James, Miss Nellie Levey, Miss Agnes Hewitt, Mr. Charles Coborn, Mr. John Le Hay, Mr. Walter Sweetman, Mr. Basset Row, "Sandow," Mr. Reginald Groom, Mr. Albert McGuckin, and a host of other musical and histrionic celebrities.

(C) The Lawn Tennis Sub-Committee.

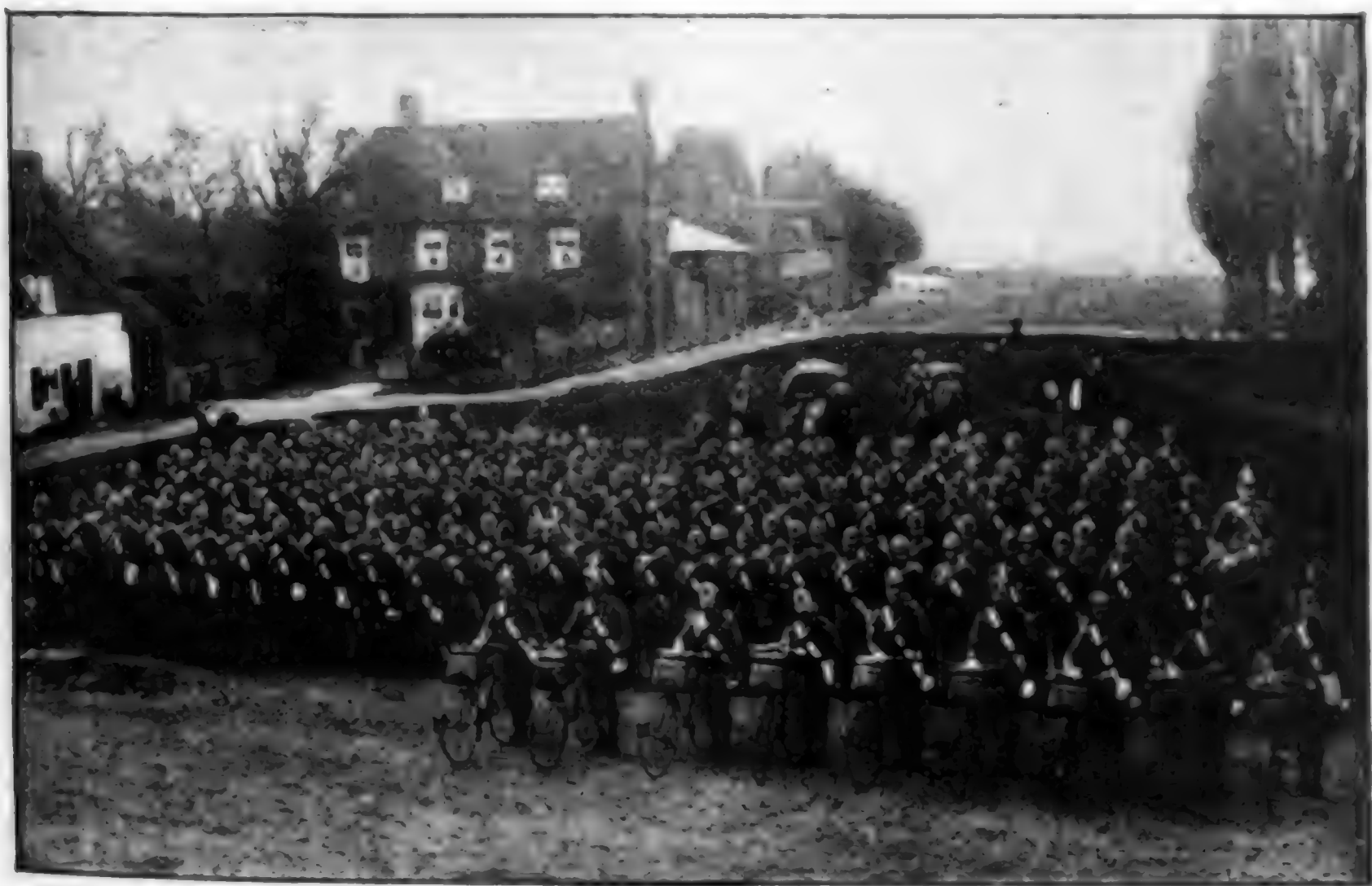


CAMP LIFE.

Play is carried on in the drill hall, which makes one of the best covered courts in London.

(D) The Swimming Sub-Committee, which is of, comparatively speaking, recent growth. It was started to teach and encourage swimming, but has in its first season taken up a good position amongst swimming clubs.

Another feature of the corps is the "Grey Book." A marvellous little volume published by the regiment for the benefit of its members. It is very similar in design to Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book." It contains, besides the



A MARCHING COLUMN.

orders, the most minute and detailed instructions to recruits non-commissioned officers and officers. It seems to contain the largest amount of matter in the smallest amount of space, and contains everything a volunteer (as such) is expected to know, except what is taught on the parade ground. This unique little volume has been compiled and edited (under the supervision of Colonel Edis) by Captain H. A. R. May, one of the most popular officers in the corps.

It is somewhat difficult, and perhaps invidious, to mention more names of officers and non-commissioned officers than those we have selected. Suffice to say that they are, one and all, devoted to the corps, and give up the whole of their spare time to promoting its welfare.

The corps has never been in such an efficient state as at the present moment. The maximum establishment is 804, yet the actual number is 812, of whom 807 are efficient. The following officers, who have retired, have permission to retain their rank and wear the uniform of the corps: Major Val. C. Prinsep, V.D., A.R.A., Major A. C. White, V.D., Lieutenant Colonel L. W. Ridge, V.D., Captain and Quarter Master A. Wagg, V.D., and Major W. L. Spiers. The following sergeants, who have retired, have permission to wear the uniform of the corps: Quarter Master Sergeant C. Wellard, Battalion Sergeant Instructor of Musketry H. Hart, and Colour-Sergeant W. Rich.



ARTISTS' FIRST UNIFORM, 1860.

It is on its discipline, orderliness, high tone and neatness that the "Artists" especially pride themselves. They are very jealous of the honour and credit of the regiment, and no act that reflects the slightest discredit is tolerated. Sir Frederick Leighton, Colonel Edis and their brother officers have every reason to be proud of the men under their command. The regiment is an ornament to the Volunteer Service, and well deserves the esteem in which it is held by the public. The foregoing sketch of the "Artists" is necessarily short, and we have reluctantly to pass over much that is interesting in their history, but to adequately do justice to this distinguished regiment, and to its connection with so many of our most famous men in the

world of art, would fill a very large volume indeed.

In the "Grey Book" of the corps we find the following eloquent passage: "By a loyal and earnest endeavour to become in every way efficient as a soldier, every Volunteer will show his high sense of the responsibilities which he assumes, and of the patriotic feeling which induces him to accept his share and part in the great army of citizen soldiers which forms to-day so material an element for national defence." That the "Artists" are thoroughly animated by this patriotic spirit has been amply proved, and they can certainly assert their title, with every confidence, to rank as one of the most distinguished and deservedly popular of our volunteer regiments.



AT FASE.

Bertram's

Cottage

By Richard
Dowling.



I HAD played around that house as a child. It was called Bertram's Cottage, although it far exceeded in dimensions any other cottage I have seen. It had only one floor, but it spread over a vast area, and had blocks of rooms looped and hinged together by a number of broad corridors, running at right angles to blocks and by narrow passages from angle to angle. I have been told, I know not with what truth, that when the building was in order, and Philip Bertram lived in it, three hundred doors swung in three hundred doorways. When I, as a boy, knew that cottage in decay forty years after, not a third of the doors were in their places, and all the glass of the sashes and most of the sashes of the windows were gone. But all the furniture had not then disappeared.

The Cottage stood in the middle of Bertram's Demesne, or The Demesne, as the place was called in the neighbourhood. The land round the Cottage was covered partly with rank grass and partly with wild undergrowth. Around the Cottage the undergrowth held sway. It clung to the ground like a parasite. It pressed up against the very walls of the building. There were two gates on the Demesne, one into the little village of Gorsefell, the other on the main road from Gorsefell to the small town of Lynfall. Parallel to the main road, and at the other end of the Demesne, a mile-and-half distant, ran the river Lyn. Set back from the river about three hundred yards, stood Bertram Castle, a castle in which no member of the Bertram family ever dwelt or will dwell. The

building is finished, but no furniture has ever crossed its threshold, no fire has ever been kindled on its hearth. It has never been informed with life. It has had no connection with humanity, no interest for you or me. It is a mere mass of brick and stone, metal and wood. It is the finest castle in all the county and, they



BERTRAM CASTLE.

say, the mere shell cost three years' income of the richest commoner in the county in his day, Philip Bertram.

The castle is as perfect as when it left the contractor's hands. Not a door is unhinged; not a pane of glass broken. Far in from the river lies the Cottage in ruins and haunted by the memories of human sorrows that gave room and passage to a ghost of saddest mien—most melancholy history.

When Philip Bertram attained his majority he came into an enormous fortune, which had accumulated during his twelve years' minority. He had from his youth resolved to devote the savings of his nonage, in a great measure, to pulling down the old house and erecting a splendid and commodious dwelling-place for himself and those who were to succeed him. On coming of age he began without delay; but first he built the Cottage, as a temporary residence while the old house was being pulled down, and the new one put up in its place.

I can in no way tell the horror I felt of that cottage and the fascination it had for me. The gates of the Demesne were ever open, and all were free to enter. Then I lived at Lynfall, and whenever I could get a holiday I always started for the Demesne, four miles distant. Often I carried a fishing-rod; often a book. Once I got inside the walls of that place. I never went near the river, I never read a line of my book. However determined I might have been not to go near the Cottage, however circuitous the route I might have taken, I was sure, ultimately, to find myself staring in at the glassless windows or crossing an open quadrangle or a room.

In and out, round and about, in and out I wound all day. Everything inside those walls had a weird charm for me. Still the rich hangings hung to some of the windows and doors. Here in dark corridors were Venetian mirrors set in ebony frames. Here a carpet had been torn by the wind from the rotten pieces held by the tacks, and now lay huddled up in a corner, large enough and sufficiently irregular in shape to allow imagination to hide any creation of horror under it. In the quietest summer day distant doors banged, and something inanimate moved amid the mouldering furniture. A high-backed chair which had stood upright against the wall yesterday lay collapsed in a heap to-day. The wet, the wind and the heat of years had eaten the cords of the beds, and the ticking had given way in the centre, as if irresistible hands were pulling it down from beneath. The fire-irons, the fenders, the very grates had crumbled into red dust. The plaster had in many places fallen off the ceiling, and the paper slipped from the walls. No matter how bright the sunlight might be abroad, there was always a sense of

twilight in those ghostly rooms. In dreams those awful chambers followed me; my most terrible nightmare being of sitting in that vast, vacant dining-room with my back to one door, my face to the other, and not knowing by which she holding the creese was to enter.

Before the building of Bertram Castle had been completed, Philip Bertram fell in love with Eva, the youngest daughter of Sir Andrew Mornington, a poor baronet of the Scottish border. She was very fair and pale, and had French blood



STARING IN AT THE GLASSLESS WINDOWS.

in her veins. She was in disposition soft and yielding, and returned young Bertram's love with all her heart. Both families approved the match, with one exception. Bertram was the last of his house in the male line. He had one sister, Clara, devotedly attached to him. His mother was living, but she was a proud, reserved woman, who attracted the love and sought the sympathy of no one. Her son treated her with respectful deference; no more. But Clara stood in

positive dread of her mother, and kept away from her as much as possible. The girl had a warm, affectionate nature, and all her love set in a current towards her brother, who entertained the warmest love for her. Until the acquaintance of Philip and Eva had ripened into love, brother and sister were inseparable. He had confided to her all his schemes about the new house and the establishment. How, when he had the castle built, and found himself

and be his friend and adviser until she married.

She had listened to all he said submissively, meekly. She looked upon him as the fountain of goodness and wisdom. Whatever he did was right; whatever he said was true. He was four years her senior, and from her childhood she had looked upon her brother as a being worthy of worship. Although his university career separated them a good deal, her affection for him grew stronger. While he was away she lived alone with her silent, proud, disdainful mother, in the dreary old house by the river. They never had guests. Mrs. Bertram held a hard, harsh religious creed, and looked on innocent amusement with suspicion, if not with aversion.

The darkness of disposition on the mother's part had, too, an element of dread in it for the son and daughter. After Philip's father had married, one of Mrs. Ber-



FELL IN LOVE WITH EVA.

prepared to take his place in politics, he should contest the county and try to win back the seat occupied by the Bertrams for generations. Then they should go up to London for the season regularly, and once more the Belgrave Square house would be open and full of gaiety and light. He did not care much for London, but it would be his duty to go there. Bertram Castle, too, should be no haunt of dullness, and Clara should live with him

ram's unmarried sisters lost her reason, and had to be put under restraint. It then came out that there had been a queer strain in the family for generations, and that more than one member of it had gone mad.

When Philip began to absent himself from Bertram's cottage a great gloom fell on Clara. She moved about the rooms and corridors disconsolately. She had always the dread of losing her brother's

society before her eyes; the still more terrible possibility of anything occurring to her mother's mind preyed upon her. Of old the sight of her mother cowed and depressed her; now she stood in positive fear. What should she do when they were alone together? When Philip married he would live in the Castle, and they—she and her mother—would be left in this horrid, straggling cottage; or should they go up to town and occupy the dower house in Portman Square? Either was horrible, and she shuddered at the thought of it.

She had all the more time for thought of it now that Philip was so much away, either in London, or Brighton, or Scotland. Whither Eva went he followed. It had been agreed on both sides that the wedding should not be until the Castle was finished. The number of workmen was doubled, and Philip offered the contractor a handsome premium if he would complete the building three months sooner than the original agreement specified. The contractor undertook to do so, and promised to have the house ready for decorators, upholsterers, and cabinet-makers by October that year.

As the time drew near, Clara's uneasiness increased. She could not rest by day or night. Always before her eyes rose the image of her mother, affected by the marriage and the obscurity of dowagerhood, breaking out into some dreadful violence. Now, too, when she most needed sympathy and support from Philip,

he was almost always away, and when at home he could talk of nothing but Eva, Eva, Eva. He had often told her, Clara, how two of the drawing-rooms and all the bed-rooms should be furnished exclusively according to her taste. Of course, he had



SHE COULD NOT REST.



THEY NEVER HAD GUESTS.

been very tender and kind to her when asking her if she did not think that, under the altered circumstances, it would be only right that Eva should have the direction of these matters, as Eva was to spend her life at the Castle. He had always said that she, Clara, should live at the Castle until she married. She had never even thought of his marrying before this affair arose. She had always thought of herself as living under his protection until she settled in life, if she ever should. Now he was about to leave her, to withdraw himself from her, and this was not the worst of it; she was to be left face to face with her stern, proud, taciturn mother, who might at any moment develop the awful malady of her race.

Sir Andrew Mornington and Lady Mornington, accompanied by Cecil, their eldest son, and Eva, the bride elect, had promised to come and spend a fortnight with Mrs. Bertram, at the Cottage, in September. A week before the day appointed for their arrival, Philip came home. He was in the most wonderful spirits and

went over with Clara the day of his arrival to see what progress had been made by the builder during his absence. Everything had gone on most satisfactorily. He hummed songs, talked cheerily to the men, and promised them a barrel of beer to lighten their work.

No wonder he was in good form. While he was away last time all details of the wedding had been settled. They were to be married at St. George's and spend the honeymoon at Bruce Hall, the country house of his future father-in-law. The building would be completed by October, and while they were away in Scotland the place would be got ready for habitation. Sir Andrew and Lady Mornington were going on the Continent for a few months, so there would be plenty of time to get everything into proper order. When at length they should come home from Scotland, it would be just as it had been before. Clara and he should be as much together as of old—or almost so; and then Eva, who was the most amiable darling in the world, would be more than a sister to Clara, and might, perhaps, exercise a softening influence on their mother.

As they came back through the grass to dinner, Clara spoke gravely, apprehensively to him. She had no hope of any alteration for the better in her mother's disposition. Indeed, of late she had marked a great change for the worse. The mother was much more gloomy and taciturn than formerly. She spoke now only when absolutely necessary. She scowled at Clara, when they met, and avoided her. Clara was quite sure bad symptoms had begun to appear.

He tried to cheer and comfort his sister. He, who had been away so much of late, would be much more likely to notice a change in his mother than she, who had been at home all the time, and he thought their mother had been rather less gloomy of late.

Ah! he was too happy to notice the change. It was there beyond all doubt. She could see it as plainly as the cottage there before them.

He looked at her uneasily. It might be he now saw only the bright side of things. Was it really possible a material change could be going on in his mother's mental condition unobserved by him? The girl, the being in all the world he loved best after Eva, looked pale and haggard and

fearful. It would be a dreadful thing if evil really were brewing. He determined to watch his mother closely.

At the end of a few days he spoke again on the subject to Clara. He said he had been able to perceive no alteration whatever for the worse in his mother. He was still of opinion a change had taken place for the better.

No, no, no. A thousand times, No. He could not see; his eyes were dull. She had seen. She had surprised looks of bad import on her mother's face. Moreover, she had heard her mother's bitter, strange, menacing words.

Menacing what?

Oh, she did not know. She could not tell. Menacing—yes, dreadful menacing words; words but half understood—about a creese.

A creese! What creese?

No doubt the one in the armoury.

The girl looked terrified now. What could he do? Perhaps, if any mental affection were approaching his mother, she had already adopted the caution of insanity to conceal it. This was a terrible reflection. But what could he do? Plainly, nothing but watch. He watched as closely as possible, without running



WHAT COULD HE DO?

the risk of arousing attention. He saw nothing betokening despair or gloom in his mother's mind. On the contrary, she was to him more cheerful than he had seen her for many years. This was the reverse of satisfactory. It almost proved that his mother already possessed the cunning of the mad. This was dreadful.

In the forenoon of the day the Morningsons were to arrive, Clara asked Philip to go with her, as she had matter of the first moment to speak to him about. He followed her. She led him into the armoury. She pointed up to the trophy over the chimney-piece, and said:

"Get up and take away that creese. I

there, but, Philip, I cannot rest until I have seen it, and have myself turned the key upon it."

He handed her his keys. She left the room, came back again in a few minutes, gave him his keys, and said with a sigh:

"Yes Philip, I have seen it. But remember what I told you. Watch mother closely."

Philip was half distracted. He did not know what to do, where to go. It was uncertain when the guests would arrive. They might be there at four, and they might not come till after dinner.

Dinner came and brought no visitors. It had been arranged that the Bertrams



HE SAW CLARA'S HAND FLY UP.

am not easy while it is there. Do as I tell you, and ask no questions. Ask me no questions; when mother and Eva meet, if what we dread has any foundation, it will show itself. Now, Philip, hide that creese away. Lock it up. Then I shall be at rest."

He went out of the room, carrying the weapon with him. When he returned he found Clara sitting where he had left her.

"Have you hidden it?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the drawer of my dressing-case."

"Give me your keys. I know it is

were not to wait a moment for the guests, so at six dinner was served.

At half-past six a carriage drove up. Mrs. Bertram rose. She took Philip's arm, and moved into the great hall, followed by Clara. Philip cast one hurried glance at his sister. She made a firm, imperative gesture, signifying that he was to pay exclusive attention to his mother.

They entered the great hall just as Sir Andrew led in Lady Mornington. Greetings were exchanged between Mrs. Bertram and the guests. Philip had kept Clara's caution in his mind. But it had

been quite unnecessary. He had never seen his mother so gracious.

As the Morningtons approached Clara, Bertram and his mother fell back. Presently he heard a voice saying,

"You have come to steal away my only son, have you?"

He glanced at his mother. Her lips were dumb. She looked up at him in amazement.

The voice resumed:

"Fool, you never shall!"

He looked in the direction of Eva. Clara stood before her. He saw Clara's

hand fly up. He saw the gleam of that accursed creese in the air. He saw the hand drop down. The hereditary taint had seized upon daughter, not mother.

In that dining-room she died. From that day to this Philip Bertram has never entered the Cottage or the Demesne. He is now a very old man, a bachelor, the last man of his line. He has forbidden the gates of the Demesne to be shut. He has refused to let or keep the place in order. To-day a hundred doors there swing idly in their jambs over the grave of a young girl who died fifty-five years ago



Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

MATRIMONY FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

LAST month we briefly considered the choice matrimonial from a man's point of view. There are two sides, however, to every question, and quite as much may be said on behalf of "the weaker vessel" as for her lord and master.

Whether a man or woman gains most by the transaction, or whether, taking all things into consideration, a vast number who have entered the bonds of holy wedlock would not have been happier if they had remained single, is one of those moot points which will ever remain a mystery, for no one can tell where another's shoe pinches, not to mention the fact that nine-tenths of those who suffer bear their martyrdom in silence, and present a Spartan countenance to the world.

"Hasty marriages seldom proveth well," wrote Shakespeare, who ought to have known something about the matter, as he was himself yoked for many years to an uncongenial partner. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, though married to a wife considerably older than himself, and fortunate in his matrimonial relations, has left on record his opinion that "marriages would be just as happy if they were arranged by the Lord Chancellor, instead of in the usual manner."

This reminds one of a clerk officiating on a public holiday, when a large number of couples appeared at one service, so were despatched at the same time, instead of at a separate ceremony, and who, in the confusion, got rather mixed, and were comforted by the remark: "Now, don't make a fuss about trifles; you are all of you married, anyhow, and all you have to do, when you get out, is to sort yourselves." This process of sorting, however, is not quite so easy as the good clerk seemed to imagine, and women especially, whose choice is naturally

limited to those who ask them, often drift into the married state for other reasons than that overmastering passion called Love.

If single life is bad, double life must be twice as bad, someone has said; but this statement is, I think, capable of considerable modification, and there is no more lovely and touching sight than that of a young wife, with perfect trust and love, confiding her entire life and happiness to the keeping of one who loves her in return as a husband should. Love matches, however, in which the warmest and strongest of human passions are equal on both sides, are extremely rare, and, when they do exist, are almost too full of bliss for this nether world.

The Scotch girl who discovered that "love" is the perfect principle of the verb "to live" inadvertently stumbled upon a great truth, and was a much shrewder person than many of her contemporaries. Poor, indeed, are the lives which have never been transfigured by this very real and unmistakable power, and, most emphatically, it is better for a human being to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

It is an undoubted fact, however, that circumstances over which we have no control often step in and prevent our marrying our first loves, and the question then arises—may matrimony be undertaken by a young woman who, in return for sincere affection, can only offer respect, obedience, loyalty and that somewhat lukewarm sentiment called friendship. This, I think, depends very much upon the temperament of the wife and the adaptability of her nature. Every human being is different from every other specimen of the race, and in this variety is much of the charm of life. Still, in the close contact of marriage, each will sometimes grate upon the other if they be of a different opinion. To bear the little unpleasantnesses without being ruffled, and

to forbear speaking while under their influence, saves many a heartache. Harsh and hasty words leave terrible sores behind them, and how often are they mourned and regretted when it is too late! The various unworthy and selfish motives from which some women marry bring their own punishment, and I firmly believe that such unions are absolutely unhallowed, even if they are confirmed by a bench of bishops. When they have been contracted, whether they should be persisted in when the happiness of two people, not to mention the lives and interests of unborn children, are at stake, is a point which can only be decided on the individual merits of each case. The duties and responsibilities of maternity form, in most of us, a stronger bond even than that which binds us to our husbands, and that any woman is justified in bringing into the world helpless infants, who will be cursed from their birth with such horrible taints as insanity, disease, or a craving for drink, I cannot believe. A man and woman at full age and presumably with average common sense may take certain risks as regards themselves, but what excuse can there be for them if they give life, and then slowly destroy it from neglect or other causes. Easier divorce may be necessary, but opportunities for making wiser and happier marriages are even more important, and a more or less confidential intercourse must be allowed to enable any two persons to judge whether they are suited for permanent association. A couple who are virtually strangers are mutually attracted towards each other, and they are inclined to believe that they would be happier together than apart. They marry on this supposition, find out their mistake in an incredibly short space of time, and after that—the deluge.

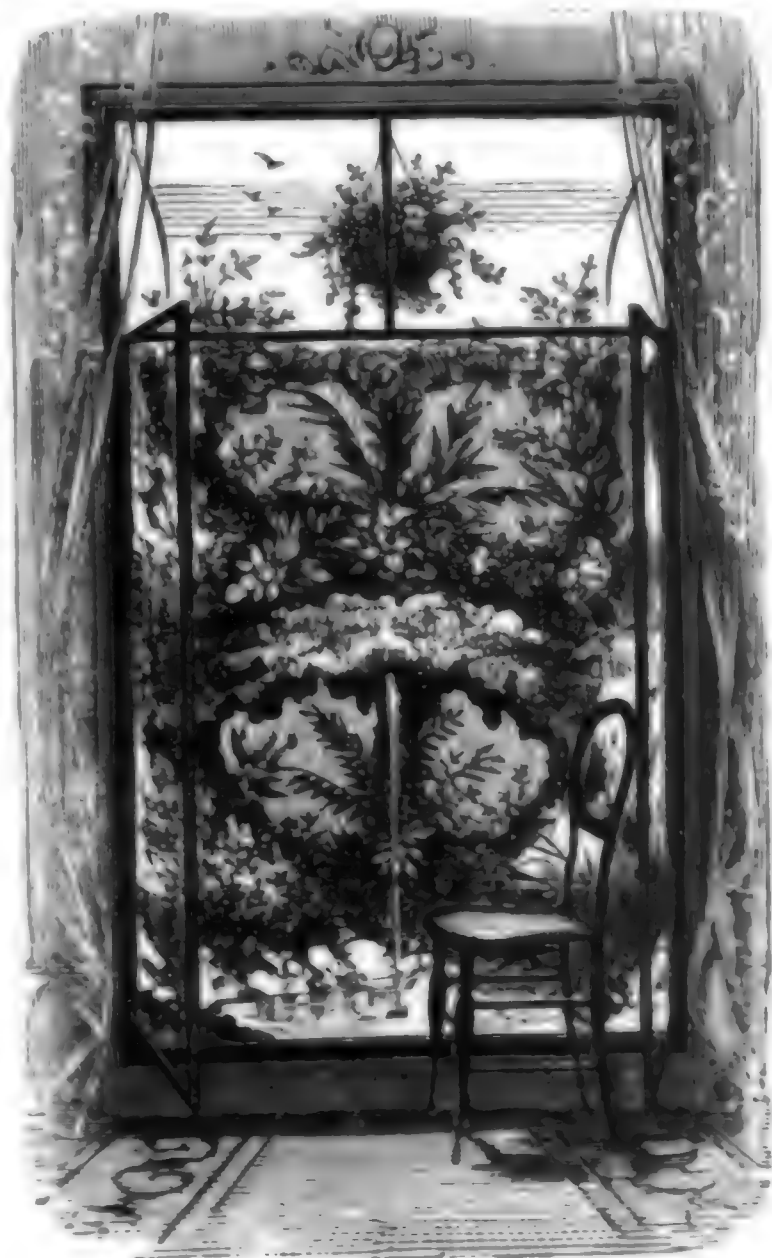
If there is a difference of opinion, a quarrel results; if there is a divergence of will, neither will give way, and each strives for victory to the bitter end, and the air is full of the heat and tumult of battle. They do not see that the fault



DECORATIVE TREATMENT FOR A SMALL WINDOW.

lies in a masterful and unyielding temper, want of complaisance and consideration, selfishness, irritability and undisciplined passions. If it is impossible to agree together, remain apart, for a time at least; the earth has a wide enough surface for two people to exist without coming into frequent contact. Then time, the great healer, will exercise its beneficent influence, and eventually the flag of truce will be hoisted.

How many a husband, twining around his life the frail tendril of a woman's existence, fails to cherish it and shed upon it the dews of a soft solicitude, but exposes it to all the unaccustomed rudeness of the outer air, and leaves it to wither in the shade of thoughtless neglect. Men who are held in high esteem by the world, who are rigid moralists and immortal philosophers, still have it in their power to make women's lives a martyrdom and marriage a purgatory.



A FRENCH WINDOW.

Of all subjects that of marriage is the most important to a woman, more important, if I may be allowed to say so, even than it is to a man. If she makes an error it means absolute extinction, a living death, the sacrifice of all that is worth having in this world or the next ; it touches the very source of a woman's moral status and affects the issues of her social influence. The whole question is one of immense difficulty ; but the women of England must grapple with it, for marriage is designed to minister to the happiness of the present generation and to the well-being of future races.

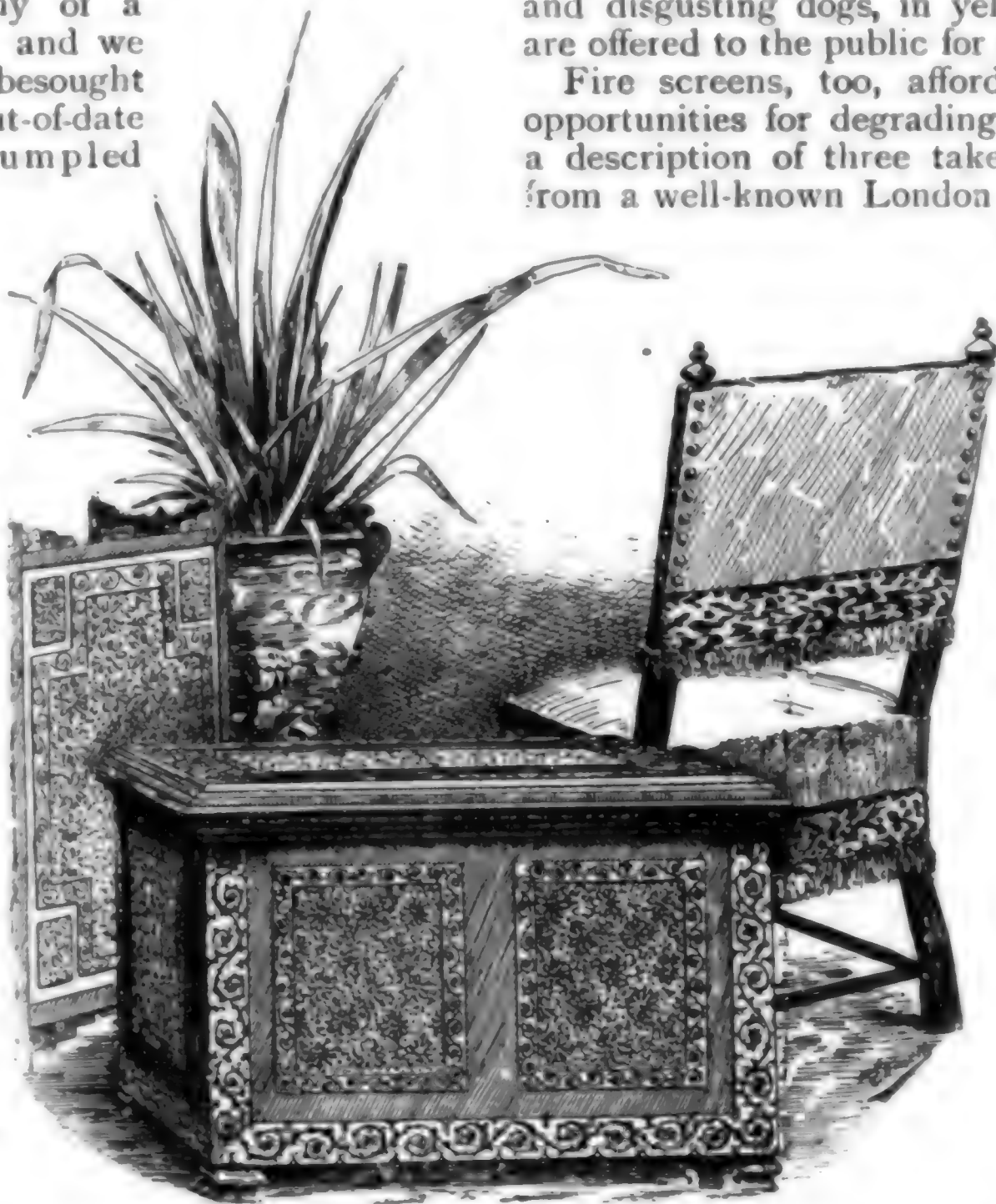
THE HOME.

At the time of writing London is under the despotic sway of the Sale Demon. Shops are piled up from floor to ceiling with everything we do not want, and that which the heart desires is carefully hidden where no man can find it. Cheap allurements, which are erroneously supposed to adorn our human frames or households, are thrust before our notice with a vigour and energy worthy of a forlorn hope, and we are earnestly besought to purchase out-of-date garments, rumpled head gear, toilette accessories, denuded of their pristine freshness, and knick-knacks which were never things of beauty and absolutely devoid of those qualities which would make them joys for ever. Who, in this wide world (unless qualifying for an early reception at Colney Hatch), would ever dream of purchasing an

electro-plated pepperbox in the form of a top boot, a silver coal-scuttle for sugar or a beehive for putting butter in. Neither do I find it difficult to withstand the temptation to be the possessor of a highly suggestive paper ballet girl with distended skirt, who is supposed to shade a candle, or to buy a bodiless owl, mounted on pink tarleton, as an embellishment for my lamp. The imagination of the manufacturers of the latter seem to have run riot in the zoological direction, for in a well-known shop in a fashionable thoroughfare I saw recently a monkey attempting the almost impossible feat of climbing a rope with one hand while he steadied the lamp with the other ; and in the same window an owl, the emblem of night, emulating Jove and Minerva, only in this case, a duplex lamp, with all the modern appliances, had sprung from the top of his head, instead of a woman. Cupids con-tort themselves round candlesticks, cats of a colour never seen in nature over-balance the jug on which they appear to be climbing in pursuit of mythical milk, and disgusting dogs, in yellow top hats, are offered to the public for holding pins.

Fire screens, too, afford exceptional opportunities for degrading art. Here's a description of three taken at random from a well-known London firm who, for

obvious reasons, shall be nameless. The first represents a small folding screen, trimmed with bands of plush (to what sordid uses has this beautiful fabric been reduced) sun-flowers and other rubbish. The second, suggestive of sweet sentiment, takes the form of a heart hung upon an easel, half hidden by



A BOX EMBELLISHED WITH LINCRUSTA.

yellow silk. The third example is composed, of gauze and artificial flowers surrounded by a wicker-work horseshoe. Could any material be more inappropriate for such a purpose, even if its form appeals to the superstitious as symbolical of good luck?

The drapers' shops are festooned with miles of cheap lace and tawdry cotton stuff, bad in colour and design but dignified with the high-sounding name of "art muslin," and in every available corner I find stacks of gimcrack furniture (made in Germany, let us hope, for its fragile construction would disgrace the British workman) which the daughters of Albion, in their leisure hours, are expected to daub over with parti-coloured paint.

It was, I think, the painted milking stool which acted as the thin end of the wedge, and since then what a delight the various enamels have been to the female *dilettante*. I never see one of these trophies without calling to mind Jerome's diverting description of the enamelling family who, after painting every article in the house, including the grand piano and the cradle, so that nothing should be lost, used up the last tin on the canary and the family Bible.

Punch, too, in days that are no more, could not let such a golden opportunity slip by without referring to the prevailing craze, and the parody on the Psalm of Life is one of the funniest things which ever appeared in its comic pages.

"Life is real, life is earnest

When we act the painter's rôle;
Red thou art to blue returnest
Is a thought to fire the soul.

Rooms of neighbours will remind us
We may make our home brand new,
And, departing, leave behind us
Bric-a-brac of every hue.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Daubing early, smudging late;
Still achieving, still pursuing
Like a rainbow down to date."

If it is essential to the happiness of the housewife to personally construct her own furniture, there are many ways in which she can beautify and adorn her home. By a judicious use of lincrusta, Japanese leather, and similar fabrics, articles may often be idealised to such a degree that it is difficult to recognise them in their new guise. Boxes and chests form useful window seats, or fill up odd corners or recesses, and may be manufactured from good pine packing cases, or, better still, from an old deal travelling trunk.

From the box in the sketch the handles were removed, and four wooden feet were inserted at the corners. It was then entirely covered with bands and panels of lincrusta. For dark oak effects the A quality is best; but if you want the raised portions to be of a light shade and background dark, the D colour is preferable. Some clear paste, with which about half as much strong liquid glue has been mixed, is necessary for fixing. Well paste the backs and place in position; and, to secure a good, firm hold, a small French nail, at each corner, will never be noticed in a raised pattern. Surround each panel with a bordering; and along the bottom edge and down each corner place a border strip. When joining the borderings at the corners, cut on the slant, so that the line runs from the point of the panel. When finished and dry, procure some Vandyke brown, ground in water; thin with more water and a small quantity of beer, and, with a soft brush, stain the chest all over. To obtain a lighter shade on the raised portions, the ground must be buff or D colour. When the stain is dry, take a piece of chamois leather, dip in water and wring out. Pass lightly but firmly across the lincrusta, when some of the stain will be removed from the raised parts and leave a lovely effect. Afterwards the whole chest should have a coat of flat varnish. If panels are bought with borders and centres complete they have a finished effect, and materially save labour. To give a more workmanlike appearance to the cover, a thick beading of wood, similar to that used for dado rails, should be fixed all round the edge. When cutting the lincrusta use a very sharp knife, and let it slope towards the back, so that the outer edge stands out a little beyond. In the sketch is also shown a small wooden fire screen, treated with lincrusta. The chair is an instance of what can be done with one of the rush-seated chairs, which can be bought unstained for two-and-ninepence. A well-filled flock pillow is nailed to the seat; a square of art serge is laid over the cushion; and a strip is seamed to it and fastened tightly, curtain fashion, round the chair, after being edged with bands of tapestry-fringed lincrusta. The back is trimmed to correspond. It is assumed, of course, that the chair has been previously stained, as the cheaper qualities are in undressed wood.

Messrs. Oetzmann have recently designed for me a delightful piece of furniture, which is well adapted for a small bedroom. On one side is a hanging wardrobe, with long glass inserted in the door, and the interior is fitted in the usual manner, while on the opposite side there are convenient cupboards and drawers. The middle compartment has a tiled background, with small shelves, etc.; above, and beneath the marble slab, upon which the toilet appliances stand, there are other convenient fittings. Where a room has to serve the double purpose of sitting and bedroom, I would suggest that a small brass rod and handsome curtain would form a pleasing addition to the middle portion, without materially adding to the expense.

I have also introduced some simple arrangements for concealing a disagreeable view, which could be placed outside the ordinary window, if desired, though the effect is better if the sashes are removed. Leaded glass and virgin cork lend themselves to such a decoration. Water, of course, makes it more striking, but is by no means necessary, if creeping plants are substituted.*

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

When the days shorten and the evenings become chilly, it is time to think of Autumn clothing; and at no other season of the year are neat, tailor-made dresses so useful and appropriate. For these, of course, cheviots, tweeds, serges and faced cloths are the most suitable fabrics; and if every woman were of my opinion, she would never be without a navy blue serge costume hanging in her wardrobe, to don on wet days; and for really hard, knock-about wear, I consider it quite as indispensable as the black silk, which, a few years since, was the *pièce de résistance* of those with limited dress allowances. Where there are a number of girls to be clothed on an unelastic income, tailor-



COMBINED WARDROBE AND WASHING-STAND.

made gowns, from first-class tailors, with corresponding prices, are luxuries which are sighed for in vain, and some more economical manner of clothing the multitude must be devised. Many women, who are apt with their needle, and with a correct eye for form, compass miracles and produce wonders, in amateur dress-making, which arouse my envy and admiration. They pick up bargains here and there, retire to the privacy of their own chamber, for two or three days or a week, and then emerge in all the glory of a costume, which combines style, cut and painstaking workmanship. To those who possess the useful qualities of Dorcas, I would say write to Mr. Lewis, Market Street, Manchester, and ask him to send you—as he did me—a number of patterns of his latest Autumn novelties to select from. They are of excellent value and so pretty in themselves, that it is impossible for them to fail to please; and his velveteens, in a long range of shades, would make nice evening dresses.

The two gowns for Autumn wear would form excellent models for walking costumes, while for more important occasions a dress of almond cloth, with flounce and trimmings of guipure and bands of brown velvet, would not present insurmountable difficulties to the novice in dressmaking.

However, where pounds, shillings and pence are not the most important consideration, I prefer skilled to amateur work, and find it more satisfactory in the end to patronise a tailor for day dresses, than to make them myself, or confide them to the tender mercies of the average

* I am indebted to Mr. Dick Radclyffe, 128, High Holborn, for the drawings of the window gardens.

modiste; for men's measurements are much more accurate, and the stitching and finish are beyond all praise.

I have just invested in a couple of gowns in which I flatter myself I present my best side to the world, for sad experience long since taught me that inferior clothes are false economy. When I have any qualms of conscience on the score of price, I call to mind the sage advice of a well-meaning and particularly plain-spoken friend, who, in days of yore, when money was scarce, the prospect of work uncertain, and my wardrobe was not in so satisfactory a condition as I could wish, once said to me:—"Do go and beg, borrow or steal a tailor-made gown; and if you can't do either, get it on credit; for you will never get anything to do, if you persist in interviewing editors, looking like a tramp."

I considered the remark more forcible than elegant, and was rather inclined to resent it, but, times out of number since then, I have appreciated the good common sense which dictated it. For, after all, the vast majority of those we meet judge us by our clothes, for the simple reason that they are the only outward and visible signs they have to go by, and may generally be relied upon as a fair index of character.

But to return to the gowns. One is of navy shrunk serge, the plain skirt trimmed with three bands of black silk embroidery and rows of military braid. The bodice

has pointed revers, opening over an embroidered vest, and the sleeves are of moderate size. The other dress is smarter in character, and fastens at the back. It is composed of Lincoln green cloth, relieved with yoke epaulettes and trimmings of ivory cloth, edged with black openwork braid.

I was calling the other day upon a lady artist, whose ideas upon art are not confined within the narrow limits of a canvas.

Let you see her when you may, she is always picturesquely attired. Her children could pose at a moment's notice for models, and her house and surroundings might be copied with advantage by those who have ample means, but who lack the taste and knowledge to direct the same into suitable channels. Her little daughter, of ten or twelve, was having her portrait painted in a loose frock of olive green velveteen, smocked across the bust with

blue silk, relieved by frills, yoke and cuffs of turquoise crepon. It was so simple and, withal, so becoming, that I trust some may find the above description useful, as the requirements of young children are often ignored by papers devoted to fashions, and their fresh young beauty marred by unsuitable frames.

The woman of the world, from the depths of her experience, possesses a complete knowledge of those unwritten laws which govern society. With



DRESSES FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

the *débutante*, only recently emancipated from scholastic control, and launched, in all her ignorance and defencelessness on the mighty ocean of life, it is quite a different matter. She must have often sighed for a *vade mecum*, to which she could refer for comfort and counsel on those knotty points which constantly arise, and which, in nine cases out of ten, she is too shy to inquire about personally. But she need sigh no longer, for that charming and versatile writer, Mrs. Heaton Armstrong, in her delightful little volume, "Etiquette for Girls" (published by Frederick Warne and Co.), has come to the rescue, and ably assists her over the whirling eddies and quicksands which she is sure to encounter. One of the most interesting chapters in the book, is that referring to the first dinner-party and ball, and will be read with equal pleasure by those who have already shared in many such functions, as by the maidens to whom they are delights still in anticipation. Few of us are too old to forget our own experiences in that direction, and the sentiments of joy, not unmingled with fear, which assailed us at that important epoch of our life. Some safe advice is given to the girl who is engaged, and also hints upon how she should conduct herself when she is presented, and in the important rôles of bridesmaid and bride. Visiting and card-leaving (which, judging from the columns of society journals, prove a frequent stumbling block to the unwary) are here treated in the most lucid manner. Dress is also touched upon, and kindly encouragement is given to those who are self-conscious and reserved. I have painful recollections of my own first appearance in the giddy vortex of society, and my extreme awkwardness and *gaucherie*. When not more than fifteen or sixteen,



MY TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

an irate feminine acquaintance was compelled, by force of circumstances, to take me with her to the opening of a church, to be followed by a *déjeuner* in the village schoolroom, honoured by the presence of a bishop, dean, and other high dignitaries of the church. It was my unlucky fate to be placed next to a middle-aged curate, who, I should imagine, had fasted all the previous week with a view to doing justice to a good square meal, and who never wasted a thought or word on the pale-faced, uninteresting girl beside him.

My attention was brusquely called to the lady on my left, when she suddenly hissed into my ear: "Why do you not address your neighbour instead of sitting through three courses like a dummy?" In a meek undertone I informed her that he had not spoken to me, and as I had never seen him before, and never expected to do so again, I was at a loss to know what subject of

conversation would interest him most. This brought her indignation to boiling point, and she replied with a look of scorn which makes me dither when I think of it. "Talk of what you like, but for goodness' sake speak, and if you can't think of anything else, say:—'Is that your bread or mine?'" The remembrance of this little episode, and several very similar occasions makes me feel at the present day, when shyness is not one of my most marked characteristics, that such a book as Mrs. Heaton Armstrong's "Etiquette for Girls" would then have been to me of priceless value, and would have given me a reasonable excuse for going on my own way rejoicing.



The last month has been a very dull one in the theatrical world, our principal theatres being closed, and the companies out on tour. The Lyceum company are in America, and open on the 4th inst. at San Francisco. The St. James's company, with Mr. Alexander, and the Garrick company, with Mr. Hare, are all on tour. Sir Augustus Harris has brought a most successful operatic season to a close, and now promenade concerts are the rule at Covent Garden.

At the Adelphi, Mr. Henry Pettitt's piece, "A Woman's Revenge," has caught on, and is nightly packing the theatre. The author claims that the piece is a new and original drama of real life in four acts. The plot briefly is:—Frank Drummond, a briefless young barrister, is knocking about the country sketching, and falls in love with an heiress, one Mary Lonsdale, but finds he has a rival in the person of her cousin, Robert Overstone, an old school-fellow of his. Both try their luck; Overstone is rejected and Drummond accepted. Overstone, while smarting under his refusal, is prompted to revenge by one Jephtha Grimwade, a solicitor, and they then and there agree

to ruin Drummond. His old lover, an adventuress, Mabel Wentworth, is to be brought on the scene once more, and she is to play upon the jealous feelings of Mary Lonsdale.

Act II. finds Drummond and Mary Lonsdale married, and Drummond is beginning to find out that Jephtha Grimwade is not as honest as he might be, and that Overstone's mines and ventures are not as safe and sound as they are represented to be, but, to put it plainly, are financial swindles. Robert Overstone plants some old letters of Mabel Went-

worth's in Drummond's escritoire, where they are found by Mrs Drummond. Overstone fans the jealous flame thus kindled, and eventually Mrs. Drummond, taking her only child with her, leaves her husband's house. Grimwade takes good care to inform the husband that his wife has fled with Overstone.

Act III., scene 1, brings us to Chilton Villa, the abode of Dick Chilton, a clerk in a grocer's shop, and Mrs. Chilton (née Lottie Bromley). Chilton, believing Lottie to be very wealthy, lays his hand and heart at her feet. Lottie, thinking Dick to be endowed with much



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
From Photo. by] [Fredk. Kingsbury.

worldly possessions, accepts him, yet, though both discover their mistake, they manage to live very happily together. Mrs. Chilton succeeds in wresting from Mabel Wentworth a written confession fully exonerating Drummond, and further forces her to disclose the whereabouts of the mother and child. Scene 2 takes us to Rosebine Cottage, where Mrs. Drummond is living in seclusion, with her child. Drummond appears on the scene, and is interviewed by his own daughter, now aged seven, and, just when the child seems to be overcoming and allaying her father's suspicions, Overstone enters, and is promptly tackled by the irate and indignant husband, who wrings a confession from that now cowering hound, Overstone. Overstone, thus brought to bay, attempts to shoot Drummond, but is disarmed and has his own weapon pointed at himself; at this moment Mrs. Drummond appears on the scene and saves her husband from becoming a murderer. Drummond then leaves the house and Overstone once more approaches Mrs. Drummond, who, to protect herself, snatches up the revolver. She is seen in this situation by her little child. She leaves the house with her child to escape from Overstone's persecutions. Just then Jephtha Grimwade appears on the scene and accuses his partner, Overstone, with having realised all their securities and being about to make a bolt of it. This Grimwade objects to; he demands his share of their plunder. Overstone objects, and Grimwade, seeing poverty and the felon's dock staring him in the face, shoots Overstone.

Scene 3 is sufficient to enable Mrs. Drummond and her child to come for protection to Mrs. Chilton, and to allow little Mary to make peace between her long estranged



CHARLES WARNER.
Photo. by] [Walery.

parents; this is barely accomplished when Mrs. Drummond is arrested for the wilful murder of Robert Overstone.

Act IV. finds us in the Old Bailey. Mrs. Drummond on her trial for murder, her counsel being her own husband. The prosecution present a very strong case; the motive is, she having fled with Robert Overstone (which, by the way, she never did), and finding Overstone about to fly the country, shoots him. Her little child's evidence is most damning. She saw her mother actually pointing a pistol at the deceased. Jephtha Grimwade also gives his evidence-in-chief in a very conclusive manner, but a change comes over the scene when he is subjected to cross-examination. He is

proved to be, aye, he, under compulsion, admits himself to be a liar, and when eventually he is cornered, he declines to answer. The defence is simple; no witnesses are called, but the



MR. G. M. POLINI.
Photo. by Brown, Barnes and Bell.



MISS ROBINS.
Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

defending counsel makes an excellent speech. The jury return a verdict of "not guilty," the wife is restored to her husband's arms, and Virtue once more, in true Adelphi drama style, is triumphant over vice.

Mr. Charles Warner as Frank Drummond, is, as

he always is, excellent; in the fourth act particularly, in the speech for the defence, Mr. Warner's declamation and elocution being faultless; and that the audience appreciate it is evinced by the rounds of rapturous applause that greet its finish. Miss Robins as the heroine, Mary Lonsdale, seems to me to be wrongly cast. Whatever it is, whether Ibsenitic drama has spoiled her, or whatever it may be, yet the fact remains, Miss Robins is hard and unsympathetic, and is out of tune with the character and the piece. Miss Gertrude Kingston, as the adventurous Mabel Wentworth, gives a careful and studied performance. Mr. Cartwright is—well, he is Mr. Cartwright, more I cannot say, his rendering of the part of Jephtha Grimwade being as skilful and subtle as the author could wish it to be. To my mind the best part in the play and the worst played is that of Robert Overstone. Why the Fratelli Gatti should have cast about for a stranger to the London boards to fill the part, when they had an old and tried Adelphi favourite at their disposal, in the person of Mr. W. L. Abingdon, is one of those things "a fellah can never understand."



MISS PORTESCUE.



FRANK WORTHING.

The part would have fitted Abingdon like the proverbial glove. Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Arthur Williams as Mr. and Mrs. Chilton are responsible for the fun of the piece, and in such reliable hands it is needless to say the greatest amount of mirth is extracted. I should fancy that "A Woman's Revenge" is likely to turn out a more remunerative play than its predecessor "The Black Domino."

Mr. Jecks, after many years' service, having retired from the Adelphi, Mr. G. M. Polini, long associated with Mr. Wilson Barrett, has now taken up the reins of management at this theatre. Mr. Polini's suave and courteous manner is too well known for me to dilate upon.

Theatrical managers, both in London and in the provinces, have been crying out over the bad and ruinous business during the past season. Many touring companies have had to bring their wanderings to an abrupt conclusion owing to a lack of funds. Now, no doubt the extraordinarily fine summer has contributed somewhat to the deficiency in the treasury chests, but the most important factor

is, undoubtedly, that provincial managers fail to give sufficient appreciation to the judgment of their audiences. Our provincial cousins are not such abject fools as some managers would have us believe. Anything will *not* do for them. They are as critical as your London audiences, and are as ready, aye readier, to appreciate and patronise talent and condemn incompetency. The proof of this is in the fact that good all-round companies have done good business. Take Miss Fortescue's company for instance. This talented lady has surrounded herself with capable and competent artists, and the result is that the public rely on always obtaining their money's worth when witnessing her productions. Miss Fortescue herself, who, by the way, we hope before long to see permanently settled in London, has a passion for her work and an inexhaustible energy to carry it on. By her example she infuses her spirit for hard work into her company, the result being that whatever play may be in the bill, be it "Romeo and Juliet," "Frou Frou," "Comedy and Tragedy," "Pygmalion and Galatea," or "The Lady of Lyons," each and every performance is a success. One member of Miss Fortescue's company, and I believe the favourite one, is her beautiful dog Coll.

No doubt some day a suitable part will be found for this four-footed companion.

Another company which did good business when on tour was Mrs. Langtry's. Her productions of "As You Like It" and "Antony and Cleopatra" were worthy of any West-end stage; indeed, the latter was the original production at the Princess's transferred to the provinces. Mr. Frank Worthing, a young actor rapidly coming to the front, and who one day not far distant will make a name for himself, was Mrs. Langtry's leading man throughout her tour. Many of my provincial readers will remember his finished performances when with Mrs. Langtry; more lately he has become a member of

Mr. Charles Wyndham's Criterion company. His excellent acting in "The Silent Battle" will be fresh in the memory of all London theatre-goers.

Though the cry of bad business in the theatres has been somewhat general, the music halls have been steadily and rapidly rising in the favour of the public.

What a change has come over the music halls during the last decade! In olden days vapid and inane songs, stereotyped steps and dances and acrobatic business was the bill of fare generally put before their patrons. Now, managers scour all the countries of both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres for novelties. Talent is now the rule instead of the

exception, and nothing appears on the stage that even the most fastidious could carp at, or at which they could find fault. Turn in to that latest of palaces in the Strand, the Tivoli. Here one witnesses some twenty-five different turns, each and every one a star. Do you want humour or pathos, there is Albert Chevalier, one moment making you split with laughter with his adventures in "The Old Kent Road," the next causing your tears to flow with his pathetic rendering of "My Old Dutch." That prince of negro comedians, Mr. Eugene Stratton, long the delight of



MISS CISSY LOFTUS.

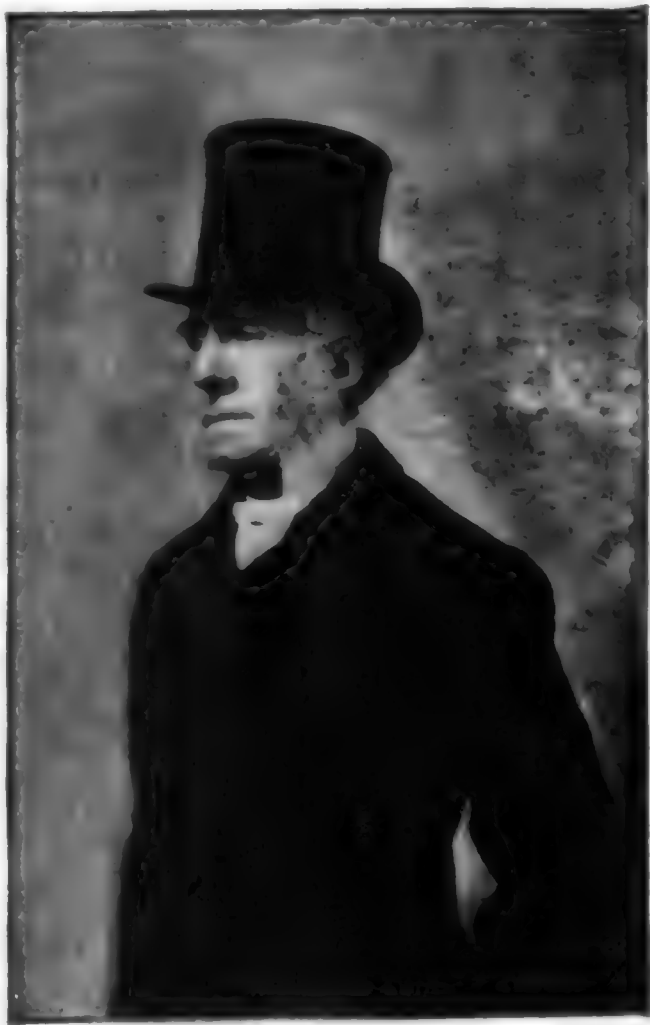
visitors to Moore and Burgess, is now to be heard nightly telling you how "he lubbs a lubly girl, he do." Operatic artists appear, and one has to look twice to convince oneself that that is Frank Celli with his magnificent voice now delighting the audience. Here is that charming soubrette, Miss Kate James, long a leading star in the theatrical world. Charles Godfrey gives some of his excellent character sketches. R. G. Knowles, the American humourist, is irresistible with his quips and jests. Mrs. Shaw, *la belle siffleuse*, whistles as only she can whistle. An excellent orchestra, under the bâton of that talented musician, Mr. Angelo Asher, discourses tuneful music. When

one takes all this into consideration, and adds to it the fact that you obtain as comfortable a seat as in any theatre, and that for half the price, and further, that you may indulge, if you are of the male persuasion, in the fragrant weed, is it any wonder that the Tivoli is packed nightly, and that the shareholders rake in their twenty-five and thirty per cent.? One artist, a new one, deserves more than passing notice. Miss Cissy Loftus is a young and talented lady just before the public, and she has already made a sensation. Her forte is mimicry, and true and correct mimicry into the bargain. It was a revelation to me to hear this young lady rattle off imitations of such diverse characters as Miss Letty Lind, Mr. Eugene Stratton, Miss Millie Hylton, and Mons. Jacques Inaudi. Not only will our theatres and music halls see more of this young artist, but, I should say, she will be in great demand for many of our West-end drawing-rooms.

It is natural to suppose that it is no easy task to conduct and carry on successfully such a high class and varied entertainment, and therefore it will not surprise my readers to hear that Mr. Charles Morton, the veteran of the variety world, is at the head of affairs at the Tivoli nightly. Mr. Morton—who, by the way, seems to have found out the secret of perpetual youth—is to be seen wreathed in smiles, beaming on everybody. He is ably assisted by Mr. Vernon Dowsett, who was with Mr. Morton at the Alhambra. A few words about Mr.

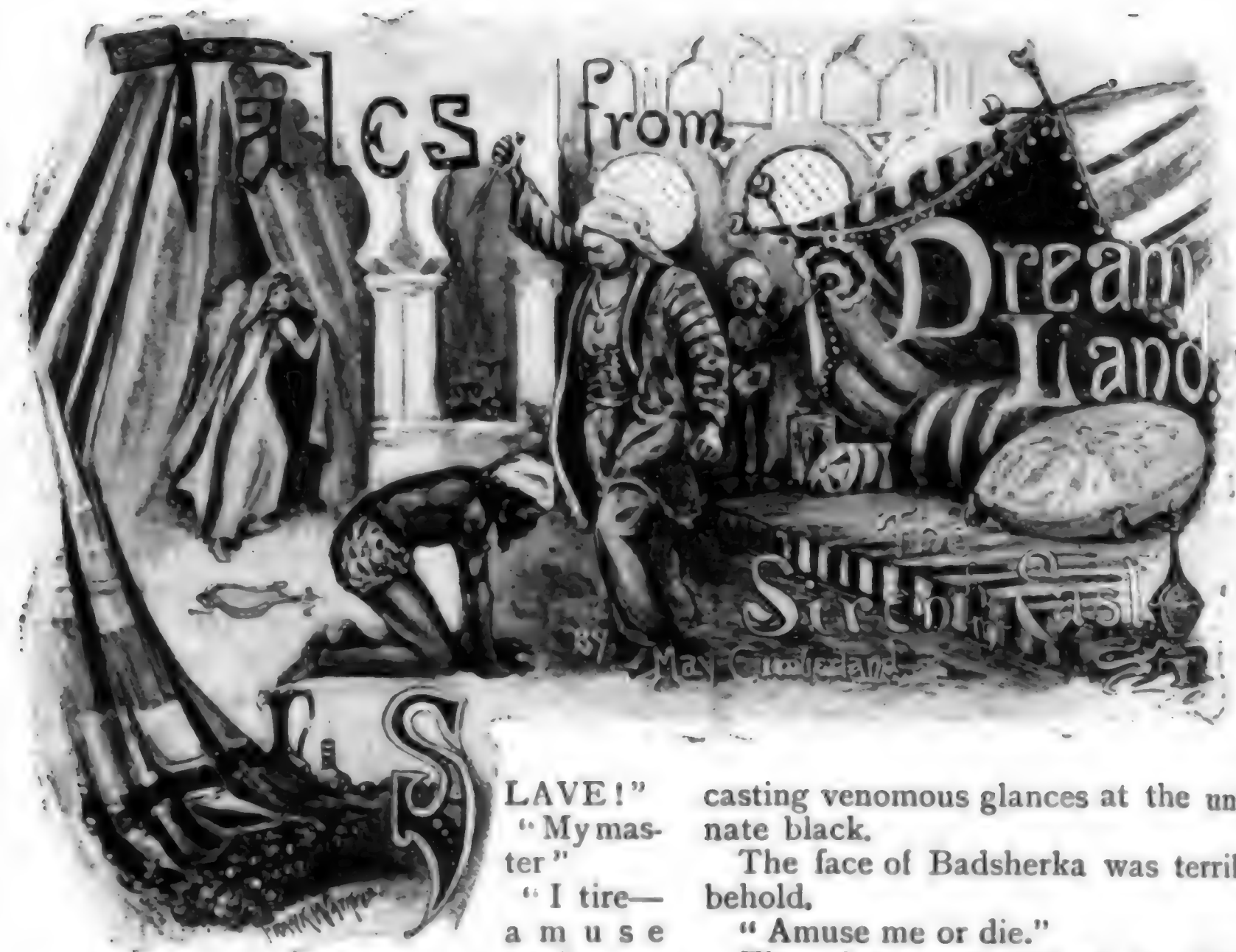
Morton will, I have no doubt, prove interesting reading. He was born in 1819, and has been in this kind of business all his life. He opened the Canterbury, the first music hall in London, so far back as May, 1852. He then built and opened the Oxford in 1860; from thence he went to the Alhambra, which he successfully managed for nineteen years. Thinking he had done his duty by his friends, he retired, receiving the largest benefit ever given in any hall; in fact, had every

artist, known and unknown, from the theatrical, the musical, and the variety world appeared that offered and was anxious to do so, the entertainment would have had to be taken in instalments. When the Tivoli passed into the hands of the present directorate, the directors, at once realised that to compete against such formidable rivals as the two palaces in Leicester Square they would require someone of more than ordinary ability and powers of organisation, and they selected Mr. Morton, who, under great pressure, undertook the management, with what results I leave the visitors to, and the



MR. CHARLES MORTON.

shareholders of, the Tivoli to answer. Mr. Morton has also done yeoman service in the operatic world. He it was who first produced Offenbach's "Geneviève de Brabant" at the Philharmonic in 1870; twice has he been with companies to America, and to-day we find him at the Tivoli, where I may wish him, on behalf of you, my reader, and on my own behalf, many years of health and prosperity.



"HAVE!"
 "My master"
 "I tire—
 a m u s e
 me."

Badsherka, Prince of Batamid, threw himself back on his velvet couch, and crossing his legs, closed his eyes.

A look of profound misery covered the black face of the attendant. He hesitated a moment.

"Why do you not obey me?" roared the Prince.

The man flew to a distant corner of the apartment, snatched up an instrument hung with many-coloured ribbons, and flinging himself beside the couch, softly drew his supple fingers across the strings.

The Prince's closed eyes opened angrily.

"Idiot! not *that*," and he raised his hand to strike, but the black was already yards away, giving in even tones, a curiously melodious signal.

Before the enraged monarch could speak, there filed in, with loosened hair, panting bosoms and twanging instruments, his favourite dancing-girls; hardly had they time to raise one dusky arm, or send a glorious glance from their coal-black eyes, ere their master had leapt from his seat, and—

"Begone!" he shouted. "I am sick of you."

They turned and dashed from his sight,

casting venomous glances at the unfortunate black.

The face of Badsherka was terrible to behold.

"Amuse me or die."

The slave grovelled at his feet and inwardly beseeched the ground to open and engulf him.

"My master," he moaned, "have you heard ——"

The Prince returned to his divan.

"Of the glorious being who inhabits the enchanted palace my noble lord sees from the terrace o'er the mountains, when the moon is bright?"

Badsherka turns his face to the speaker and raises himself on his elbow.

Seeing this, the black grovels no longer, but rests humbly at his master's side.

"They say she is over a thousand years old, and has dwelt in the palace she now inhabits from time immemorial; seeing that she *cannot* die; Egypt, Persia, Arabia, Turkey—all have felt her power."

"Yes, yes," the eyes of the Prince are sparkling. "But what is she like—are her eyes black as the night, her breath as the lotus fruit, and—and ——" he waves his hand impatiently in the air.

"Master—she is more. Men say she has fascinations that lure them to destruction, and women too—for all crave to see her, though none leave her presence but as old people and feeble—the ruin she works is terrible—none can resist her."

In the eyes of Badsherka there is a strange gleam.

"I would resist her," he murmured; "she should not enslave *me*."

"And," continued the black, "it has been whispered her power lies in a small, dull, green heart, that hangs around her neck, given her by her master, the Evil One; but none can become possessed of it, so dazzled are they by her beauty, for she never turns from them her eyes."

The Prince leaps from his couch. "Allah be praised!" he cries; "amusement has come. I will possess the heart and turn the siren's power."

"Oh, my lord—my lord, go not there, I beseech you. Were you a woman, you might return, though old and worthless; but being a man, you will be lost for ever."

The Prince laughed at the earnestness of the black; and, entering his sleeping apartment, enrobed himself in his whitest linen, his most royal purple, and turban of richest silk; then, taking from a secret drawer, a scarlet cloak, he flung it across his shoulders.

"Since all who behold the wearer of this marvellous cloak must needs fall and worship him, I may achieve my end," he murmured, and re-entering the first apartment, he cried:

"My horse!" and, leaping to the saddle, was gone.

Miles ahead of him he could see the moon sparkling on its glassy domes—the palace of the siren.

It changed under his sight, like the colours of a chameleon. One moment a pale green in the moon's rays, the next a brilliant scarlet; then, even as he watched it, it would entirely vanish, only to reappear a moment later a spot of dazzling orange; that would again fade away into the darkness of the night.

Enchanted, he rode madly on, till his horse, steaming and snorting under him, paused,

checked at last by the palace gates. How should he open them? leap them he could not; see the enchantress he must.

His horse started and he glanced down.

Almost beneath the animal's feet there stood a curious figure—an old and withered woman—her robe black and ragged, her back bent, yet the teeth within her shrivelled lips were white and glistening, and in her eyes was the sparkle of youth.

"Enter not," she cried, beating her clenched hands on the gates. "Lord! Master! I beseech you forbear, do not—do not enter."

Badsherka laughed. "I must," he said, and he would have forced her away.

"Look at me," she shrieked; "I, who have seen but twenty years, and who, till two moons ago, and I had beheld her, was fair and radiant as the sun—'Peach-blossom,' they called me. Now, behold! I am old and feeble; my very life drained away. By Allah above, do not enter," and she clung afresh to the bars.

But the Prince, although he trembled, turned aside and rode through the gates that opened as he reached them.

Leaving his horse tied, he ascended the entrance steps, crossed the threshold, and paused. He was in a vast chamber of pure, cold marble; deathly silence reigned around him, and he felt a shudder run through his frame as he gazed on its desolation.

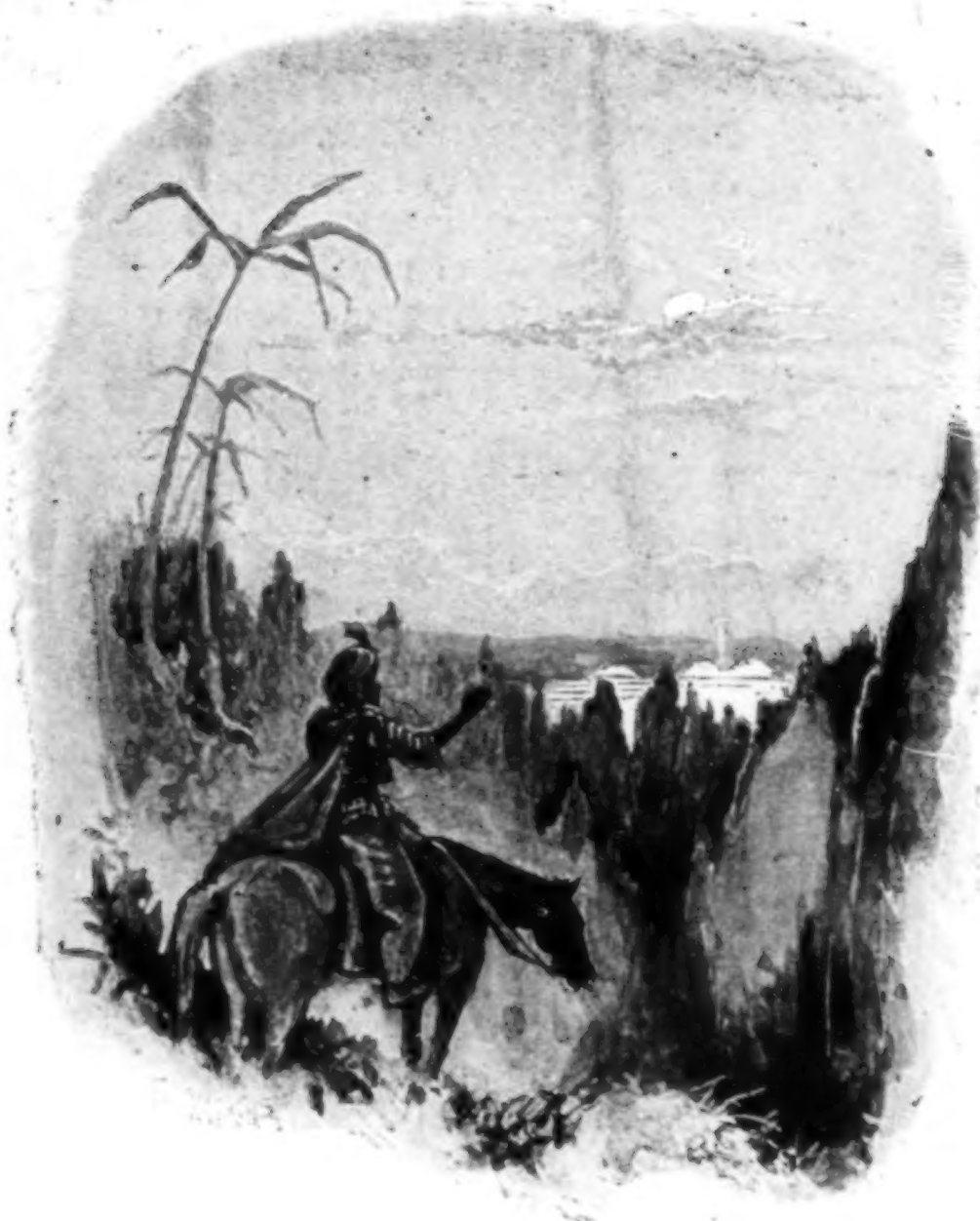
But as he looked he noticed at one end a door, hung with a velvet curtain, a cur-

tain that glowed as with a hidden light, and from behind whose folds came faint sounds of distant music. He strode boldly across towards it, his sandalled feet growing chilled on the icy floor, his cloak drawn tightly around his numbed frame.

The music grew louder and louder as he neared the door; reaching it, he lifted his hand and pulled back the curtain that hid the musician from his sight. He



THE SIREN.



THE PALACE OF THE SIREN

gazed but one moment, then buried his face in his hands, dazzled and bewildered.

From the cold, bleak walls of the entrance hall, he had stepped into a wealth of warmth and light.

The room blazed with a golden glow; tiny fountains splashed their waters at his feet; huge palms and gloriously-scented blossoms threw their fingers across his face; hundreds of little creatures, mere specks of brilliant and everchanging colour, flashed their rays upon him in all directions.

But in the far end, reclining on silken cushions of glowing, fiery brilliancy, lay the musician.

One ivory hand, its elbow resting 'mid the cushions, held the perfect face, turned full upon the Prince. The lovely limbs flung recumbent with all the grace of the perfect beauty of the gods, were covered with a pale green diaphanous robe that hardly hid their wondrous beauty.

The other hand idly clasped the instrument and swept in lingering touches slowly across the strings.

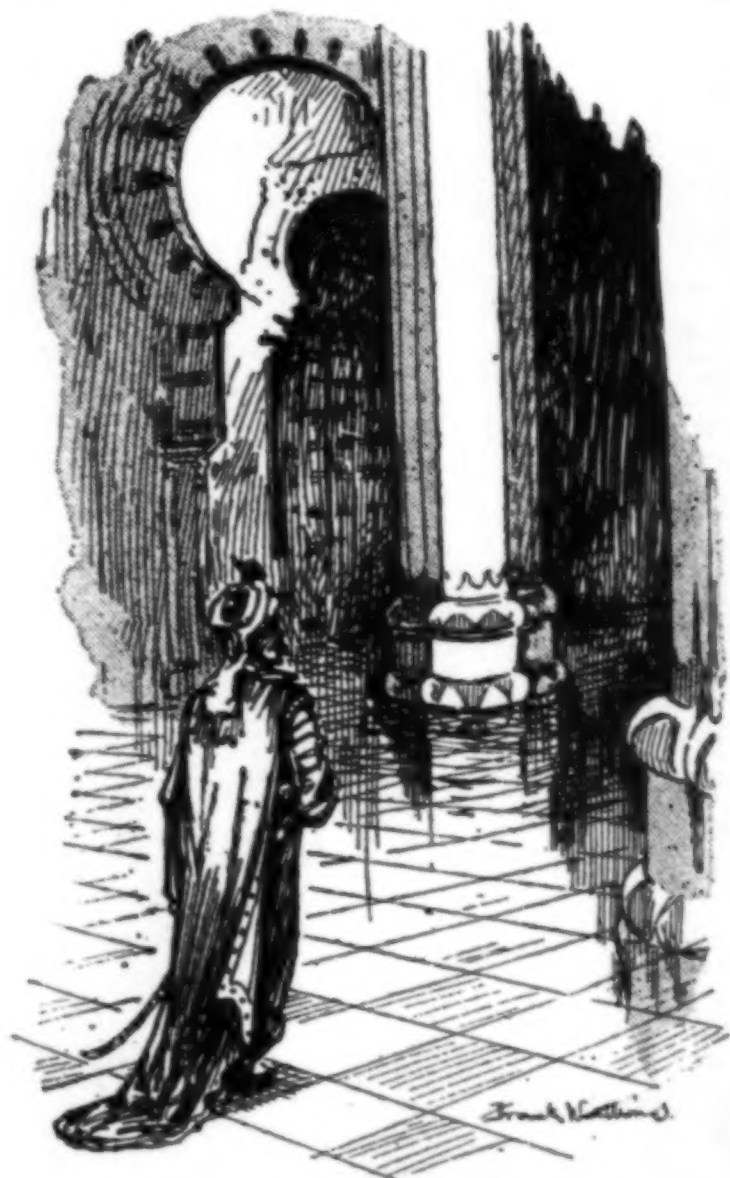
But the eyes! so marvellous were they that the whole room and its contents melted in their depths, and Badsherka was con-

scious only of a pale, passionate face, framed in loose, dusky hair, a heaving bosom and two eyes, that by their glance alone drew him closer and closer, till, with a faltering cry, he fell enraptured at her feet. How long he thus knelt, he knew not, but feeling two soft, warm arms about his neck, he looked up.

"I love you," murmured two red lips; and truly from those eyes there poured a wealth of love that had never been there before, and as they looked, they fell beneath the ardent admiration of the Prince. With the falling eyes, there came a change over the admirer's heart, and in the place of bewildered homage, there crept in a stifled loathing: for the cloak of Badsherka was doing its work. Then the Prince saw on the Siren's bosom a curious dull green heart, and the words of Hassan, the slave, came back.

"All her power lies in the green heart."

"You love me," he said, for he felt, while the eyes were down-cast, he could do anything, and slowly



HE WAS IN A VAST CHAMBER.

his hand crept towards the tiny object.

"Yes—my master," and the lovely head drooped lower and lower.

"My moonbeam," how tenderly alluring was the tongue of Badsherka while his hand softly closed on its prize.

One moment more and the heart was safe—safe in the strong right hand of the Prince.

The woman swiftly lifted her head, while the thief gazed horror-struck.

A terrible change was at work.

The lovely limbs were fast becoming withered and unshapely; the raven hair, grey and matted; the hand that clasped the instrument shook with age; and while her piercing shrieks rent the air, the lovely face of the Siren turned revolting and loathsome with incredible decay. The shrieks became weak and pitiful, till at last, in place of the glorious enchantress, there lay and mumbled a terrible hag, hairless, toothless and hardly alive.



A TERRIBLE HAG.

Horror-struck with his work, Badsherka flung himself beside her and hastily thrusting the little heart on the writhing bosom, prayed in an agony of fear for the return of the lost beauty.

But too surely had he done his work; the spell was broken for ever; the withered body might linger on for ever, but the lost beauty could never return.

There was a crash as of mighty thunder, and looking up, Badsherka beheld the palace walls slowly crumbling away.

Snatching up his almost lifeless burden, he fled—mounted his terrified horse and dashed away into the darkness.

Filled with remorse at the wreck he had caused, Badsherka, on his couch that night, vowed that the fallen beauty should be cared for—and he kept his vow.

Thus, from age to age, in the harem of the Badsherkas, Princes of Batamid, there is nothing held so sacred as the gibbering and apish form of "Castella," the once-dreaded and far-famed 'Siren of the East.'

❖ Puzzledom ❖

57. Charade.—My first is a circle, my second a cross ;
If you meet with my whole, look out for a toss.
58. Anagrams.—Each of the following sentences represents one word:—
- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. To run at men. | 4. Gilt trash. |
| 2. Made moral. | 5. I sent love. |
| 3. Guess then our line. | 6. A nice pet. |
59. What is that which is put on the table and cut but never eaten ?
60. When is coffee like the soil ?
61. Why is it dangerous to take a nap in a train ?
62. Why is a kiss like a rumour ?
63. When is a b'ow like a hat ?
-

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th August. Competitions should be addressed "September Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5c. <i>One p.m.</i></p> <p>51. 6 7 2
 1 5 9
 8 3 4</p> <p>52. <i>B natural.</i></p> | <p>53. <i>Invisibility.</i></p> <p>54. <i>When Eve presented Adam with a little cane (Cain).</i></p> <p>55. <i>Because it owes its motion to a current.</i></p> <p>56. <i>When it pats her on the back.</i></p> |
|--|---|

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our July Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—J. Clarke, 41, Oswin Street, S.E. ; Miss C. A. Pyle, 105, Evering Road, Stoke Newington ; J. T. Sharrock, 89, Fowler Street, Wincobank, Sheffield ; Thomas Slater, Winder, Frizington, Carnforth ; James Thain, 35, Noel Street, Islington, London.